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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THERE'S ROMANCE *in Your Dainty* TEACUP

Learn to read the symbols explained below, and turn over a new leaf of good fortune.

CUP-READING can be great fun. It provides entertainment for yourself and your friends.

You can peer into the teacups and amaze your friends by forecasting a romance, a journey across deep water, or a wedding in June. It's all there.

Here are the meanings of some of the things you may see in your teacup—if you look hard enough and use your imagination.

A CIRCLE in your cup (above) is the wedding symbol. It's also a sign of a happy marriage. A seven (see cup below) is a warning to fight for your rights; a cluster of tea leaves means business success.

A baby. This doesn't mean you are about to be a father or mother. But you will hear of the arrival of a little one.

A ball. Don't let your friends order you about. People seem to want to harm you.

A boot. Hold the handle of the cup towards you and see in which direction the toe of the boot is pointing. If towards you, there's nothing to worry about; if away from you, something you may not like is about to happen.

A castle. Don't marry for money if you want happiness. But perhaps you don't want happiness.

A cat. Your would-be friends want watching.

A chair. There's an opportunity to meet an old friend. Don't avoid the encounter unless you owe him some money.

A circle. It's the wedding symbol. Go on and marry the girl (or man). You won't regret it.

A cross. You'll get over it all right and pretty soon, if the leaves are grouped near the top of the cup.

A diamond. Great riches are coming to you.

A dog. Your friends won't let you down.

A dragon. Domestic happiness and long life.

An eagle. You'll get what you want, but you'll have to work for it.

An elephant. Business is definitely looking up.

An envelope. Good news! There's probably a cheque in the mail if you can make out the flaps on the back of the envelope.

A fan. You should never have to visit a hospital except to call on sick friends.

A feather. If you want to marry the man (or girl), you'll have to change your tactics.

A fish. If you're in love you're in luck.

A five. You'd make a good wife (or husband) and an ideal parent.

A flag. A welcome letter from China, Brazil, or some distant land is on the way.

Lucky Sign

A FOOT. If the sole of a foot, you can expect something nice which you don't have to pay for.

A four. Sooner or later you'll be a success.

Gallows. Unless you've committed a murder there's plenty to look forward to.

A gun. The setback you are about to have won't cripple you.

A hammer. You mustn't expect to have it all your own way all of the time.

A hand. It may sound funny, but it looks as though you'll be kissing him (or her) soon.

Handcuffs. Lend your friend that money (or your lawn mower, or whatever it is); you'll get it back.

A hat. Wedding bells are ringing for you, miss. For you, madam, there's happiness ahead. And for you, sir—well, things may not be so good.

A heart. Naturally, a love affair. And just because you happen to be married, don't imagine that you're immune.

Lightning. Maybe you're broke today, but your purse won't be empty for long.

A lion. Somebody is trying to pick a quarrel with you. They'll be sorry if you can ignore it.

Monogram. To be able to trace your own initials is an excellent sign.

A moon. In crescent-shape, you won't marry in haste.

A mouse. Don't magnify your troubles. Think of some of the many things which might happen to you.

A nine. This is three times better than seeing a three and a three is very lucky.

An onion. Someone is admiring you from a distance. If you can guess who it is you ought to get together. But don't pick on the wrong person.

An oval. Go on hoping; you won't be disappointed.

A parrot. You can't keep a good woman dow[illegible] [illegible] sign.

A pend[illegible] [illegible]sitate too much. [illegible] mind more quickly, [illegible] better results.

A pig. [illegible] is coming to you.

A reve[illegible] [illegible] great opportunity; be ready to grasp it.

A rider. A man on horseback indicates a surprise. No, you can't guess what it's going to be.

A ship. A sea voyage with something pleasant at the end of it.

A seven. Don't let your friends have it all their own way; you'll be left far behind if you do.

A six. Every sixth year of your life should be marked by an important event.

A spoon. Things just won't go wrong for you somehow.

A table. Contrary to your expectations, you may suddenly decide to marry someone whom you have always regarded as a sister or brother.

A thistle. Don't try to live beyond your means. You'll get all you want if you can be patient.

A three. Not as good as a nine, but a good sign.

Trousers. If your boy friend sees these, don't marry him in a hurry—unless you like having someone to order you about the place.

A two. Concentration is what you need most. You've got the power to concentrate, too, but you won't make use of it.

A vulture. There are plenty of love affairs dotted through your life.

A wheel. Here's what you have been waiting for. Somebody is going to leave you some money, but you'll run through it quickly if you aren't careful.

Well, that's enough to be going on with. Don't argue about whether the thing looks more like a cockatoo than a parrot. And remember that a table can have only three legs and still be a table. So don't quibble.

Don't Forget These

HERE are some other symbols which have a significance in cup reading.

Many leaves in the cup mean that you will have a great deal of interesting activity.

A tiny piece of bread or biscuit alongside a group of leaves means that you will be taken out to dinner, as a surprise gesture from a friend who wants to please you.

Sugar in the cup means that you haven't stirred it.

Cup readers say it means sweetness or a pleasant conversation with someone you admire.

Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People

Doctor and Lawyer

DR. A. F. JANES, of Sydney, who graduated in Medicine at the University of Sydney in 1925, has just taken his degree at the Sydney Law School. He is one of the very few to graduate in these two Faculties at the University of Sydney. After he is admitted as a barrister he intends to specialise in workers' compensation practice.

In addition to his private practice he has been assistant honorary surgeon at the Royal North Shore Hospital.

Born in Sydney, he was educated at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School.

Principal-Elect

DR. GRETA HORT, principal-elect of the University Women's College, Melbourne, is expected to succeed the present principal, Miss S. J. Williams, in June. Danish by birth, and British by nationality, Dr. Hort is M.A. of Copenhagen University, and a titular Doctor of Philosophy of Cambridge.

The author of books on philology and philosophy, Dr. Hort has had experience of college tutorial teaching and university lecturing at Cambridge and Copenhagen.

Youthful Violinist

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Guila Bustabo, known in Europe and America as "The Wonder Girl of the Violin," has been engaged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission to make her first concert tour of the Commonwealth, and will arrive towards the end of the year.

Born in Chicago of Italian and Czechoslovakian parentage, she had her early training with the well-known Dutch-American violinist Samatini, and later studied with Louis Persinger, Yehudi Menuhin's teacher.

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WHAT SORT *of* NEW CATHEDRAL?

WHAT SYDNEY could have. In this photographic impression England's lovely Lincoln Cathedral is shown set on Church Hill, Sydney. This is how it would look from the Harbor Bridge.

Move to Keep St. Andrew's Intact and Build New Edifice

[See other pictures page 15]

Will Sydney be proud of St. Andrew's Cathedral if it is reconstructed on the design that has aroused so much controversy? Is the design ugly, as critics contend?

Out of the controversy about it has arisen the suggestion that St. Andrew's be left undisturbed, and that a beautiful new cathedral be built on a more imposing site—Church Hill, for instance.

CATHEDRALS are always regarded as national monuments of beauty and dignity, in which the community takes every pride.

In this case, it was suggested that Sydney could add to its Cathedrals, rather than alter one already renowned for its historical associations and dignified architecture.

The proposed alterations would cost £500,000.

This sum, devoted to a new, imposing building, such as England's lovely Lincoln Cathedral, pictured above, would set the foundations for a church edifice worthy of our 150th birthday year.

Those opposed to the selected design claim that it was chosen hastily, giving no time for an expression of public opinion.

"A crematorium-like building, with barracks attached," is how town-planners describe the design.

So challenging a description and so sharp a dispute over the design have awakened public desire for closer analysis of the whole situation.

THE architectural standard of any city is measured largely by its cathedrals. Its artistic and human history is told in the storied stones of its great churches.

England has its St. Paul's, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the glorious medieval Gothic of Westminster Abbey, and the delicate spire of Salisbury Cathedral, which many architects believe is the finest in the world.

France has Notre Dame, the lacy Gothic spire of Chartres Cathedral and the gigantic rose window of Rheims Cathedral.

Rome has St. Peter's, rich with art treasures of the Renaissance, and Belgium the rhythmic angles of Bruges Cathedral. A new cathedral, as suggested, would bring similar renown to Australia.

Many feel that the beauty of St. Andrew's should be preserved and that a solution to the whole matter is to build a new cathedral on Church Hill.

This would provide greater freedom in design and planning, eliminating the contrast of styles apparent in the old and suggested new additions to St. Andrew's.

Long Dispute

THE dispute over the rebuilding and removal ideas has waged back and forth over the last ten years.

Negotiations began in 1927 for the removal of the neighboring Baptist Church to another site, to give space for extension of St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Then the Government agreed to give the Anglican Church £500,000 and the Mint site in Macquarie Street in return for the present site in George Street. This plan was subsequently revised.

The Church was given an extra grant of land behind the present Cathedral, and £100,000.

Archbishop Mowll announced at the service to commemorate the centenary of the Cathedral in May, 1937, that additions would be built to provide seating accommodation for 3000, a larger Chapter House, and Church offices.

One hundred and forty architects submitted plans for a competition, with £500 as the prize for the winning design.

The judges were Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, English architect who designed the Liverpool Cathedral; Mr. B. J. Waterhouse, president of the Architectural Association of N.S.W.; and Archbishop Mowll.

What Do You Think?

READERS are invited to express their opinions on the St. Andrew's Cathedral matter.

Do you like the design for the reconstruction of St. Andrew's, as pictured on page 15?

Do you think St. Andrew's should be kept intact and a new Cathedral built elsewhere?

They chose as the winner the design submitted by Mr. R. E. Pinckney and Mr. E. F. Gott, English architects.

Many objections have been raised to the selected design.

They are: The new structure will blot out the old Cathedral;

The modern Gothic design is incongruous with the medieval Gothic of the old building;

The main part of the new structure looks like a crematorium;

The suggested new buildings at the back of the Cathedral look like stables;

The new Cathedral would blot out the Town Hall;

The old Cathedral should be preserved in its entirety as part of the Colonial history of the Dominion.

A well-known architect suggested than an entirely new cathedral should be built on the site of St. Philip's on Church Hill.

Both churchmen and laymen have objected to the severity of the new design, and its departure from traditional forms of architecture.

Supporters of it, however, point out that old forms of architecture in some of the renowned cathedrals of the old world were examples of modern contemporary design at the time they were built, **and that a cathedral built in 1938 should reflect the life and artistic expression of the twentieth century.**

Still Time

CANON LANGFORD SMITH, who originated the scheme for a new St. Andrew's Cathedral, considers that the general public is entitled to see the model of the suggested new building.

He has pointed out that there is no need for haste because the terms of the competition allow a maximum of two years before building work begins.

The competition was announced a little more than a year ago.

The standing committee has approved the selected design, but because there has been strong opposition to it the committee's decision will be reviewed this week by a more representative body—the Diocesan Synod.

At the request of the standing committee the Archbishop has convened a special meeting of the Diocesan Synod for Wednesday, April 20.

It will endorse or otherwise deal with the committee's approval of the selected plan.

The standing committee—which voted 26 for and 11 against the rebuilding plan—has a membership of only about 40. There are 400 members of the Diocesan Synod.

It is the general hope that their decisions will give Sydney a cathedral that will win universal approval and world renown for its beauty.

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Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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AN AEROPLANE *Is Their* PRAM

Flying New Guinea Twins Are Air-Minded

HERE are Carolyn and Robert Parer happily at play in their basket made by the natives of New Guinea, after their long journey by air. —Women's Weekly photo.

HERE THEY ARE. Mrs. W. H. (Bob) Parer and twin daughter and son, Carolyn and Robert, who have flown more miles than the average person covers in a lifetime—at nine months old. —Women's Weekly photo.

The flying nine-months-old Parer twins caused a mild sensation in Australia last week when their mother, Mrs. W. H. Parer, holding an infant under each arm, s[illegible] nonchalantly aboard the plane at Brisbane. [illegible] through Sydney to Melbourne after previous[illegible] with the children from New Guinea.

The youngsters fly so much that an aeroplane is virtually their pram. They smiled on the group of people gathered at the aerodrome, and their mother was just as casual about the flight.

"PLANE travel is the only way to take children about," said Mrs. Parer.

"It's fast and comfortable. Everybody is air-minded in New Guinea.

"The plane is our car, our grocer and milkman, and the baby's pram as well when we decide to go out.

"In New Guinea," said Mrs. Parer, "We live in an island paradise—in a home cut out of the primitive jungle—yet when we move about we go by plane, man's latest invention.

"All New Guinea people are air-minded. We even reckon distances by plane.

"Our home is at our mine, fifteen minutes by plane from Wau, which itself grew up round its aerodrome.

"Carolyn and Robert just naturally took to the air.

"They have it in their blood.

"Their father is an aeronautical engineer, an uncle, Kenneth Parer, runs an aerial service in New Guinea. Another uncle is Ray Parer, one of the first men to fly from England to Australia in 1920.

"When the twins were only three months old, we flew to Port Moresby in two hours.

"By doing so we cut ten days off the boat trip.

"I held one twin in my arms, the other balanced on my knee in a buka basket that the natives use for carrying babies.

"These baskets are long light affairs with the handle across the centre; they are ideal for air travelling.

"The babies just loved the trip from Brisbane by plane. We had breakfast in Brisbane, lunch in Sydney, afternoon tea in the air, and dinner in Melbourne. The babies played in a basket on the floor most of the way. The weather was rough between Brisbane and Sydney.

"Carolyn did not mind at all, but Robert drew his breath in quickly with excitement every time the plane lurched.

"The air hostess was marvellous. I took hot water in thermos flasks to make bottles, but she did all the work and fed one baby while I fed the other.

"She also saved me having an accident by advising me to put a towel over the thermos before opening it.

"Apparently altitude makes hot water spurt out when it is uncorked.

"Before I was married I belonged to Melbourne. **I was a dress designer, but now I think New Guinea is a woman's paradise.**

Bamboo Home

"OUR home at Watuk is of bamboo with a thatch roof. It is very cool and all work is done by the native boys.

"I have a boy for washing and ironing, a house boy, and a garden boy.

"They are naturally good cooks. When taught they become excellent and always take down the recipes given them in their own pidgin-English. They never have to be shown twice.

"We grow all our own vegetables.

"If I am alone I keep a gun handy if strange boys should come about.

"The planes call three times a week with mails and provisions. If the weather prevents them coming we are completely isolated.

"Even Wau and such places are too. Their only contact with the outside world is by plane.

"Naturally I have to make my own clothes and the children's clothes.

"I have designed things easy for the boys to iron. Even the children's sun hats can be unfastened to form a flat piece for ironing.

"While we have been away my husband has moved to Wewak, a new goldfield near Medang, an even more primitive part than our former home.

"He has opened a freezing plant.

"You know all our meat is frozen and brought from Sydney.

"The pilots fly it to their nearest aerodrome, which is usually just a clearing. There is usually a shed about where the parcels are dumped by the pilot.

"We teach our boys to recognise our names so that they can collect parcels for us.

"The pilots in New Guinea have to be postmen, butchers, grocers, and general carriers. Even large articles like motor cars, mining machinery, and pianos are brought by air.

"Bringing the twins by plane seems very much easier to me," said Mrs. Parer, smilingly, as she gathered them in her arms.

You may be satisfied now—
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Long though your washing experience may have been, *it takes a Persil wash to show you what real whiteness means.* Persil is quite different from anything else you may have used. The wonderful oxygen-charged soap suds cleanse the closest weave, getting out stains and grime completely. Just because *Persil makes things so much cleaner, it makes them whiter, too.*

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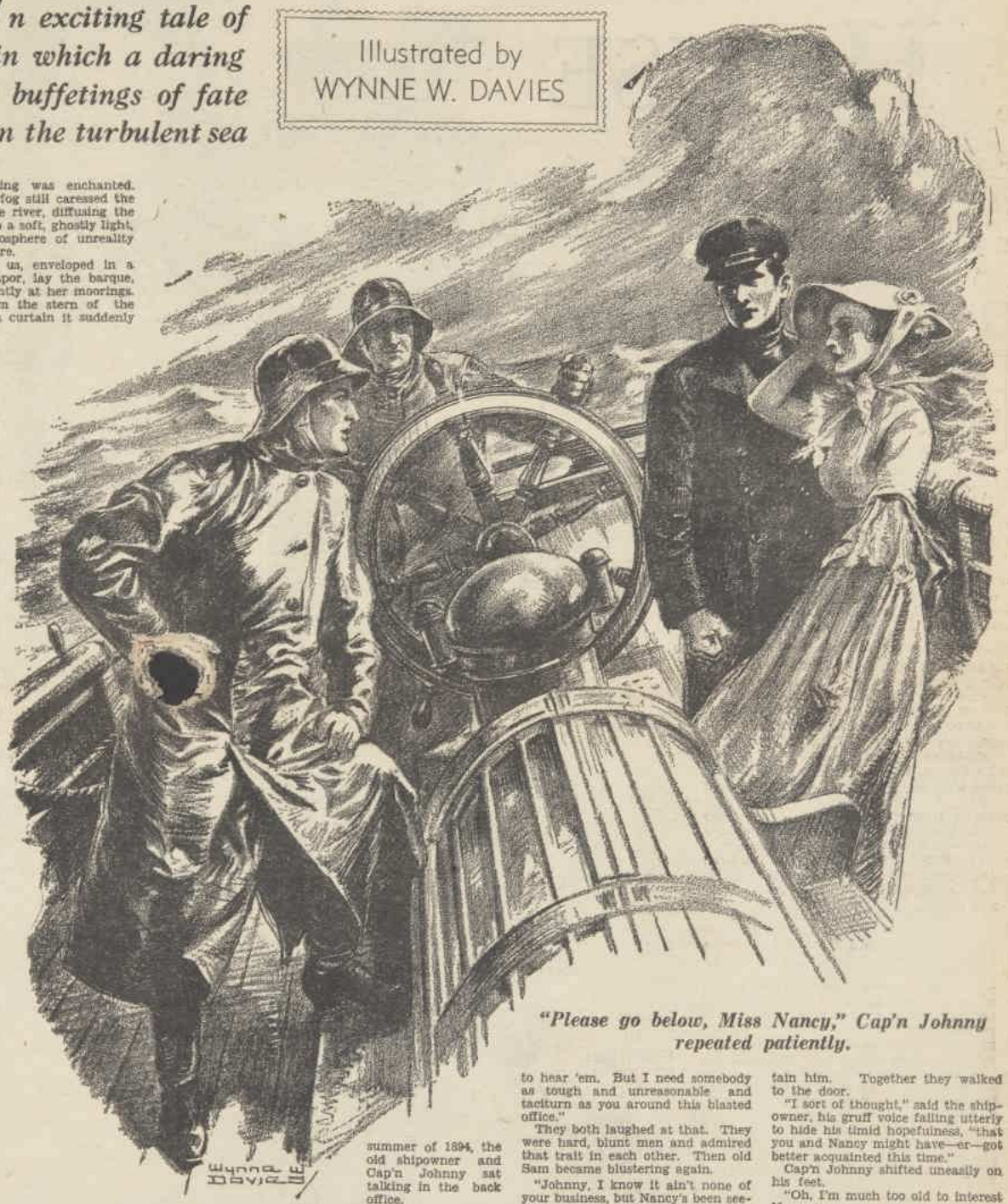
STORY of the NANCY B

An exciting tale of the clipper days in which a daring skipper finds the buffetings of fate more stirring than the turbulent sea

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



"Please go below, Miss Nancy," Cap'n Johnny repeated patiently.

BY ROBERT S. WHITE

THE late April morning was enchanted. Patches of low-lying fog still caressed the smooth surface of the river, diffusing the brilliant sunshine into a soft, ghostly light, and lending an atmosphere of unreality to the whole adventure.

Somewhere behind us, enveloped in a mantle of greyish vapor, lay the barque, Nancy B., tugging gently at her moorings. And as I stared from the stern of the launch into that dim curtain it suddenly parted, revealing again for a fleeting instant a picture of exquisite loveliness.

Sunlight flooded the scrubbed white planks of her sloping poop-deck, glinted dazzlingly on the varnish of her lofty spars, flitted impishly among her tarred shrouds, and mottled the sweeping length of her waterline.

She was a creation of story-books; of Jack London and Joseph Conrad and Peter B. Kyne. She was a thing of reality, too.

Every summer for many years small boys had swarmed in her rigging, the braver ones diving from her taffrail. Canoeists had paused in the shade of her graceful counter, and in the evenings lovers had leaned over her forward bulwarks and spoken in whispers.

The Nancy B. was as important in the lives of Baltimore folk as the Town Hall, or the Conservatorium, or the cinema houses—more than all those things, perhaps, because she was both a delight to the eye and a tangible reminder of those days when the town had been one of the busiest seaports on the coast.

Each autumn they fondly watched the fussy little tugboat propel her down the river and across the bay to the graving dock. And each spring they welcomed her return, gleaming with new paint and varnish, to her moorings.

But not one of those who loved her—and there were few who didn't—had any but the vaguest knowledge of her history. If they were curious to know why the mighty Borthwick Navigation Company, of New York, Liverpool, and Buenos Aires, kept her in such genteel retirement, such idle luxury, they had succeeded in learning little.

NOW, after three hours of gentle probing, and a great deal of rum slopped across the messroom table, I had that story. My unwilling narrator was the Ancient Mariner himself, the last of the Nancy's skippers, the oldest employee of the Borthwick Line.

I shall not attempt to set it down in Cap'n Andrews' own words, for his jargon defies the pen and his narration leapt from decade to decade and back again with an old man's enviable disregard for time in the scheme of things.

Accordingly, for the benefit of those who relish a true story of the sea and sailormen, I have endeavored to put the tale of the Nancy B into some kind of order.

When old Sam Borthwick left the sea and set up as a shipowner and agent, he took with him one faculty which, more than anything else, accounted for his rise to great wealth and power as a business man. It was his uncanny ability to judge character in men.

That's why, when Johnny Field, fresh off a Black Ball clipper and hard and lean as a skya'l yard, burst into his office and said: "You'll be needing a skipper for your new ship—here I am," old Sam sat back and roared with laughter. He liked courage in his captains.

A dozen applications lay on old Sam's desk, and in the little anteroom outside his office sat a dozen skippers waiting to be interviewed. But after a lightning study of the strong young face before him, its expression of self-assurance not entirely masking the anxiety lurking in the quiet grey eyes, he merely bellowed, "Show me your ticket."

That began a friendship which lasted until they sewed the old man up in a hatch-cover and slid him over the side in mid-Atlantic many years later.

It was not the same with Robin, Johnny's younger brother, who was second mate in the Nancy B. at the time this story really begins. Old Sam never liked the lad, although he was as fine a seaman as his brother.

The darling of every hostess and the despair of every damsel in Baltimore, there was an enigmatic quality about Robin Field that both fascinated and set one to wondering. His bantering wit was delivered behind a sardonic smile and faintly-mocking eyes.

Those who know of Sam's dislike for the boy felt that the old man was unreasonably harsh. But those who knew Robin away from Baltimore thought differently. Old Sam permitted the lad to join the Borthwick Line because to have done otherwise would have been to hurt Johnny. And he tried to keep his feelings to himself.

Then one afternoon, late in the summer of 1894, the old shipowner and Cap'n Johnny sat talking in the back office.

"You're a darned fool, sir," old Sam bellowed, shaking a fat reproving finger. "There ain't many men I cotton to as I have you, and there ain't another in the whole fleet I'd want ashore with me."

He hesitated, fuming, then resumed in a quieter tone, "What's got into you, boy? Last time we discussed it you seemed eager enough to come into the office."

Cap'n Johnny just smiled in a puzzling sort of way, "I've changed my mind," he explained.

"Damnation!" the old man thundered, "I ought to log you. I ought to kick you off my ship—chuck you on the beach."

"But you won't."

"No," after a moment's thought, "perhaps I won't. You've got your reasons, I suppose, and I don't want to hear 'em. But I need somebody as tough and unreasonable and taciturn as you around this blasted office."

They both laughed at that. They were hard, blunt men and admired that trait in each other. Then old Sam became blustering again.

"Johnny, I know it ain't none of your business, but Nancy's been seeing too much of your young scamp of a brother. You know I don't like the boy, and I'm scared to forbid Nancy——"

The effect of this on his listener was so astounding that old Sam stopped in mid-air. He had intended to say that he was frightened to show any outward antagonism to his daughter's friendship with Robin in case it should precipitate some foolish action on the part of this headstrong young lady. He was worried, fearful. He wanted to appeal to Cap'n Johnny for help in this, the first situation he had ever felt beyond his power to control.

But Johnny had suddenly risen to his feet. There was a tightness about his lips as he muttered something about having to get back to the ship.

Old Sam did not attempt to detain him. Together they walked to the door.

"I sort of thought," said the shipowner, his gruff voice failing utterly to hide his timid hopefulness, "that you and Nancy might have—er—got better acquainted this time."

Cap'n Johnny shifted uneasily on his feet.

"Oh, I'm much too old to interest Nancy."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" old Sam assured him heartily. "Why Nancy's nineteen and——" but Cap'n Johnny was already striding down the narrow, dusty street.

Before day was breaking the following morning the Nancy B. was tossing her head jauntily in greeting to the open sea.

There'd have been no story of the Nancy B. if Cap'n Johnny hadn't been wildly in love with Nancy Borthwick. He'd loved her ever since she was a gangling child in pigtails. Since the day he'd taken the ship to sea on her maiden voyage, and a fresh-faced little girl had rushed up to him, saying: "Are you the captain? Please take good care of my ship."

"I certainly shall," he promised solemnly, and so he had.

Of course, he never confided to anyone that he was in love with her, or that her face haunted him on long voyages, but he was always bringing her back presents—gaudy Spanish shawls which she was never allowed to wear, lacquer boxes, silks, and such like.

Please turn to Page 34

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Continuing Our New Serial

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Another long instalment of this thrilling mystery, related by a famous detective story writer

ELLERY QUEEN

IT was fortunate for young attorney BILL ANGELL that on the most eventful night of his career he should meet after many years his friend ELLERY QUEEN, famous detective. They celebrate and arrange to motor together to New York. Before leaving, Bill has to keep an urgent and rather mysterious appointment with his brother-in-law, JOSEPH WILSON.

When he arrives at the lonely cottage in a deserted neighborhood to keep his tryst, he sees a woman departing in a car. Rushing into the house he finds Joseph dying. The only clue he gives Bill before he dies is his murmuring of "a veiled woman."

Bill notifies Ellery Queen, who arrives at the scene before the police and makes his careful observations.

Characters You Will Meet in the Story Are:—

ELLERY QUEEN, famous private detective.
BILL ANGELL, smart young attorney, who discovers the body of his brother-in-law.
JOSEPH WILSON, traveller in cheap jewellery.
CHIEF DE JONG, in charge of the case.
SERGEANT MURPHY, of the Trenton force, De Jong's assistant.
ELLA AMITY, newspaper woman.
LUCY WILSON, beautiful wife of the murdered man.
JESSICA GIMBALL, society woman, and her daughter, **ANDREA**, who identify the body of the murdered man as
JOSEPH KENT GIMBALL, broker, of New York.
GROSVENOR FINCH, Executive Vice-President of the National Insurance Company.

Now read on.

ELLERY was sitting on the table when De Jong stamped in, followed by several detectives.

"Well, that takes care of the Press for a while," said the chief briskly. "Been enjoying yourself some more, Mr. Queen? I guess you'd like to hear what we've found out."

"Thanks. Very kind of you."

Bill turned from the window. "I suppose you realise, De Jong, that while you've been waltzing around here that woman in the Cadillac's got clean away?"

De Jong winked at Ellery. "Just a small-town cop, eh? Now, Angell, keep your shirt on. I sent an alarm out five minutes after I got here. No reports yet, but the whole State Police force is combing the highways. Colonel Merry of the Troopers is in charge himself."

"She's probably in New York already," said Ellery dryly. "It's getting late, De Jong. Well, what have you found?"

"Plenty. On those two driveways outside."

"Ah, the tyre-marks," said Ellery.

"Meet Sergeant Hannigan." A cow-faced man bobbed his head. "Hannigan's made a sort of private study of automobile tracks. Spill it, Hannigan."

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, addressing Ellery, "this main driveway in front of the house—the curved one, where Mr. Angell saw the Cadillac parked: there are three sets of tyre-marks in the mud."

"Three?" croaked Bill. "I saw only that Cadillac and I didn't run my own car on to the front driveway at all."

"Three sets o' marks," repeated Hannigan firmly. "Not three cars. Matter of fact, there were two cars. Two of the sets were made by the same boat—the Cadillac. Distinctive treads—that was a big Caddy, all right, Mr. Angell. The third set was made by peewee Firestones—I wouldn't say for sure, but they prob'ly came from a Ford. Tyres are marked-up and kind of worn, so it's prob'ly a '31 or '32 Ford. But don't bank on that."

"I shan't," said Ellery. "How do you know that the 'two sets' of Cadillac marks aren't really one?"

"Well, it's an easy figure," said the sergeant. "First there's the tracks of the Cadillac; see? Over some of the Cadillac marks there's the marks of the Firestones. That shows the Cadillac was there first. But over the marks of the Firestones there's the tracks of the Cadillac again in some places. That means the Cadillac was there and went away, then the Ford came and went away; then the Cadillac came back, and that's the story."

"And a good one, Sergeant. Any footprints approaching the house?"

"Nary one, except for yours on that fifteen-foot stretch," said De Jong. "We boarded that over, too, coming in here. All right, Hannigan, see that those tyre marks are casted up." The sergeant saluted and left. "Not a footprint anywhere around the house or on the two drives. Both of 'em lead right to the little porches and I suppose whoever came here to-night hopped from their cars to the porches without stepping on the ground."

"And the footprints in that lane leading to the boathouse?"

De Jong glanced down at a detective who was crouched behind the table fussing with the dead man's feet. "Well, Johnny?"

The man looked up. "Wilson made 'em, all right, Chief. Must 'a' scraped his shoes off on the side porch before comin' in here. But his shoes made those prints outside, like we figured."

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Illustrated by FISCHER

While the central figures in this tragic drama gazed bewilderedly at Ellery Queen, Bill Angell had eyes only for Andrea.

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SEVENTH DANCE

.. By ..
JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

WHEN for the seventh time the orchestra crooned its way into the loud complaining harmony of the hour, Martha Hemingway put her right hand into Ronny Castle's and slipped her left arm gently about his shoulder. So interlocked they walked about slowly and beautifully to the musical idea of a Kentucky negro left all alone without the mamma that he loved.

This incident was in accordance with the pleasant and matter-of-fact insanity of all sane and normal people. It had no significance for anybody save Martha herself.

Martha had loved Ronny Castle for six years, ever since the Castle family had first come to Westport, ever since Ronny had come to the tennis club upon the first Saturday night following his arrival.

He had stood at the threshold with a friend for two or three minutes—minutes as swift as seconds, as long as years, during which Martha observed that he was very handsome, not tall, but with the lithe grace of the good dancing man, not dark, but with copper-brown hair as sleek as bronze over a well-modelled head. She observed, too, that he had a quick, impudent, appealing smile and a laugh that rang out heartily—that he had a habit of rolling a cigarette for a moment between the palms of thin hands before he tapped it down on a thumb nail—that he wore a ring of crested gold upon the little finger of his left hand.

The newcomer danced with five or six young women. Then, when the orchestra began its seventh sobbing harmony Ronny came to her and she put her right hand into his, her left arm gently about his shoulder.

Sometimes he asked her for the fifth dance, the sixth or the eighth. But it was usually the seventh. During the six years, of course, her predecessors had varied. He was no longer acutely interested in any of the Westport girls—usually he paid court to the week-end visitors from London. Martha, identifying herself with him, understood the charm of new phrases, even of the old phrases in the voices of strangers—the delight in new small ears, as delicate as shells, ornamented with great squares of jade—the interest in new lips, their slight, smiling curve provocative. Only half understood.

When Amy Naylor came to Westport, she knew his ten days' joy in fifteen pairs of little shoes; golf shoes, tennis shoes, riding boots, walking shoes, shoes for luncheon, shoes for tea, dancing shoes. But after ten days Ronny was very tired of listening to Amy's voice—and Martha understood that, too.

SHE could not have gone to dances unless some man had taken her there, so for six years she listened admiringly to men who were golfers talking about golf, to men who were brokers talking about the Stock Exchange, to men who were artists talking about art—to men talking.

But she did not marry any of them.

And she did not sit in a lonely tower, weeping because she had sent away the men who wanted her and because she could not beckon to the man who did not want her.

Instead of sitting and weeping, she went every day to London, where she had a very good job in an advertising firm. And in Westport she lived with a much-loved aunt who slept every day until twelve o'clock under a white satin eiderdown and a counterpane embroidered with silver daisies.

In other words, she was not to be pitied. If you had pitied her, you would have been rewarded with the amused gleam of blue eyes, and with the flash of very sound white teeth.

Indeed, she criticised herself, in secret, as an obstinate woman with one idea. She had never had any particular admiration for faithful people; they were usually tiresome, she thought, and much less charming than the faithless. But she couldn't help being faithful. There were a great many people in her world who were interesting, and a great many who were likeable—her attitude towards these people was vastly different.

But now, upon the seventh dance of the third month of the sixth year, they were talking together casually, with the ease of long acquaintanceship.

"Play any golf this afternoon, Martha?"

In the end she found Ronny in the library. He said nothing to her for several seconds.

"Yes, but my game's off. Went round in a hundred and ten!"

"Pretty bad."

"Oh—rotten. I didn't see you on the links to-day, Ronny?"

"No. I just got back from the city. Dad wanted me in town because he thinks his men are going on strike."

"Are they?"

"No. But dad gets periodical blues. He's an old-fashioned employer, you know. Never knows what's going on. Should've lived in the Middle Ages with a flock of serfs. Anyhow, he wants me to take over the factory—settle down in Westport, and be the lord of the manor."

"Yes?" said Martha.

But she thought, walking round slowly and beautifully to the Kentucky negro's plaint, that if this happened Ronny would be at home most of the time instead of a sixth of the time. He couldn't run about all over the country any more. He'd hate it just at first, but it would steady him. She smiled suddenly, it having occurred to her that her thoughts were the thoughts of an anxious mother, fretting about her first-born.

"Yes," said Ronny. "I'm all stuffed with noble ambitions. Settled. Busy. And listen—please keep it absolutely dark—but I'm going to get myself married!"

The room was a dark whirlpool, and she and Ronny were dancing on sliding black water. Mechanically her feet stepped lightly, slowly. Ronny had a good line from his ear to his chin. A good jaw. She liked a good jaw, she hadn't a bad one herself, she remembered. But it spoiled any prettiness that might have been hers. This hadn't anything to do with the fact that Ronny was going to be married.

She had long since ceased to worry about the possibility of Ronny's marrying. The days and the weeks and the months had gone so quickly. She had thought vaguely that Ronny would go on for ever falling in love with new lips, new voices, new little silver shoes, and that she would go on for ever having the seventh dance with him every Saturday night that Ronny happened to be at home—possibly the sixth or the eighth, but more probably the seventh.

It seemed to her that he had spoken a long, long while ago, as if they had been dancing silently for a long, long time. But it had been thirty seconds, or less.

He jerked his head back to look down into her eyes.

"Well, what do you think of that, Martha?"

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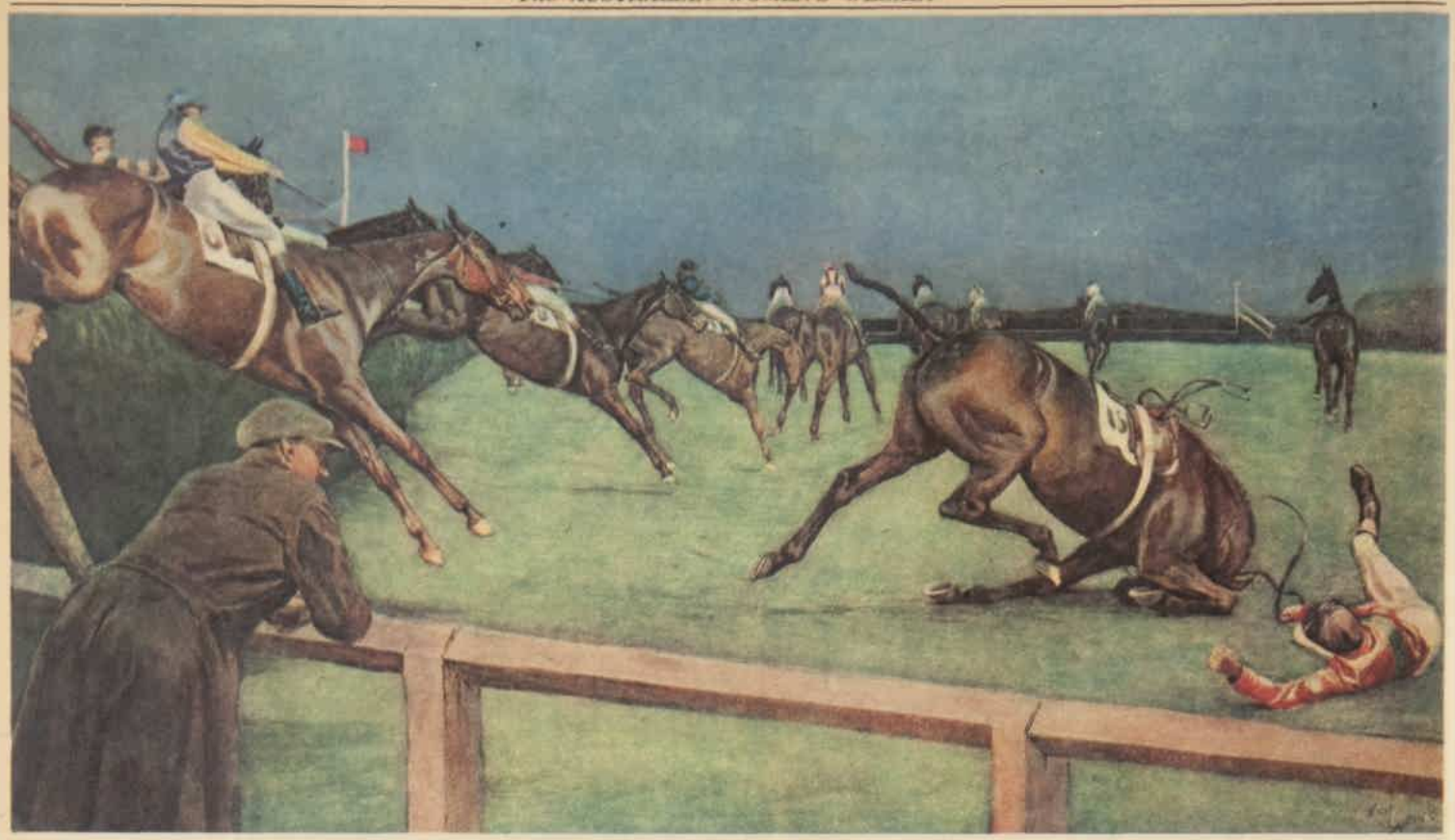

Tricky jumps that bring down a crop of horses and hopes.

● THE English Grand National, as pictured by a famous artist, Cecil A. Idin.

GREEN JACKET

A story with the great English classic race as its theme . . .

By E. V. TIMMS

MOLLY BRENT tugged at the sleeve of her green jacket, and then scowled at the door of the railway carriage as it slowly opened. The frown, the glint in the hazel eyes, and the quick pouting of her pretty lips proved annoyance in Molly's mind.

The door had done nothing but open and shut all the way from London to Manchester. If only those who came in and then went out again would say something, or do something, the journey might be endured as all such journeys must be endured; but like automatons the silent ones entered and departed, and slam went the heavy door each time—slam! with a cold, metallic snap that made sore nerves jump.

Perhaps it was not the journey alone, or the ever-banging door, that produced in the girl's mind the fear that unless someone or something human erupted into the compartment she would be unpardonably rude at the next provocation.

The dislike of travelling to meet strangers, the frozen isolation of being alone in the North of England, the uncertainty of her reception in Liverpool, the rain, the fog, the absence of hot, Australian sunshine, and of Australian companionship—all roused in Molly an irritability foreign to her warm, impulsive nature.

Occasionally, from the seat opposite, would come the rustle of newspaper. She knew an elderly gentleman was behind the printed pulp, but if he had a face he refused to allow anyone to see it. He was merely boots and spats, striped trousers, coat of conservative cut, waistcoat, and newspaper. Two trembling white hands held the sheet. "The Times," after one glare from Molly, seemed somewhat ashamed of itself, an unaccountable thing, really, in "The Times." The girl decided that the gentleman in camouflage was more interested in stocks and shares than in the Grand National.

The Grand National? Molly sighed. Then a gleam lit the hazel eyes. If only the sun would shine to-morrow, and light the course and the crowd, intensifying the color of horse and rider, deepening the green of the jumps and the turf, flecking the gowns and hats with sunlight and shadow, blending with the excitement of race and bet the alchemy of mode and beauty.

Molly's eyes closed again as the guard opened the door. "The Times" rustled, but the face still refused to allow itself to be seen. A friendly voice said apologetically:

"Pardon me . . . may I stow this grip next to your gear?"

Molly nodded, opening her eyes to see a tanned, lean face above hers, two vividly blue eyes looking down at her, and a cheery grin that invited an answering smile. But a train journey, even in England, has been known to rip away the veneer of good-fellowship, leaving only primitive hates and distrusts. The girl nodded, no smile in her eyes or on her lips.

"Thanks . . ." came from the cheerful one. "Foul weather, isn't it?"

Molly frowned. He would begin with the weather, of course. A sure sign of mental and moral vacuity. In spite of the fact that someone human had by a miracle invaded the compartment she found she could not respond. It had ceased to matter. The slamming door, the rustling "Times," the silence, the utter frigidity of everything had been too much.

The happy one began to whistle, and at that "The Times" quivered, moved down an inch to permit one amazed and bushy eyebrow to be glimpsed. Upon Molly the whistle had the effect of a spark to dynamite.

"Don't!" she snapped.

The grip was safe overhead.

"All right," came coolly. "Shall I sing?"

"The Times" crackled, and a spat lifted almost an inch in horror.

"No," said Molly.

"Just as you like. Tell your fortune, then?"

Molly looked at him. Casually. Then she looked again. Critically. He was laughing at her, at the elderly gentleman, and at "The Times." His blue eyes were merry, with little creases at the corners. Good looking? Not exactly. Strength, yes; but not one feature of his brown face would draw a second glance from the pundits of Elstree or Hollywood. Molly, being a woman, looked at him again, and smiled.

"That's better," he assured her.

He puzzled her. His clothes were good, but had obviously seen a deal of knocking about. His cap had a rakish angle that might have been caused by design, or merely by the crushed peak. His shooting-jacket, an outrage upon the travelling conventions, was as berry-brown as his face. Compared with the spats and "The Times," he was as the country is to Bond Street.

"Mind if I smoke?" he said.

She shook her head.

"I'll join you," she said.

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The frown, the glint in the hazel eyes, and the quick pouting of her pretty lips proved annoyance in Molly's mind.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

THIS ODD *Idea* ABOUT SUITS

• CONTRASTING JACKET TYPES. One is a "boxy" of tan angora worn with a yellow jersey shirt, green skirt, and red cravat. The next is a fitted penny-tan Harris tweed, worn with grey worsted skirt and green sweater with high cravated neckline.

• A DUSTY-TURQUOISE ANGORA for the first suit with its long tunic jacket and carnation accessories. The second has a royal-blue Harris tweed jacket worn over green worsted with yellow accessories.

• VINTAGE-RED WOOL SUIT. Jacket is flecked, the skirt plain, and the accessories blue. Broadcloth for the next suit. The skirt is black, the jacket and zippered vest violet

• A BEAUTIFUL combination of three colors—prune, green and carnation.

• GREEN HARRIS TWEED worn over a royal-blue skirt and carnation knitted jumper makes the first suit. The other has a privet-green jersey box coat and is worn over a plaid jersey cummerbund dress.

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FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

EXTRAVAGANZA from PARIS

—Air Mail Photos

● ABOVE: Mainbocher created this gorgeous evening gown. It is entirely composed of paillettes of every color of the rainbow, all hand-sewn on to a foundation of sheer. An elaborate ultra-modern design is worked out in the coloring by the placing of the paillettes. This gown has created a sensation in London.

● TOP RIGHT: Patou model cocktail frock in black delustred satin. The bodice is trimmed in gold lame woven in a raised design and the graceful sash is of the same lame. The tall hat is of shiny slipper satin.

● AT RIGHT: Another Jean Patou model for evening wear. It is of carnation satin and was designed especially for the smart young matron. The graceful arrangement of the swathe achieves an effect of classical fullness, at the same time preserving the slim silhouette.

● EXTREME RIGHT: Louiseboulanger created this frock of luxury weave silver lame. This was designed for the young post-debutante. Its classic folds and ample fullness show the Edwardian influence so much stressed in "young" frocks of the season.

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Smart Punters At Easter Races

MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM BODY, of Ulupna Station, Inverell. Mrs. Body wore a very smart coat and skirt of cactus green, and over her wide-brimmed felt hat was tied an Edwardian veil of fine brown mesh.

MRS. OWEN MAIDMENT, wife of the secretary of the Brisbane Amateur Race Club. She wore a black silk tailleur, with an upturned black felt hat showing the Russian influence.

LADY WAKEHURST takes a keen interest in racing, as we can see by this smiling picture. When photographed, Lady Wakehurst was in the Vice-Regal box. Behind her is Lieut. Leo. Cook.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW MODE

GOOD TASTE THE KEYNOTE

By ALICE JACKSON

This year's Easter races brought thousa[illegible] new outfits to Randwick. It was a delight to see f[illegible]ng so modish and yet so individual.

It spelt Prosperity, too, of course. However punters fared, socially it was a highly successful meeting. Golden weather . . . friendly reunions of city and country folk . . . infectious lightheartedness—in short, the Australian holiday scene at its happy best.

OF great fashion importance was this launching of new styles for autumn and winter. It was the day of the frock, very few suits making an appearance.

THE SILHOUETTE

Naturalness was the keynote. Frocks were form-fitting, but not pencil slim. The waistline was normal, shoulders very little emphasised, skirt length thirteen to fifteen inches off the ground, with just enough flare to the skirt to give a sensible width. No tube-fitted skirts.

Sleeves, which were long, conformed to the shape of the arm. No pompous sleeves. Necklines definitely high in front. Some peaked lines, higher in front than at the back.

Bust and hip lines frequently accentuated with rows of fine gathers or tiny pleats. Clever use made of zippers. They closed a bodice, a pocket, a slash at the waistline. Color, in zippers, too, and a few jewelled.

Boleros fairly popular. Mostly short, with colorful cummerbunds.

FABRICS

ANGORAS in plain colors scored an overwhelming triumph. Justly so, for they are the ideal weight for our autumn. Then other light woollens.

So far, few checks or plaids. These will come later, when colder days demand suits.

Few patterned fabrics. These are evidently obsolescent for day wear. Few metal weave fabrics.

COLORS

BLACK ousted navy. Lots of Burgundy and the new carnation. Unexpectedly few greens and tans. Navy mostly worn in combination with hyacinth blue and turquoise. Few pastel shades. A delightful blending of two and three of the new fuchsias, carnation, beige, and green shades in accessories.

TRIMMINGS

VERY restrained, the most effective being hand-done quilting in conventional geometrical or botanical designs.

Not much glitter. Gold sequins used very warily, and often with good effect.

HATS

AND what hats. Infinite variety. Berets of every known and unknown type. Sombreros. (The sombrero-bolero combination very fitting). Pancakes. Birettas. Rolled brims. Coal-scuttles. And then some.

Amazingly, they were all most becoming. Each wearer knew how to pick a hat that was definitely her hat.

Quite new were the feather touches. Dainty little winged models looked like a glorification of a Mars helmet.

Other colorful plumes and small rolled cylinders of feathers made bright mischief on many witty little hats. One lass, with a coal-scuttle bonnet, used these glowing little rolled feathers to represent coals.

Almost every hat had its veil. Some flared loosely round the chin. Others were longer and tied at the back. Wearers of large hats frequently adjusted the veil closely over the hair and face, and then added the hat.

SHOES, GLOVES, JEWELLERY

CARNATION, Burgundy, and green suede made very attractive footwear. Mostly of the court type, with fanciful-shaped vamps and punch trims.

Gloves and handbags in same shades. Plenty of black and navy shoes. Scarcely any in two tones.

Gold jewellery—beads, brooches of antique design, clips, chunky and flat floral buttons.

With so much variety in the offerings of fashion, it was most striking to note the mastery women displayed of the elements which go to make elegance—or chaos. Year by year the general level of good taste is rising. Very soon the Australian woman will rival the Parisienne in her reputation for smartness. When that is accomplished, our national inferiority complex will have been dealt its death blow.

A CHARMING TRIO of punters—Mrs. Fred Moses, of Willow Tree, Miss Joan MacDonald, of Singleton, and Miss Frances Angus.

ABOVE: Discussing form are Mrs. Langford Gibson, whose high-crowned felt hat is a deep shade of wine to tone with her frock of radier cloth, and Mr. Peter Meagher, of Temora.

LEFT: Misses Goldie and Colleen Gray, always so smart at Randwick, chose unrelieved black frocks and upturned black hats.

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An Editorial

APRIL 23, 1938

FITNESS FOR THE FUTURE

THE physical standard of Australians is higher to-day than in 1914, we are told authoritatively.

The reason given is that Australians to-day, from childhood up, devote a great part of their time and attention to outdoor sport.

Still, only about one in four of our breadwinners is an outdoor worker.

Three-quarters of the population manage to keep superlatively fit despite all the adverse circumstances of modern industrial civilisation.

Climate, beaches, and open spaces, of course, encourage Australians to be sportsmen.

But most important of all is the Australian tradition of virility, passed on from generation to generation as jealously as other nations pass on their heirlooms of military glory or social status.

The glorious record of the A.I.F. was due not to military training, but to personal strength, valor, and initiative—the very qualities that the sporting life inculcates.

And in case anyone imagines that such qualities fit men only for war, let us consider the record of Australians in peace.

In workmanship, in business efficiency, in the professions and the arts our people are the equal of any—and superior to many.

It has been said in criticism of the Australians that their outdoor life leads to a neglect of culture. But this is surely untrue. Our culture, admittedly, is still primitive and unpolished. But its roots are strong. The future will show that we have put into practice the splendid precept of the ancients: "Mens sana in corpore sano" — the healthy mind in the healthy body.

Let us not glory in physical prowess, or boast of athletic achievement.

Let us accept these things as a heritage for which to be grateful and prove that upon these foundations we can build a nation great not only in body, but also in mind and spirit.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Who's Boss?

FOUR women at a cultural debate the other day argued at some length the question: "Should a Man be Master in his Own House?"

Nobody really won the debate. Nobody ever will. When the woman takes the man's place, and dominates everything, the home is likely to fall to pieces.

But when you see a man calmly satisfied that he is master in an orderly household, then you can be sure that everything is properly under control—the subtle control of the intelligent woman.

Let's Laugh It Off!

A NEW ZEALAND visitor deplores the Australian custom of caricaturing bush characters in the manner of "Mum, Dad and Dave."

The outback men and women are wonderful, he asserts.

No one knows that better than the Australians. And one of the most wonderful things about them is their sense of humor.

Research has proved that the most appreciative audience for newspaper cartoons of bush characters and radio sketches of the same type is found in the country.

England has never found it necessary to ban the stock joke of the English "johnnie" to uphold national dignity—and our repute is in no danger from a few false whiskers.

Love and the Law

NEW SOUTH WALES detectives have been instructed to affect gentlemanly dress, habits and poise—but to avoid becoming over-fond of the company of women.

It's pretty tough on P.C. 49 to give him all the attributes and all the opportunities of a Casanova, and then bid him behave like a monk.

But it's tough on the ladies, too.

Are they all such Delilahs that the strong arm of authority is weakened the moment it is linked with theirs, and the sacred secrets of the C.I.B. unsafe the moment a shell-like ear draws close to the lips of the law?

Gate-Crash De Luxe

FIVE Melbourne University students, without invitations, visited the cruise liner Empress of Britain and were entertained at lunch by the Commander.

They did it by donning gorgeous academic robes and arriving in a de luxe limousine.

Some may draw from this the gloomy lesson that the outward garb of intellectual achievement counts for more than reality.

Yet surely the lesson is more cheery. It is the old lesson that wit and nerve will get you anywhere you want to go.

Of course, they sometimes get you thrown out, too. But isn't it better to be thrown out of somewhere than never to get in anywhere?

No Ale For Them

MELBOURNE girl rowers refuse to train on beer in the English manner.

But then, they haven't the tradition behind them. Beer in Britain is almost as universal a drink as water; it is rarely drunk as an intoxicant—just a glass with a meal.

English athletes seem to thrive on the classic English diet of beef and beer. But we live in a different climate, and our constitutions are different.

It may be that, although a beer wouldn't do the Melbourne girls any harm, orange juice is more their line. If so, let them stick to it, for what we want from them is not traditions, but victories.

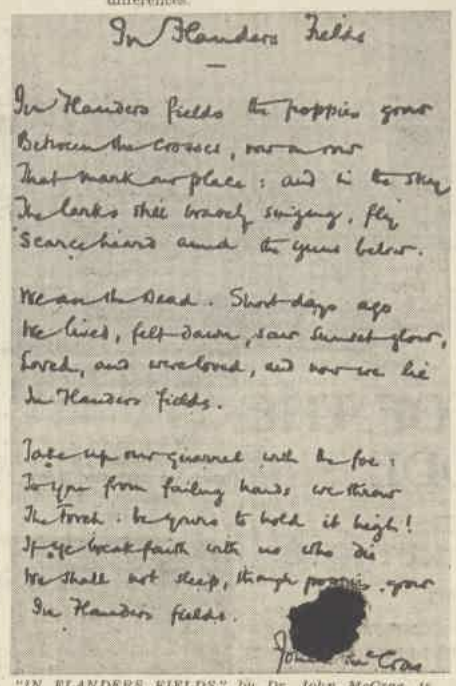
These Moderns

QUEEN WILHELMINA, of Holland, disapproves the modern ways of Prince Bernhard, her son-in-law.

It is a way mother-in-laws have, even exalted ones.

But since Prince Bernhard has proved old-fashioned enough to (a) fall in love, (b) get married, and (c) provide an heir to the throne of the Netherlands, it seems likely that the Royal Family will really live happily ever after.

It's a way families have, despite all their differences.



In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS," by Dr. John McCrae, is called the perfect war poem. The poignant lines to the soldiers in France stirred the heart of the Empire. Above is shown the original poem written by Dr. McCrae on the battlefields. Words are reprinted below. *(See Story, Col. 4.)*

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—John McCrae.

Plumbing the Depths

PLUMBERS from all over Australia gravely debate two important points:

(a) The social status of plumbers.

(b) The ethics of plumbers.

Their social status should be in no doubt; they are admitted into the very best homes, and no one is too proud to call on their aid in a moment of crisis.

As to ethics, who can doubt the dignity of their precept, "There are Some Things it is Better to Forget."

Doctor Wrote the Perfect War Poem

Described as the perfect war poem, "In Flanders Fields" figures in memorial services held on Anzac Day and Armistic Day. It is famous throughout the British Empire and in America.

THE poem—the original copy of which is shown in the illustration on this page—was written in France by Dr. John McCrae, a Canadian, who died in France in 1918.

"In Flanders Fields" was written during the second battle of Ypres in 1915, at Poperinghe (Belgium).

At the Ypres battle McCrae was in charge of a tiny first-aid post cut into the bank of the canal.

During a lull in the battle he wrote in pencil, on a page torn from his dispatch book, the three immortal verses which have not lost their power despite frequent quotation.

He sent his poem to "Punch" anonymously, and the editor, with unerring instinct, recognised its beauty at once.

As if by miracle, the verses reached the outer fringes of the earth in record time.

Later the identity of the author was revealed, and Colonel McCrae was inundated with telegrams and letters.

Born of Fire

BOTH his technique and the sublimity of his thought received unbounded praise. As a matter of fact, "In Flanders Fields" was a perfect job.

Quite literally, it defies translation.

For two decades French writers have tried to render it into French verse.

They have not succeeded; even the French prose translations are unsatisfactory.

The poem was real; so were the poppies, the singing larks and the belching guns.

Dr. McCrae's commanding officer, Major-Gen. E. W. B. Morrison, says of it:

"This poem was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres.

"My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank.

"During periods in the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station.

"Many times during the sixteen days of battle he and I watched the chaplains burying their dead whenever there was a lull.

"Thus, the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery.

"We often heard the larks in the mornings singing high in the air, between the crash of the shells and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us."

A Man of Faith

SINCE 1915 the crosses, row on row (which were made of wood), have disappeared, being replaced by others of white marble, which form part of the British military cemetery near Poperinghe.

A memorial chapel has also been built near the spot where McCrae pencilled his famous lines; to it every month ex-soldiers of differing creeds and countries come to pray.

McCrae was a doctor by profession. But, as a military man, his first and last love was the artillery. He had seen action in this branch of the service in South Africa.

His diary is punctuated with entries to the effect that "the poor old artillery never gets any mention."

McCrae the poet and McCrae the man of action was also a man of faith.

He was a constant attendant at church, even though the hymns were a sore trial for him.

Possessing a sure taste in poetry, he could not stomach the weak rhymes and worse rhythms of many a gospel song.

He loved dogs and children, as his wartime letters to his mother testify.

His motto was: "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have."

On Easter Sunday, 1915, he wrote: "We had a church parade this morning, the first since we arrived in France.

"Truly, if the dead rise not, we are of all men most miserable."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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OUT WHERE *The* COOLERBARS GROW

L. W. Lower Laments the Passing of the Good Old Days Back-O'-Beyond

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

I'm only a city boy. Until a short time ago I'd never seen a sheep all in one piece or with its fur on.

That's why, when people said to me, "Go west, young man, or east, if you like, but go," I went.

TRUTH to tell, I thought it would be safer. I had a shotgun and a rifle, and a bag of flour, and two sealed kerosene tins of fresh water in the luggage-van.

I thought of taking some colored beads for the natives, but decided it was too expensive.

I forget now where it was I went to. Anyhow, it was full of wheat silos and flies, and there was a horse standing on three legs under a tree. There were no other signs of life except a faint curl of smoke coming from the hotel chimney.

When I walked into the bar there was nobody there, so I walked out the back to the kitchen and there was nobody there. I went out to the front verandah again, and saw a little old man picking burrs off his socks.

"Good-day!" I said.

"Day!" he replied.

"Where's everybody?" I asked.

"Never heard of him. Unless you mean old Smith. He's down by the crick. You're a stranger, aren't you?"

"Just got off the train. Where's the publican?"

"Do you want a drink?"

"Yes."

"Orright!"

So we went into the bar and had a drink.

"I want to book a room here," I told him.

"Don't be silly!" he replied. "Sleep out on the verandah with the rest of us if you've got blankets. They're decoratin' the School of Arts with the sheets. You going to the dance?"

"I can't dance!"

"Strike me pink, who wants to: We leave that to the women. There ought to be some good fights at this one. When I was younger there wasn't a man could stand up to me on the dance floor. Here comes somebody now."

"Day."

"Day. Don't you bring that horse into the bar! Hang it all, you've been told about that before."

"He's quiet. I broke him in yesterday. Hear about Snowy? Got his arm caught in the circular saw up at the timber mill."

"That's bad."

"Too right it is! They've got to get a new saw. W[illegible] there!"

"Take him out [illegible] kitchen. The flies are worry[illegible]

"That dog," he insisted, "could cut a fly out of a bunch and work him through a hole in a fly-veil."

"Goodo. Pour me out a beer."

"Pour it out yourself."

"Go to bed, you old mummified ox!"

"I'll give you a belt in the ear, you red-headed son of a convict!"

"Give it to your uncle. Giddap!"

"One of me best friends," said the old man, as the horse was led into the kitchen.

"I suppose," said the red-headed one, returning, "it'll be all right if he eats that cake on the kitchen table? Won't do him any harm, will it."

"That's for supper at the dance!"

"Well, I'll go and take it off him. There's a good bit of it left."

Outside on the verandah voices were heard.

"I wouldn't sell that dog for a thousand pounds."

"I wouldn't give you two bob for 'im."

"You never had two bob in yer life! You ever seen a sheep dog trial? That dog has won me more prizes at the Show than ten other dogs.

"Why," he continued, "you could hang up a fly-veil, point out one particular hole in it and that dog could cut a fly out of a bunch and work him through that hole."

"Good-day!"

"Day!"

"No sign of rain yet."

"No. I heard of a swaggie who had to walk eighty miles to get water to boil his billy, and when he got there he found he'd forgotten his cup and saucer, and by the time he'd walked back for his cup and saucer there was a bushfire started in the waterhole, it was that dry."

Then and Now

"DON'T bring your horses into the bar!"

"Don't take any notice of the old crank. Why don't you put this beer out in the sun to get cool? If it was any flatter you'd have to serve it in a plate. Going to the Show this year?"

"Of course I am. Why don't you teach that horse manners?"

"Good-day, Mrs. Smith."

"Who put that horse in my kitchen?"

"Is he in the kitchen? Well, what do you think of that!"

"Fancy him being in the kitchen!"

"In the kitchen, of all places!"

"Who could have let him in?"

"Never mind about that. Get him out at once, Jack! Wipe up the counter. I told you to cut some wood this morning. And put that dog outside and get the broom and sweep up the bar. Wash those glasses first."

By this time we were all out on the verandah.

"She hasn't found out about the horse eating the cake yet," said somebody.

"Better go for a walk somewhere, eh?"

But that was years ago.

They've got radios and refrigerators in the bush now, and that's why you see me mournfully wandering about the cattle stalls at Show time. I'm thinking of the good old days before the squatters took up polo, and started knitting their own berets. When men were men, and women were useful about the farm when the plough horse took sick.

Wrap me up in my stockwhip and blanket
And bury me deep down below
Where the farm implement salesmen won't molest me
In the shades where the cooler bars grow.

Ah, me!

How did she get that Slim Line

IT'S hard to believe that a short while ago she was putting on weight—quite rapidly, too, until she was advised to take Bile Beans.

Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans every night. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and safely and surely they melt away that unwanted surplus fat.

So, if you want to regain that slim line and keep a lovely fashionable figure, just take Bile Beans nightly.

"I like nice gowns and frocks and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outsize. But as a result of my nightly Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in weight. My bust, hips, arms and ankles are all slimmer and I feel much better in health." Mrs. F. Williamson.

• • •

"Since taking Bile Beans I have not only lost my unwanted fat and improved my figure, but have regained my brightness and energy. Being a professional musician, I lead a strenuous life, but Bile Beans at bed-time keep me fit." Miss K. Warner.

By Nightly Taking

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She improves both her Health & Figure

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Puts glowing health within reach of all..

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For Youngsters!

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Full of Pep! Fit as a Fiddle!

There's no greater blessing in the whole world than health! It's a happy family whose mother knows the value of

"Breakfast D-Light"

—one of the simplest and best foods in the world; because it not only brings you real nourishment, but also the Sunshine Vitamins which are as important to health as daily sunshine.

Remember! "Breakfast D-Light" cooks in five minutes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

recommended as "just as good"

Doctors everywhere for 25 years have recommended "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" — its food value is unequalled.

MOTHERS! TRY THIS NEW SCONE RECIPE!

1 lb. "Fountain" Self-Raising Flour
2 ozs. "Breakfast D-Light" (uncooked)
½ teaspoon salt
2 dessertspoons butter
Milk and water to mix

Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter, add the Breakfast D-Light, mixing in well, and mix into a soft dough with the milk and water. Turn out on to a floured board and knead slightly. Roll out and cut into squares or oblongs with a sharp floured knife. Place on the prepared tin and bake in a quick oven 12 to 15 minutes, according to the size of the scones. Turn on to a cake-cooler—use either hot or cold buttered.

MOTHERS! COLLECT COUPON TOPS and exchange them for: Towels, Glass Cloths, etc.

Full details on each packet.

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Foveaux Street, Sydney

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"Fountain" Self-Raising Flour
"Fountain" Tomato Sauce
Basket Mixed Fruit, etc.

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EYE CULTURE

SEVENTH DANCE

Continued from Page 7

"I'M breathless, Ronny, darling. I'm deprived of the faculty of speech. I'm terribly sorry for the unfortunate girl you're going to marry. I suppose she hasn't known you long, Ronny?"

"There are a lot of people who appreciate me," he assured her, grinning. "Elsbeth has only just begun to appreciate me; I've known her two months. And—lord, Martha!"

With a last drawn-out wail of the saxophone the music ended, and he released her to clap his hands perfunctorily. Already his brown eyes were running merrily, restlessly, over the dancers, over the men in the orchestra. Releasing her, he had forgotten her.

Martha flashed a smile at a gauche, good-humored boy who was to dance with her a few minutes later. She sauntered across the room, wondering if her lips seemed stiff when she smiled, if her shoes seemed to jerk like the shoes of a doll.

"Let's go out for a cigarette," Ronny said abruptly. "I want to talk to somebody about Elsbeth. You won't mind if I rave. There's a saint!"

They walked over wide, green lawns, and the shadow of great elm trees fell across the moonlight. But Martha was a ghost in a silver dress, walking in a world that had no reality. For the moment even Ronny was not near to her, and for the first time she was not conscious that he was turning to her, smiling, as he lit a cigarette.

She did not care about Ronny, and she did not care about Elsbeth. But as a sleeper is vaguely aware of his waking day, so was Martha aware now that everything Ronny said to her would matter to her afterwards. And so now, almost with aloofness, almost with detachment, she heard him talk of Elsbeth.

"DELIGHTFUL place, your little Westport," the stranger drawled. "You're near enough to town to be civilised, and far enough away to be—to be——"

"Charmingly urban," Martha interposed for him, with a degree of weariness, with a degree of amusement. "We all know each other, Mr. Laird. That has its advantages—and, heaven help us, its disadvantages!"

Her eyes roamed idly over the throng in the familiar room. Even the faces of the men in the orchestra were long known to her. The violinist had a large, beak-like nose which so dominated his body that when he arose to play he was like a cartoonist's conception of a fiddler. This same man had played upon the night when she had danced with Ronny almost seven years ago.

But they were all familiar. Most of the dancers she had known for twice seven years; the girls with whom she had gone to school—most of them married now, talking over their husbands' heads about babies and young children, about maids you could trust and maids you couldn't trust. And here were the promising young business and professional men who lived in Westport. They were at ease with one another and with one another's wives.

Only the youngest scorned the club. Westport's youngest made the early morning clamorous with low-hung racing cars, usually bright red, usually second-hand, in which they rushed to the night clubs in town. Martha always smiled when she saw them, or when she heard the hideous squall of their klaxon horns, remembering how she had escaped just so when she was seventeen.

She wore a new dress to-night. It was garnet-colored, and she wore cobweb stockings and slippers of gold. The eyes of the stranger assured her that she was beautiful. This was not true; she was merely attractive. But false assurances were necessary to-night, because to-night she was to meet Ronny and Elsbeth.

They had been married quietly in London, and no one had been invited to the wedding. Ronny's father had died not many months before. Since the return to Westport, Martha had not seen them, but someone had said Ronny would bring Elsbeth to-night.

"So good to see you again!" Ronny was saying, suddenly, to Martha. And then, triumphantly: "This is Elsbeth!"

He had cause to be triumphant. Martha's first impulse was to touch Elsbeth's dress with one finger gently, as a child might have touched a doll too beautiful to hold.

Elsbeth Castle was very small and very quiet, only she laughed eagerly, uptilting her face so that light ran over it quickly, finding the glowing warmth in the brown eyes, finding the delicate flush of the soft cheeks, finding the whiteness of the small, beautiful teeth. Always, Ronny was making little, foolish jokes in order that Elsbeth might laugh. Martha understood how it was with him: you wanted to give Elsbeth the gifts of laughter as you might have wanted to press little sweets into the hand of a trusting child.

"Ronny's told me so much about you," said the new Mrs. Castle. "I want to be your friend, too."

And Martha, who had felt heavy and lumpish, even a little vulgar, in the garnet-colored dress, could not feel shy any more. She bent down and put her face (that was not beautiful because of the sturdy jaw) against Elsbeth Castle's face, brushing her lips against one delicately flushed little cheek.

YET that night, long after her aunt was soundly sleeping under the satin eiderdown and the counterpane embroidered with silver daisies, Martha Hemingway sat up by her window in a old, padded green dressing-gown, smoking endless cigarettes which she pounded from time to time against the sill. That night she had danced once with Ronny, and it had been curiously different from all the other dances she had had with him. She knew now that she had lied to herself, comforted herself cravenly, before. She had said to herself that there was no significance in the seventh dance; conceivably there might be [illegible]e when he would dance i[illegible]her, and last. There had al[illegible]en a little secret hope.

But now the first dance was Elsbeth's, and the last. Martha closed her eyes against the useless tears. She saw, against closed eyelids, a fiercely contemptuous picture of herself—stalking like a poor, unwanted relative about these two most charming people she had ever known.

Of course she could see all she wanted of Ronny now. She could worship him dumbly. It would not be difficult to be friendly to Elsbeth, and Elsbeth would repay her friendliness with little dinners, little parties, in the house that Ronny had built for her. She could imagine how the two of them would be kind.

"Poor old Martha," Ronny would say. "Funny thing she never married and had children. Just the woman for it, you'd think."

"Perhaps," Elsbeth would venture wisely, "she's been disappointed in love. I do feel sorry for her—let's ask her to dinner when you invite that man from London?"

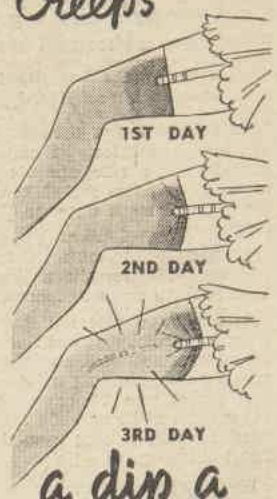
Martha pounded the cigarette angrily against the sill. And now she saw herself walking down the steps of the new house. Ronny and Elsbeth would have come out, perhaps, to walk for a little way with her down the garden path. She would turn at the last to wave goodbye, and she would see them together, smiling at her so affectionately. She would see the bright aureole of yellow hair and the copper-brown strokes brushed so sleekly over Ronny's fine head. And, if she were alone, she would close the latch of the gate carefully.

At this point she did manage to grin quite broadly, and the curves lingered about her mouth. A moment later she caught a reflection of her face in a shadowed mirror, and the faint grin reassured her.

But she did not forget the fiercely contemptuous picture of herself. To guard against her own weakness she stayed away from Westport as much as possible, leaving her Aunt Kitty to lead a slightly irregular and enormously amusing life in the small house on the hill. More and more frequently Martha dined in town, spent the evening at the theatre or with friends, and caught the last train home. Kitty Hemingway was worried at first, and left reproachful little mauve-colored notes pinned upon Martha's pillow. But very shortly even Kitty became accustomed to the new regime, and somebody else was found to take Martha's place in the foursome at the club on Saturday afternoons.

Please turn to Page 16

The sad story of Suspender Creeps



a dip a day keeps ladders away—

SAY LUX DAILY DIPPERS

IT'S FALSE ECONOMY wearing stockings for days without washing them—to say nothing of the etiquette of the thing!

Stockings worn a second day stretch a whole size—lose all their spring. Suspender 'em tighter to keep 'em up and what happens? Snap, a RUN at the very first strain.

Fewer ladders and smarter legs reward the Lux Daily Dipper! Each night, soon as her stockings come off, in they go to the Lux suds. LUX restores the elasticity to silk threads so that they stretch instead of snap. Ladders foiled! It must be Lux for Daily Dipping. Only Lux is so pure, so safe. There's no soda in Lux. Be a Lux Daily Dipper!

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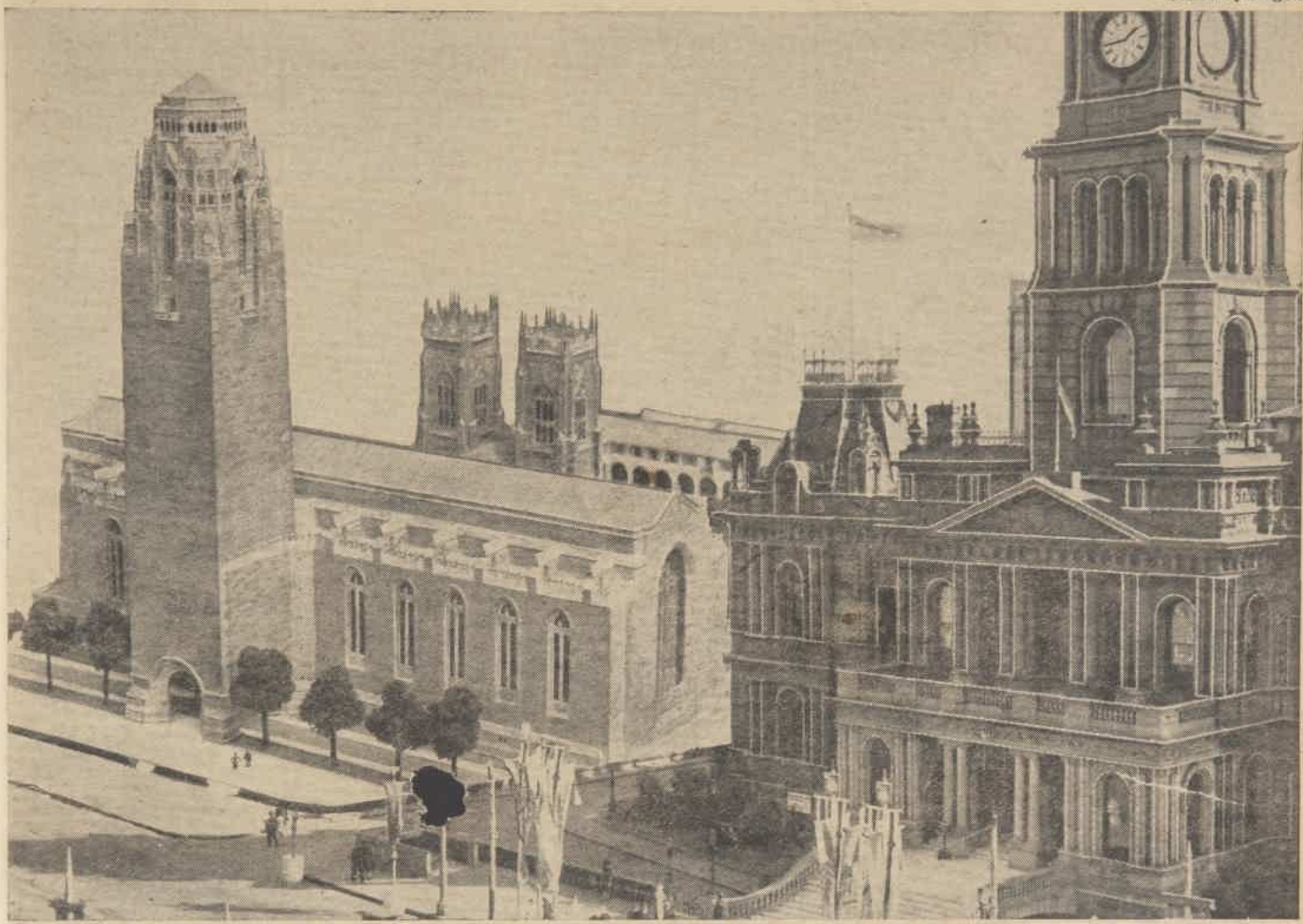
Is New Cathedral Ugly? Our Special Pictures

—See story Page 3.



A PICTORIAL COMPOSITION showing how St. Andrew's Cathedral will look if the reconstruction proceeds on the plans proposed. Town planners say it looks like a crematorium.

WOULD SYDNEY PREFER it to remain like this and build a new Cathedral elsewhere?

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Vita-Weat is bread at its best. It gives you *slim* vitality, because—being free from unconverted starch—Vita-Weat controls unwanted curves.

Make Peek Frean's Vita-Weat your daily bread. The whole wheat flavour is delicious.

Put a toast rack of Vita-Weat Crispbread on your table at every meal. A ½-lb. carton costs only a few pence. *Why not buy one to-day?*

PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat REGD

CRISPBREAD

V19.8A.

SEVENTH DANCE

Continued from Page 14

DURING this period its was made evident by any number of coy and incomprehensible jerks, glances, hints and sudden shy silences on the part of Kitty Hemingway that the latter was seriously considering a second marriage. Every evening an elderly suitor sat plumply by the crackling logs in Kitty's grate and stared solemnly and worshipfully at Kitty. The marriage would mean, thought Martha, that she herself would be free of responsibilities. If Kitty married, she, Martha, could take a flat in town.

This would be a step more final, more significant, than any she had yet taken because, after all, even now, was she not aware that Ronny might be on a late train coming home from a theatre with Elsbeth, or that she might see him, quite by chance, as she walked into the club for tea some Saturday afternoon? It was important, Martha thought grimly, that she should pack up her idiotic fidelity and go away.

In the meantime, hoping every day that Kitty would cease to be coy in order to be authoritative with the elderly suitor, Martha accepted as few invitations to the Castles' house as was decently possible.

But it was not always possible to avoid them.

There was a night when Elsbeth slipped her small hands into Martha's firm brown ones. She looked searchingly into Martha's face.

"Martha," she began hesitatingly. "I didn't mean to beg you to come this evening, but I specially wanted you. You're the only one of Ronny's friends I wanted."

"That's—nice of you," said Martha.

Her lips moved stiffly, because what she had said, "Ronny's friend—yes. But did you know that I have loved him, that he has been the only man I've wanted—for seven years?"

Ah, she did not hurt Elsbeth by coming here—she had not the power to hurt Elsbeth—but her presence, her friendliness to them both, was a betrayal, a subtle and inexplicable wrong. She had no right to bring her longing for Ronny into this house!

Thus Martha, the honorable, argued within herself. And the argument was a barrier against the gentle Elsbeth. Ronny's wife said no more, but took her into the library to greet Ronny—and shortly afterwards the three went in to dinner.

Here was the small room, so simply correct, just as she had imagined it, with herself between Ronny and Elsbeth. The light of candles shed a soft glow over the table, over the linen and silver, over the brilliant stones on Elsbeth's fingers, over Ronny's sensitive hands, over the heavy gold ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"You've been staying away from us all," Ronny said, breaking a roll, glancing at Martha with the old casual charming smile. "Everybody's been complaining—the lure of the great city! You're a renegade, old dear!"

For an instant Martha fought down a tide of anger. Her fingers played with the stem of her wine glass. Her fingers were brown and strong, but they were trembling now, just for an instant. She wanted to say: "It's so easy for you to be charming — for you to be kind!" But she did not say that, of course.

The anger died, spiritlessly, and as suddenly as it had come to life.

"Well," she said lightly, "I've been a spinster of this parish for so many years, you know——"

"Ye-es," said Ronny. "If anybody ever tried to put a notch in a stick for every man you've turned down—you're an unreasonable and contrary woman, Martha Hemingway. Isn't she, Elsbeth? (Darn good fish, this!) Isn't she, Elsbeth?"

"I don't know," said Elsbeth, smiling at Martha. "If all men could be like you, Ronny——"

Ronny Castle roared.

"Darling! But Martha knew me before you did—five or six years, hasn't it been, Martha?"

"Seven," said Martha.

"You see? And all the time she treated me as if I were a boy in knickerbockers, running round being a nuisance. Yes, even me. Hard to get, Martha is."

"Martha's blushing! It's unfair to tease you, Martha."

Elsbeth was genuinely concerned. Her little face was childishly earnest; she could not bear the least unhappiness about her, the least discomfort—ever.

And her concern was more charming than Martha's embarrassment. Anybody would have felt that Martha could always take care of any situation herself. Martha glanced quickly at Ronny.

Yes, he still adored Elsbeth. It wasn't necessary for Ronny to have new lips, new little slippers, new little phrases any more. And with all her heart Martha was glad. No one would have wanted Elsbeth to know any pain, any uncertainty, any doubt of anyone who loved her.

But there was a subtly different quality in Ronny's attitude towards Elsbeth. Reverence was in his gaze—and humility. (If Martha had not loved him, she would have thought he was looking fatuous.) Loving him, looking at Elsbeth through his eyes, she saw then what Elsbeth had wanted, before dinner, to tell her.

Every week after that she sent Elsbeth a great box of flowers—most of them the flowers of spring, daffodils and jonquils and violets. But she stayed in Town every night now, pleading the excuse of overtime work, and almost every week-end she spent away from home.

"I'll be less rushed in the summer, at least by the autumn," she assured Kitty, who was petulant. "Really I shall!"

After Elsbeth's baby was born, she told herself, she would feel differently about Ronny. Surely, when she saw Ronny's baby, that would make a difference. She could go to their house, pat Ronny on the shoulder and tease Elsbeth gently about her family.

But one night he telephoned her. It was late. Just as she let herself into the house, the telephone in the hall rang. He wanted her to come at once, he was saying thickly, just to come at once. Whereupon, very steadily and capably, she drove Kitty's elderly suitor's car down the gravel path and into the road.

SHE passed a nurse in the hall of the Castles' house. The nurse did not greet her, she turned her head away. Martha prayed, then fervently, to a God in whom she had never wholeheartedly trusted. "Make this all right," she prayed. "Make this all right for Elsbeth—and Ronny."

She was not allowed into Elsbeth's bedroom.

In the end she found Ronny in the library. He said nothing to her for several seconds. His face was very white and distorted, terrible to see.

"I thought you could do something. I don't know why," he said at last.

"Ronny—Elsbeth?"

"Yes. Both of them. The doctors didn't expect anything——"

He stared at her, even now, it seemed, expecting something, some miraculous help, from her. But she could say nothing at all.

Then he cried out, in agony:

"I'll never forgive—anybody—for this. To have killed the most beautiful thing that ever lived; to have killed Elsbeth!"

He was quite mad with grief, with pitiful, impotent wrath. But after a while he put his head between his hands and sobbed. And even then she could not put her hand upon his hair, in sympathy too great for words, in friendliness, because even this would have been a betrayal—to Elsbeth.

Martha sent white flowers to the grave, the smallest lilies-of-the-valley for the baby.

And afterwards there came the inevitable and rather terrible reallsation that people were going on living, telling their cooks to complain to butchers about their meat, arguing about bridge, dancing at the club—yes, that people were going on living.

But there was no word from Ronny.

He had turned the factory over to the hands of a subordinate and had locked up the house, to be sold with all its furnishings. Martha heard later that somebody had protested about this, and that Ronny had turned upon his adviser furiously. He was not a sentimentalist, he had said, and his voice, it was reported, had been terrible to hear.

Later his friends heard that he was in America, but that he was never in any one place very long. At more and more infrequent intervals people spoke in low murmurings of Ronny and of Elsbeth. Only Martha knew that where there had been great sorrows there had been great joy, understanding how it was that beauty walked with suffering. Only Martha envied Ronny—yes, and envied Elsbeth, too.

Please turn to Page 22

LIPS LIKE THESE NEVER GO BEGGING!

Romance comes to the mouth that's kissable—the mouth that's soft and young, the mouth that uses Michel!

Some lipsticks make lips lined and dry. But oh! the difference with Michel! It keeps lips soft as a baby's. The heavenly shades bring out the beauty of your skin, the depth of your eyes, the loveliness of your teeth. Michel Lipstick is a balanced lipstick. It spreads evenly—gives a feeling of freshness. Discover Michel for yourself.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Capucine : Raspberry : Scarlet

Michel

LIPSTICK

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PRINCESS MARINA as a child. She still puts her finger to her chin when deep in thought.

Told for the first time, and presented with the personal approval of Her Royal Highness.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

Commenced March 19

Intimate Life Story of THE DUCHESS *of* KENT

By

Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven

THREE GENERATIONS: *The Duke and Duchess of Kent, with their baby son, Prince Edward, and Prince Nicholas, father of the Duchess.*

EARLIER chapters told of the birth of Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, in Greece, her early childhood, the political turmoils of Greece, which led to the exile of the Royal Family, and the subsequent restoration of the monarchy.

Then came the second exile of the family and Princess Marina's parents settled in Paris. The author continues the story of the Princess' life in Paris:

CHAPTER IV
Marina in Paris

I HAD been shopping in Paris one day with the eldest daughter of the Queen of Rumania, and, as I wanted a picture frock, she took me to one of the Paris houses which supplied Princess Marina's frocks.

"I admired the frock you made for Princess Marina," I remarked to the saleswoman, as she showed us various creations.

Instantly her face lit up with a smile, "Elle est charmante cette petite," was her truly French comment, but it was sincere, and described exactly the feeling which people in that democratic country had for the young Greek Princess.

In this world of human snobbishness, when values are set according to worldly riches, the exiled and financially reduced family of Prince Nicholas retained general esteem and admiration.

In the darkest hours they were always given Royal consideration denied to so many other crowned heads.

Thanks to that, and that only, could the Grand Duchess continue her work of charity as everyone wished to help her. People bought tickets for her charity balls, leading shops sent her things for her "tombolas." The patronage of the Grand Duchess spelt success.

The names of the two princesses selling flowers and programmes during these entertainments brought in large sums of money.

"If the Grand Duchess Helen is patronising it, it's a good thing," people would say. "If princesses are working for it, we must help." This was the attitude, and the princesses did work.

IT was in June, during a heat-wave, when Paris was submerged in a yellow moist fog, I remember a gala concert and ball given by the Grand Duchess Helen at the Ritz in aid of her home for poor children.

Well-known Russian and French artists had lent their help, and the Royal party included La Duchesse de Vendome, the sister of the late King of the Belgians, King George II of Greece, and members of the French Cabinet and of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps.

Among the young people there were several Royal princesses and the most beautiful society girls to be found in Paris.

Dancing was in full swing, but Princess Elisabeth and Princess Marina, both lovely in pastel-colored frocks, one dark and one fair but both beautiful, still sold programmes, and moved gracefully amidst the guests, smiling pleasantly, saying the right word to each one, and helping to build up help for that home for poor little children for whom their mother had made herself responsible, while young men hovered round, hoping to entice them away from duty to dance and enjoy themselves.

I remember late in the evening enjoying an ice, when a fresh young voice exclaimed near me, "I am dying for a cool drink."

I turned round and saw Princess Marina with a young admirer, who had at last succeeded in tempting her away from her post of duty.

"It's the first I've had to-night," she commented brightly as she sipped an iced lemonade, and by the tone of her voice I could hear how tired she was, and glad that it was over, but she was also cheerful about it.

Mona Lisa Smile

THE fete for the Russian charities on the Riviera, which took place at the Casino of Cannes every winter, was the most brilliant affair of the season.

The sumptuous halls were decorated from top to foot with gorgeous fresh flowers, and the terraces facing the moonlit sea were transformed into fairyland.

Enchanting music floated in the air, but here, too, Princess Marina sold flowers and tombola tickets with that wonderful Mona Lisa smile still floating on her proudly curved lips.

Besides the actual work on the day of the fete there was a lot of preliminary and after-work to be done, and in this, too, the princesses took their share.

The Grand Duchess had thousands of letters to write, invitations to her friends to come to her charity parties, acknowledgements of gifts and thanks for generous donations. All this the Grand Duches insisted on doing personally, and the princesses had been trained to do the same.

With her quick wit and flashing humor Princess Marina soon learnt to discriminate between friends and personality hunters.

"It is the poor who help the most," she told me once. "Especially the English people. They are so kind. Once you have gained their friendship they never let you down"; and this was said long before she dreamt of England as a home.

Lived in Flat

CHILDREN, as I said before, always attracted Princess Marina, and she learnt to knit little garments, which she personally sent to poor little children who needed them.

Of course, she did not have much time, as her education had to be resumed, and lessons were arranged with teachers, who came to the hotel where Princess Marina first lived.

Soon, however, the beautiful home of Prince Nicholas in Athens was sold and converted into an hotel and some of the things were sent over to Paris.

Prince and Princess Nicholas then moved into a flat, and the princesses were allowed to choose for their rooms some of the things they loved most.

Princess Marina chose a green color for her room, and selected some pieces of furniture and pictures she loved best, and which would go with it.

Princess Elisabeth soon came into Society, but Princess Marina still remained in the schoolroom, and, as this division did not suit the young Princess, she applied herself to her lessons "to get them over quicker."

When she wanted to, learning was no trouble to her, and soon her teachers were able to give excellent reports of her progress.

It was at this time that Princess Marina went to school, but to this part of her life I will devote a special chapter.

IT was also then that Princess Marina started portrait-painting. She always wanted to paint people, and, when in Switzerland she had started to sketch landscapes, she always tried to add little figures to them, which now made her feel that portrait-painting was really what she liked to do.

Prince Nicholas, who devoted himself entirely to the study of art during those trying years, worked at a studio near by, and Princess Marina loved to accompany her mother to fetch him back for lunch, as otherwise engrossed in his work he would often forget the hour.

Princess Marina took a great interest in her father's progress, and would discuss and criticise his work with great care and perfect candor, as a fellow-artist and not as a dutiful daughter.

"Marina's praise gives me great pleasure," Prince Nicholas would say, "as she will never praise something which she does not like or does not consider good."

AT that time, as do most girls in their teens, Princess Marina developed a passion for the cinema. She knew every cinema star by name, and could tell you exactly their merits and characteristics.

It was a great treat to her to be allowed to go to the pictures with Princess Elisabeth or with some other friends.

In reading, too, Princess Marina's taste had already altered, and she liked Jane Austen and Mary Webb. Of the French authors, she liked Balzac, and fought for permission to read most of his works.

The years which Princess Marina spent in Paris mark a definite period in her young life. They could not fail to have a great part in the moulding of her views and character.

The time preceding the final settling in Paris from the moment of leaving Greece meant a total crumpling up of the past.

Princess Marina, then in her early teens, was torn away from all that was dear to her, all to which she was accustomed.

She saw her parents, her uncles and aunts, who were so kind to her, and who used to be so happy and popular in olden days, sad and forsaken. Friends deserted them; they lacked money. Things which used to be natural and easy became difficult and almost impossible.

Continued on Next Page

HAD RHEUMATIC PAINS FOR 25 YEARS

His Arms Were Becoming Useless

It was about 25 years ago that rheumatism first marked down this sufferer; and finally the day came when he could hardly lift his arms. But he found relief—here in this letter he tells the whole story:—

"About 25 years ago I first experienced slight muscular rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. A few years later lumbago also attacked me. They gradually got worse until the pain got acute in both arms and loins. I could not lift a quart jugful of water with my arm extended straight out. About 12 months ago I bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts and by the time it was finished I was agreeably surprised at a slight improvement. I bought another one, and when that was finished all the pain had disappeared, and has never appeared since."—T.R.

If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. Kruschen dulls the sharp edges of those crystals, then dissolves them away altogether.

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WASHING

Here's the easy Rinso way to wash all your precious silks . . . safe, because there's *no rubbing!* Use rich *lukewarm* Rinso suds and give silks, woollens and coloured things a few minutes' gentle run-through. Squeeze and swish around to loosen and remove the dirt. Don't rub, twist or wring. Rinse well and dry in the shade.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

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5 Prizes of 10/- each
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Clip the top lid, bearing the words "Open this end" from the "I-LO" carton and forward with your entry to:

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Attach this advertisement to your Entry.

All prize winners will be notified through this paper on JUNE 11th.

"I-LO" EYE LOTION

Price 2/6 per large Bottle.
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

"Nally" Ware Eye Bath enclosed with every Bottle.

WW./23

GREEN JACKET

Continued from Page 8

THE keen blue eyes probed her.

"Try these."

"Thank you."

"Stranger to the North?"

"Yes."

"Journalist after the Grand National frocks?"

"No."

"Tourist?"

"In a sense . . ."

He lit her cigarette, then his own. "The Times" was as still as death.

"Thanks."

"Pleasure."

She glanced at him.

"I mean it."

She could see that he did. He had that something in his voice that, although he was no boy, was sincerely boyish. It was decidedly good to listen to, Molly decided.

"You're not English," he informed her.

"I'm not," said Molly.

"The Times" rustled suspiciously.

"Neither am I——"

"The Times" appeared to be listening. Two foreigners. God save England. Molly stifled the destructive instinct of her kind, wondering pretty hard, all the same, just what country this brown, blue-eyed man claimed. French? No. German? Absurd. He was not swarthy or silky enough to be Spaniard or Italian. American? No. He didn't drag his nose into his speech; in fact he spoke English better than she did. She wondered if he could help her.

"You know Lancashire?" she asked.

"Pretty well."

"Liverpool?"

"Even Liverpool," he said with a grin.

"I am going there to meet some people I have never seen. They are friends of my mother, or were before she died . . ."

"H'm. Who are they?"

"The Chaselings. Have you heard of them?"

His eyes were thoughtful.

"Chaselings? There are at least two families . . ."

"The people I mean own Green Jacket—the Australian horse entered for the Grand National . . ."

"Oh—those Chaselings . . ." he muttered.

Molly bridled. She didn't like the tone. But he continued:

"I've met them. Mother and son. The son's impossible—everybody's agreed on that——"

Molly froze.

"I just said they were my friends . . ."

"If you haven't seen them, you can't help that. Are you going straight to their home?"

"Naturally."

"You'll like Aintree," he assured her. "Better go straight out to the Chaselings. You'll like the mother—everyone does."

"What . . ." said Molly slowly, "is the matter . . . with the son?"

The blue eyes were bleak.

"He has actually been seen leaning on the rails of the inner course, sneering at the best horseflesh in England. He has been seen to laugh when Beecher's or Valentine's was in ironic vein, and, above all, he has been heard to say that his Australian horse, Green Jacket, was a little annoyed at the simple jumps at Aintree."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed."

"Is he wealthy?"

"On the contrary, he has had to borrow money to keep going—well, not exactly that, but a legacy left to his mother has been largely responsible for keeping the fellow in idleness, so they say."

"But, perhaps——"

"It is said his heart's blood, Green Jacket, is fed, stabled, trained, and kept up to the minute on the money of some fat old hag he has never seen."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed."

"Who is this . . . fat old hag?"

"Supposed to be a friend of the mother. She has a name, the rest of her doesn't matter. Son has never seen her. Never will."

"What is her name?"

"A disgusting old dear by the name of Molly Brent. Pots of money—family made it out of sheep. Australia. But all that kind of thing is over your head, of course."

"Of course," choked Molly. "Molly Brent. Fat old hag. Made money out of sheep. Australia."

He laughed.

"You'll never piece it together. Forget the said fat hag. Are you a mannequin?"

"No."

"You could be. Nice lines——"

"Indeed?"

"Indeed. And you're the prettiest girl I think I've ever seen——"

Molly's eyes gleamed.

"Indeed?"

"Indeed. Oh, well, here's Manchester."

"It's raining——"

"Of course. This is Manchester. We'll go to Aintree in my car—it's garaged here. Agree?"

"Yes."

"The Times" whispered something to the face behind it.

"And does the said fat old hag own your car?" Molly asked innocently.

He grinned.

"Spotted the impossible son, eh?"

"Easily."

"No: the car's mine. I'm Tony Chaseling. And you?"

As the train stopped, Molly stood up. The dark platforms were swirling in mist. She shivered.

"It'll be fine for to-morrow," said Tony pro[illegible]ally.

"Fine?" [illegible]hoed. "How can you say that?"

"By the taste of that fog. The mud in it is falling. Won't you tell me who you are?"

"I suppose I should——"

"Well, as you are to stay with us—if you could bring yourself to mention your name——"

Molly laughed.

"Your mother and mine were once great friends," she said coolly.

He took her arm.

"Don't tell me, then," he challenged. "I'll find out. This way——"

Please turn to Page 20

SANDRA STORME, Paramount player, wears a leopard-skin sweater with her short one-piece frock and skull cap of bright green wool.

Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

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Elasto will save you pounds!

Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS *of* KENT

Continued from Previous Page

MANY things Princess Marina could not yet understand, but she understood that there was a change, and that those whom she loved were suffering for no fault of their own.

Her English governess was taken from her. Princess Marina knew she did not want to go and leave them.

Other friends she wanted to see were forbidden to see her, she was told, "for political reasons."

She could no longer drive about in beautiful cars and buy all the things she wanted. She heard prices of things discussed, she heard her mother say that they could not afford this or that.

Princess Marina discovered that they would have to live differently and she wanted to know how other people lived. She saw some misery and suffering, which she did not suspect could ever exist, and she also discovered some fun and some unexpected happiness.

With her inborn capacity for life she always saw the funny side of things, and the new life did not dismay her.

When, after the marriage of her eldest sister, she learnt that she had to go to school, she took it very cheerfully, although she did not want very much to learn at all, which is only quite natural in a young girl.

Having lost almost all her old friends, she found that she would have to make new ones, and this time Princess Marina did not accept them as they came, but chose them on their own merits.

She was always on excellent terms with everyone, but to gain Princess Marina's friendship is a slow process; once anyone has attained it and has had the honor of being called a friend they can be sure that Princess Marina will never change.

This period of life in Paris proved also all-important for Princess Marina's general education. With her natural artistic temperament and cultured background Princess Marina wanted to see everything and absorb everything.

Thus after she left school she persuaded her parents to let her and Princess Elisabeth go to Morocco and Algiers. This trip was indeed an exciting event for the two young girls.

For the first time in their lives they were to go unchaperoned, except for very trustworthy friends who made themselves responsible for the safety of the young princesses.

Still the initiative was their own, and they were both now grown up, and this thrill is well known to every girl who has just left school.

The preparations were almost as thrilling as the trip itself. Suitable clothes had to be selected, and very little luggage had to be taken, as the young princesses intended to go and have a look at the desert, and not lounge about in smart hotels.

Sketch-books, of course, were included in the necessities, and two very bright-eyed young girls kissed their parents good-bye before boarding the French steamer for Morocco and Algiers.

This trip was a wonderful experience. The white flat-roofed houses, the golden minarets, the picturesque robes of the natives, all fascinated them and appealed to their artistic eye. Even the scorching sun and the Eastern smells did not dismay them.

They laughed, absorbed cool drinks, and enjoyed everything. They rode on horseback and on camels, and Princess Marina tried to verify the words of the French writer who calls a camel "the animal which is always seen only in profile."

To Be Continued

Anzacs

Time marches on, the Anzacs
come again,
Their phantom armies rise and
join the ranks,
Fatigued and spent,
Khaki bedraggled, faces
smeared with mud,
They hover by the sides of
marching men
Who also went.

Look, as they pass, ye who
would live again
That ghastly, agonising span
of war,
Of women's sighs.
And ponder, is the conflict
worth the gain
The blood they shed, the
everlasting pain
In those men's eyes?
—Maisie Ashdown.

And here you have it — the Quality Polish!

Only Brasso gives your brass such a deep richness, such a lustrous lasting beauty. Quickly and safely this quality polish brings out the best in brass. Always look for this tin.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll be evergreen."

DOCTOR: Your daughter is anaemic. She must take iron.
NEWRICH: Tut, tut! No iron for my daughter—I can afford gold or platinum.

"Was he very downcast when your father refused to allow him to see you?"
"About five flights."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Now then, horsey, do you have to hit all the bumps?"

"I've murdered the saxophone player next door."
"Heavens! What will you get?"
"Peace and quiet."

See these Pictures

If You Take ASPIRIN

THEY SHOW WHY BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES THE SAFE QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN

There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it—the *fastest safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence, to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustrations of the glasses, here, tell the story. A Bayer's Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.* This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headache, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And safe relief—*for Bayer's Aspirin does not harm the heart.*

What Happens in These Glasses Happens in Your Stomach

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-. Bayer means Better.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PROUD MOTHER (whose daughter is singing, to neighbor): I hope you've noticed my daughter's expression——

Neighbor: I hope she hasn't heard my husband's.

CAR SALESMAN: The body is of fabric——

Unlikely Buyer: And what you told me about the engine was fabrication.

SMALL BOY: Grannie, what is a racketeer?

Grannie (pausing): One of these tennis professionals, I suppose.

"BUT, darling, don't you realise that I'm only asking you for a blank cheque because I don't want you to be worried with the details of my silly little bills!"

"I MET the laziest man in the world to-day."

"Yes. And how does it feel to be an ex-champion?"

"DID they take an X-ray picture of your wife's jaw?"

"No, they said they couldn't do it until someone invented an X-ray movie camera."

FIRST SUPERIOR PERSON: Heavens! Don't say you listen-in!

Second Ditto: Not often, but occasionally there are one or two quite decent little items to sneer at.

SCHOOLTEACHER: What happened after the sacking of Constantinople?

Young Pupil: He—er—went on the dole.

CHOOSE YOUR CRUISE on the AUSTRALIAN COAST

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TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA

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CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO
YOUR LIPS *for romance!*

GREEN JACKET

Continued from Page 18

As they strode along she asked:

"You think Green Jacket will win?"

He patted her hand.

"Green Jacket has won already, my fair unknown. It's a double——"

"A double? The Grand National——"

"No, no! The two Green Jackets—the horse has Aintree in the bag—and you have me."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed. As soon as I saw you were wearing a green jacket I knew. Here we are. There's the car. It rattles a bit at ninety, but then we all do, don't you think? Get in."

"Thank you. Is the Aintree course a difficult one for horses?"

"Stiffish," he admitted. "Just over the four miles—that's twice round. About thirty jumps. Beecher's first, then Valentine's round the corner, tricky jumps that bring down a crop of horses and hopes. The ditch, later on, is a nasty one, too. But Green Jacket just steps over 'em all."

"What is the betting on Green Jacket?"

He shrugged.

"It's sheer prejudice, of course, but at the moment it's fifty to one——"

"Good heavens," said Molly.

"Good pickings," he retorted. "Comfortable?"

"Yes; thank you——"

"Then hold on. I'm in a hurry——"

He was. Molly had only a blurred impression of Manchester as it flashed past them. Twice she attempted to say something, twice the wind cut the words from her lips. After a little while the car stopped.

"Where are we——"

"Aintree. Get out."

"Aintree——"

He looked at her, a twinkle in his eyes.

"I'm a man of impulse," he said quietly. "I bet on sight, and I bet on a sure knowledge of what I want——"

She felt a little cramped after the car journey.

"I've already judged that," she murmured. "And now what?"

He chuckled.

"I don't know your name——"

"You will," she assured him. "But you were going to say?"

"Will you marry me?"

Molly gasped.

"Well, I—I—good heavens——"

"Good pickings. Well?"

"Are you . . . crazy, Tony Chaseling?" she panted. "I've just met you——"

He smiled.

"I'd be crazy if I let someone else speak first—I say—you're not married, are you?"

She laughed as his tone changed.

"No; I'm not married—yet——"

"The moment I stepped into that railway carriage I said to myself, 'Tony, there's your wife. Charming, isn't she?' "

"And I suppose you bought Green Jacket the same way. You probably caught sight of him out of the corner of your eye, said to yourself, 'There's the winner of the Grand National. He's mine.' "

"You must have been there. But the horse had no choice. You have. Comment?"

She looked at the house beyond the lawns.

"Is this your home? I like it——"

"Then I lose——"

She looked at him again.

"Gambler——" she mocked him. "You don't even know my name——"

"Bah—what's in a name? I'll bet Shakespeare went to the races the day he said that—if he said it."

"I don't gamble," said Molly quietly.

"Then the double's off?"

"I merely said I don't gamble—either on horses or on marriage."

"Come this way," he said morosely. "I feel too crushed to recover all at once. I'll show you the horse before we go inside."

"You crushed——" and she laughed again.

A groom came running from the stables.

"Mr. Tony——" the man panted.

Tony Chaseling looked anxious.

"What is it, Tom?"

"Green Jacket, sir," the fellow gasped. "Better come quickly, sir——"

Tony turned to Molly.

"Do you mind if I——"

"Hurry on," she said quickly. "I'll follow you——"

He ran with the groom, and Molly, as she approached the stables, saw a group of men standing silent. She heard Tony say:

"When did you get word of this?"

"An hour ago, sir. Liverpool's gone mad, sir——"

Molly paused at Tony's side.

"What is it—is the horse injured?" she asked.

He stared at her, then he smiled.

"Injured? Good lord, no, unknown one. Green Jacket's favorite for the Grand National—he's jumped right up into the money——"

"The money?"

Molly stared at the grinning Tony.

"The money," he chuckled, "And if we're not careful we'll have all Liverpool surging over us."

"I think it's wonderful," said Molly.

"Wonderful?" he echoed. "Visualise it, unknown one. To-morrow—the crowd, the sunshine, the horses, the glittering cars, the shimmering gowns, the toppers and spats—nothing like it in Australia——"

"Do you know Australia?" she asked quickly.

"Born there——"

"Why, so was I——"

"Shake——"

They shook hands. Tony, still holding her hand, went on: "Then the line-up at the barrier, beautiful horses—the pick of the world, aristocrats, of England, France, Ireland and India——"

"And Australia," put in Molly.

"Cheers," said Tony with a laugh.

"Are you finished with my hand?" murmured Molly.

"Your hand? Oh, does it matter——"

"Idiot," laughed the girl.

"No. For the first time in my life I'm sane. And when I win the Grand National——"

"You think Green Jacket will really win?"

Tony nodded.

"Nothing can stop him," was his reply. "He'll line-up with the others—you keep your eye on those white stockings. He'll just walk away——"

Molly looked at Green Jacket. "I hope he does. I've come a long way to see him do it," she said. "And I'm looking forward to the race to-morrow."

"It will be the day of your life," said Tony enthusiastically. "No race in all the world can match Aintree for thrills. But Green Jacket is set. You heard what the boys said—he's favorite—never before have I won such a double——"

"Double?"

He looked at her.

"Green Jacket—and you," he said.

"You seem very sure of both, Mr. Chaseling——"

"Don't," pleaded Tony. "Not the Mister——"

"I've never met anyone like you," Molly confessed.

He smiled at her. "And I'll see you never do," he retorted. "If Green Jacket crashed at every hurdle to-morrow, he wouldn't fall as hard as I have for you."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed."

"And what about the fat hag, Molly Brent?"

"Oh, her! I have forgotten her."

"But, you said——"

"I know. I say lots of things. Have a look at the beauty—there he is. Ever see a more magnificent creature. Look at him—a bay with two white stockings just over the fetlocks. What do you think of him?"

"He's a superb beast—may I touch him?"

Tony nodded.

"Yes, once for luck——"

"There——"

"Now you can touch me," said the irrepressible one. "Also for luck. Will you marry me?"

Molly ignored the stares of the men.

"The moment you stepped into that train," she said slowly, "I said to myself, 'Molly Brent——' "

Tony shivered and closed his eyes for a moment.

"What name did you say?" he asked huskily.

"Molly Brent. I said to myself, 'Molly Brent, you fat old hag——' "

"Don't," panted Tony. "How was I to know——"

"I said, 'Molly Brent—there's a man you **could** marry—maybe someday——' "

Tony grinned.

"We'll tell the world—after the Grand National to-morrow."

"And in the meantime?" she asked demurely.

"We'll go inside. I haven't had a good look at you yet——"

"Indeed?"

"Indeed."

"Remember I only said 'maybe,' and 'someday'——" she laughed.

"Indeed?"

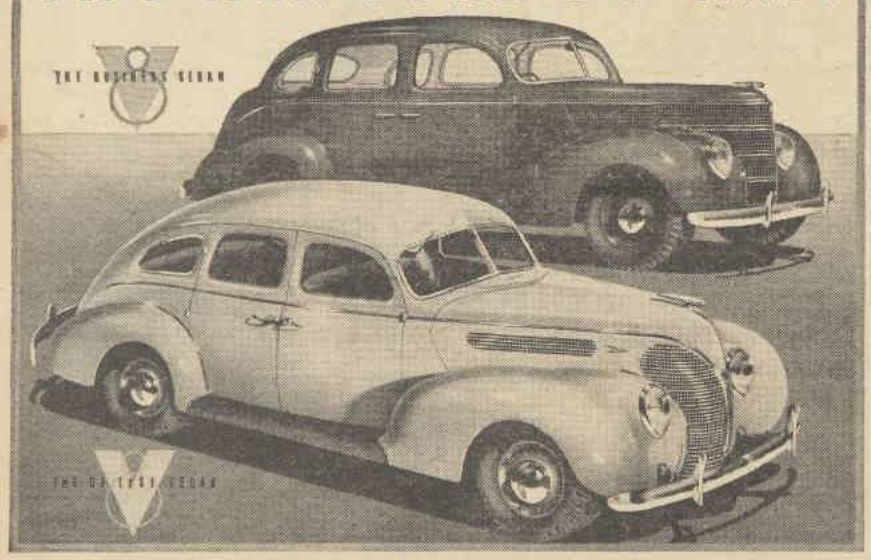
"Indeed."

(Copyright)

FAY WRAY, Columbia player, chooses a soft wool beige for her cosy winter frock. The zipper fastening, diagonal medallion pockets, and belt are in a contrasting shade.

this year!

TWO NEW FORD V-8 CARS



including the biggest, most beautiful Sedan Ford has ever built!

The two new cars differ in appearance, size, appointments and price. *Both are priced low.* Both are bigger, roomier, more handsome than ever before. Both are powered with Ford's famous V-type 8-cylinder engine proved by more than 4,000,000 owners to give the economy of a "six."

DE LUXE SERIES. Star of the De Luxe Series is the new De Luxe Sedan—biggest Ford V-8 yet built. Large, spacious, of impressive low-hung beauty, this striking new V-8 sedan is a completely re-styled car. With new, exclusively designed interior ensembles, lavish appointments and new distinguished body colours, it sets a standard in luxury plus operating economy and V-8 performance previously unobtainable in any other car irrespective of price. Also available in the De Luxe Series are the Club Coupe and Club Roadster.

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FOR 1938
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without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. Our address is at top of page 3 of this issue.

PROPER APPROACH

THOSE who approach their work as though they are really going to enjoy themselves and are thankful that another day has come along with all its difficulties, which are the spice of life, are always those who are most respected and who, finally, get the best opportunities.

They regard their jobs as an opportunity to develop their own powers, to make friends, and to earn a living. They are larger than their jobs.

£1 for this letter to Miss Edith Carton, 24 Highbury Grove, East Prahran S1, Melbourne.

✣ ✣ ✣

WHY STINT PRAISE?

A TRADESMAN the other day was most surprised because I complimented him on the quality of his goods and said how much we liked them.

"People always tell us when anything's wrong," he said, "but never when anything's good."

But why shouldn't they? Surely, even in business, a little expression of appreciation makes life more pleasant.

Winifred Arthur, 4 Maitland Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

COMMON INTERESTS

THE two fundamental necessities for a successful marriage are similar nationality and interests in common.

No matter how charming a person of another race is as a friend, he or she is not a suitable companion.

The difference in upbringing, traditions, customs, is too great to bridge.

And if the couple have not similar interests, once the first infatuation wears off, they have nothing in common.

Mrs. J. Nordstrom, 85 Leila Rd., Carnegie, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

STOP CREDIT

IT is time that retailers were legally compelled to stop giving credit.

Once a customer has "run up a bill" the shopkeeper is bound to allow more and more credit, or lose his customers and the amount they owe him.

Small shopkeepers can til afford to give credit.

The customers for their part know that their credit is good and usually order more than they can afford.

D. Bell, Aicle, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

OUR LIFE'S BLOOD

WOMEN in offices certainly can become efficient—but only after they have absorbed a definite amount of masculinity.

So with sport—until women develop male traits such as the cultivation of ox-like muscles their efforts are laughable.

Consider the professions — the sterner faces are the successful teachers. Immediately women begin seriously to study economics, science, or agriculture, they begin that inevitable march towards masculination—if I may coin a word to convey my meaning.

We are losing our very life's blood, our womenly women are slowly disappearing.

Mrs. F. Fitzgerald, 35 Barrow St., Brunswick N10, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

PROPER HOBBIES

A HOBBY should be as widely different from our regular occupation as we can make it. Indoor workers should take up a hobby that takes them out of doors. Those who follow sedentary callings should find a hobby that calls for muscular activity. This all helps to promote good health.

A hobby gives personal satisfaction through accomplishment, which, in turn, contributes very largely to our physical and mental well-being.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 6, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen Street, Brisbane.

Reason for Cynical Attitude To Marriage

MISS CARMODY deplores the cynical attitude of married couples, which, she says, influences young people against marrying (2/4/'38).

But if this attitude does exist, and I do not think it so common as to be worth mentioning, it is nothing to worry about. There are many other influences at work to make marriage seem attractive.

Romance still clings to engagements and weddings, the bride-to-be is still the centre of attention and an object of envy. However people may disparage marriage, every girl longs to have her own home, and thinks that she at least can make a success of it where others have failed.

A little opposition, too, makes youth all the more anxious to do differently.

H. Watkin, Lurton Street, Devonport, Tas.

Not the Majority

THE majority of married people, Miss Carmody, stoutly declare that they wouldn't be single again for worlds. Of course, there are exceptions. But I can remember once asking some married couples if any two of them were honest enough to admit "being had." I was completely howled down.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross Street, Richmond E1, Vic.

Does Harm

WHY do so many people speak as they do of marriage? Must they tell the young people that it is the "end of carefree happy days"? Do they have to warn a girl to keep her independence in preference to marriage?

The girl who is used to working, and accustomed to discipline, will soon adapt herself to the requirements of the new routine.

If marriage were as bad as it is painted by many people, I don't blame any girl for preferring to keep her position.

Miss I. Davis, Willawong, Murringo, N.S.W.

Form of Modesty

THAT display of hard-headed cynicism is merely a pose in most young people. It is the present-day form of modesty. If older people do speak disparagingly of married life, it is usually done in a joking manner.

Yet it is good that girls be warned in some way that married life is not the end of life's troubles, and the beginning of a carefree, lazy time. Married life, if successful, must be one long sacrifice for husband and children.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

Very Disquieting

CONSIDERING that marriage these days is so much happier than in other days, when marriage really did mean the death of freedom for women, this cynical attitude in married people is very disquieting.

For it is definitely having a bad

Poor Example to the Young

effect on the attitude of those approaching the marriageable age. Young people approach marriage as if it were a foolish but inevitable thing, quite mindful of the way out—divorce.

Yet marriage is one of those things that return just what is put into it. If we are prepared to work for happiness, we will get it.

It is a pity that married people by their remarks and actions are spoiling youth's optimistic attitude.

Mrs. Thompson, Duke Street, Sandy Bay, Tas.

Political Classes for Adults and Children

AS conditions are changing all the time, it is not much use teaching politics in the schools as advocated by Mr. Devine (2/4/'38). By the time our children reach their majority new parties with new aims will have arisen.

It would be a wise move to form political clubs, having branches in all States, lecturing on Australian and international politics. Women's clubs, and business organisations would join the movement, and thus all adults would be reached.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 62 Simpson Street, East Melbourne C2.

No Free Discussion

I AGREE with Mr. Devine. Politics should be taught in the schools. There should be more free and unbiased discussions among people without their being fearful of offending people or making enemies.

I have tried repeatedly to gain information from both men and women, with very little result. All I have heard is a tirade against the Government without any constructive help.

Mrs. Rose, 27 Trafalgar St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Everyone Is "Biased"

I MUST ask Mr. Devine who is going to write the "unbiased political pamphlets" he mentions in his letter. Everybody in this world is biased in some direction.

Mr. Devine also overlooks the fact that our politics are affected by the position we are born into. Remember Gilbert's stanza:

"For ev'ry boy and ev'ry girl
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative."

Furthermore, politics, or "the science of civil government," as the dictionary has it, is taught in schools nowadays as "civics" or "economics."

Mrs. M. Wallis, Flat 1, 44 Park Place, South Yarra SE1, Vic.

Let Well Alone

MR. DEVINE'S suggestion is not practical.

The teacher of politics would naturally present the case for the party he favored, presumably the party in power, which employed him.

It is best to leave things as they are. Let people read and listen to both sides of the question, and each vote as he or she thinks best.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Definite Education

YES, men and women should receive definite political education. If more time were given to the study of civics and political economics, and if these lessons were supported by dramatisations, politics would soon interest all people, and they would understand what they were voting for.

Miss Joan Mohr, Plymouth Street, Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Waste of Time

THERE are plenty of opportunities for men and women to learn all about politics if they wish. Even if pamphlets were distributed, a good many people would throw them in the waste-paper basket without even looking at them.

Helen J. MacGregor, Parson's Pt., Gladstone, Qld.

Don't Be Late for Meals

HABITUAL tardiness for meals causes much unhappiness in homes.

How many women are being continually upset over a carefully-prepared meal, spoilt by having been kept too long?

Such thoughtless habits leave women without any leisure consequently health suffers.

Mrs. Neta Gooding, Pemberton, W.A.

Educated Women Saviours of the World

I ENDORSE Mrs. Patricia Napper's comments in your issue of 2nd April.

If woman could be roused from her retardative passivity, much of the barbarism in the world to-day would fade out of existence. Woman has, over centuries, evolved from a mere chattel to an individual with a mind and a will of her own.

It has taken centuries to effect this transformation, yet in these "enlight

Wasting Time in Idle Chatter

ened" days we find on all sides evidence of passive acceptance of man's decrees. The sooner woman realises that the salvation of the whole world lies in education and culture, the sooner will we achieve happiness and freedom for all.

Mrs. Dinah Milner, C/o Y.M.C.A., 325 Pitt St., Sydney.

Seize Opportunities

MRS. NAPPER is correct. If only more women seized the opportunities for education and roused themselves from the sense of mental inferiority to that of equality with men, the world would be better governed.

An educated mother can do more for society than anyone else.

Miss Nell Hoare, R.A.H.C., Camperdown, N.S.W.

Where Fault Lies

IT would be better to educate men, not women, to a more civilised attitude of mind. Women have not a "sense of mental inferiority," Mrs. Napper. It is men who regard themselves as superior, and do their utmost to keep the opposite sex from positions of authority.

Mrs. Dale, Fisher St., Fullarton, S.A.

SUGGESTED BAN

IT seems such a pity to see boys in their teens smoking.

In Japan, smoking under the age of 21 is prohibited by law. Could not it also be prohibited here?

Mrs. H. A. De Low, 65 Hillcrest Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

SHE WAS "HAD"

HOW many people have been "taken in" by holiday boarding house advertisements?

I have never found a place that lived up to its own glowing advertisement.

Recently, I travelled some distance to a holiday place, at considerable expense, found it dirty, meals poor, and the much-vaunted entertainments missing.

Could not the Government, by vigorous inspection and the issue of permits to run boarding houses, give the public protection?

Miss Ross, Giblin St., New Town, Tas.

✣ ✣ ✣

THIS WAS COURAGE

THE modern girl is supposed to be much more adventurous, more courageous than her mother. But is she? She demands more surety, a more cut-and-dried existence, than her mother ever did.

Broadly speaking, many modern girls want to hold down jobs which give them independence. Before giving assent to a proposal of marriage, they make stern provisos—a comfortable home, with all modern convenience.

It was the "old fogies" of mother's day who started off from scratch in marriage, didn't ask life to provide certainties, who had real courage.

Mrs. S. W. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

✣ ✣ ✣

SALESGIRL'S PLAINT

WHY haven't most women shoppers after trying on hats or frocks enough courage to say "no," when they don't want an article, instead of saying that they will be back later, or that they must go to the bank first?

If they only knew how monotonous hearing such stories day in and day out becomes!

Mavis Keen, Earlscourt, Gladstone Road, Highgate Hill, N.S.W.

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Sweet-Making AT HOME

YOU can have extra money regularly, week after week, at home without previous experience—making sweets by exclusive Liberty College methods. Whatever your age or sex, or where you live, you can quickly learn the secrets of success in sweet-making at home. You can start right away to begin making money—enabling you to have the extra things you need—new clothes, new furniture, more pleasure—that make life worth while. "Liberty" sweets are simple and easy to make—and profits larger than in other businesses.

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To the first 500 new students enrolled we will give, absolutely free, the Liberty Confectionery-Making Outfit, with materials; also FREE, a special course on cake icing and decorating, including complete outfit. PERSONAL OR POSTAL COURSE.

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LOST! A SMILE
Because she used a 1/2 way Toothpaste

Pyorrhea mars the appearance of 4 out of 5 people over 40. A half-way toothpaste — one that just cleans teeth — can't protect you against this infection. But FORHAN'S, containing a special ingredient which safeguards the gums, does both jobs—keeps teeth sparkling white, gums sound and healthy. Start with Forhan's today.

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Forhan's for the gums

DOES BOTH JOBS

Cleans Teeth Prevents Pyorrhea

Price 2/-. Extra large tube 3/-.

Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

The quiet beauty and fine sincerity of a woman's life form the theme of "Catherine Dewfall," a first novel.

As a well-established author's work, M. Pearce's story, "Catherine Dewfall," would draw very favorable comment; as the work of a beginner it is outstanding.

There is a maturity and sureness about it seldom found in a first novel.

Although the setting is Dorset and the English counties, it may well be the story of any mother, in Australia or elsewhere.

The story tells of a girl born in the days when children were expected to go out to service at the age of 12. When her father died suddenly, Catherine did this.

She was nursemaid to two children, taught them lessons, and organised their play. When these things were done she helped with the sewing.

A very full job, and the reward was sixpence a week which Catherine took home to her mother every week, where it was put away with the treasured family savings.

Catherine was a clever, sensitive girl.

She dreamed of travel on the Danube, and of seeing the world under the wide arch of ships, but hers was the day before women had any freedom.

In a century when the woman's motto was, "Learn to labor and pray," Catherine gives us a sad example of frustrated dreams.

She meets adversity with the smiling acknowledgment of things to be borne patiently. It is woman's fate.

H. G. WELLS, famous English author, continues his attack on modern problems in "The Brothers," a story of civil war.

She marries a handsome waster, son of a well-off family who is cut off with the proverbial shilling because of his marriage to a servant.

David is an authentic type. He grows from handsome youth to stolid middle-age, and leaves all the cares and worry of the household on the shoulders of his wife, who must plan and think for everybody.

In her daily rounds she runs her house, prevents quarrels, nurses the sick, and keeps her unruly family from flying at one another's throats.

And through it all Catherine carries a sweetness and gaiety which no hardship can quench.

Once she gave way to self-pity when things became too much for her, and she rebelled against a woman's service to her husband and family and the destruction of her own dreams.

"Working men's wives don't exist as people. What am I? David's wife and the children's mother? I'm not! I'm not! I'm Catherine Dewfall, and there is a whole glorious world I shall never see."

David shuns the role of family protector. He wants the quiet hearth and his newspaper.

Catherine is aware of double responsibility and the injustice of it.

One day, perhaps, she thought cynically, wives will be paid wages, and then we shall have a lot less sentiment and a lot more happiness.

After a life in which service to the family has been her slogan, Catherine is released when her husband dies and her children marry.

She soon finds work to do for her grandchildren.

If she has failed (and her children also) to make anything worth while out of life there still remain her children's children.

As the book closes we see this heroic woman planning for her two grandchildren.

"They should be given the chances one wanted for oneself. They can become the vessels of one's dearest hopes realised in another generation."

This quiet story of an honest life is written without sensationalism, and is enlivened with rare flashes of humor.

It's a book which women will enjoy and understand.

"Catherine Dewfall." M. Pearce. (Hodder and Stoughton).

Books To Read

"THEY WERE ALL IN LOVE." May Edginton. Cleverly written light romance.

"PRODIGAL PARENTS." Sinclair Lewis. Brilliant picture of American life.

"SWISS SONATA." Gwethalyn Graham. Life in a Swiss school.

"MR. ARKWRIGHT'S MARRIAGE." J. L. Hodson. Amusing English comedy of marriage.

SEVENTH DANCE

Continued from Page 16

The dancing Kitty, long since married to the elderly suitor, surveyed her reflection with a lively satisfaction.

"You're a vain old woman," said Martha, chuckling.

"Oh! I didn't hear you, Martha. Still tennis shoes? And you haven't had any dinner. Jenny's probably saved you something. But, darling, won't you come to the club tonight?"

Martha put her racquet into its press. She did not look up for a moment.

"Sorry to be a kill-joy," she said, at last. "But the Saturday night dances, Kitty darling, I've gone to so many millions of 'em."

"So've I," her aunt retorted briskly. "And look at me. Still ready to go. Besides, your old friend, Ronny Castle, will be at the club to-night. He's been home for weeks and you haven't seen him. You've really avoided him. I must say it's going to look funny, Martha."

"Is it?" said Martha quickly. "Well, perhaps——"

"Put on the blue dress," commanded her aunt.

And consequently Martha, in the blue dress, went to the club. For six years she had not been within these familiar walls, but here was the same violinist with the great beak-like nose, rising to look like a cartoonist's idea of a fiddler; and here were men and women with whom she had gone to school a long, long time ago.

They introduced her to strangers.

"Here," they said, "is our most brilliant and successful woman of business. And she hasn't danced with us for—oh, it's been well over a year, hasn't it, Martha?"

"Quite that," said Martha lightly.

Then Ronny Castle came, and they exchanged reserved, almost inaudible greetings. He was greatly changed, she thought, with a great pity. His face was lined, and his smile had none of its old mockery. And she noticed almost at once that his sleek hair no longer had bright copper gleams when the light shone full upon it.

The wife of the club's secretary wanted Ronny to dance with two very pretty sisters. And he danced with the wife of the club's secretary. And there were three others before he came up to Martha. She had counted them.

She put her right hand into his and her left arm gently about his shoulder.

"You haven't changed, Martha!"

"Nor you, Ronny." And it was effortless to lie to him.

"Please—look here, let's go outside for a cigarette, shall we? You're not particularly keen about dancing?"

And later:

"Curious. Makes me feel dizzy, rather. As if the clock had gone back ten years. Same old elms. Same old moon. As if the years hadn't gone, hadn't existed."

"But they have, Ronny," she said.

"Of course. I'm decrepit. And let me see—you're twenty-seven or twenty-eight now, aren't you, Martha?"

"Flatterer! I'm thirty-one."

"Of course," he said again and, pausing, sent a quick glance to her. "But it seems as if—Martha, it's terribly abrupt, but I've been wanting for a long time to ask you—would you marry me, Martha?"

She did not answer him at once. She knew that she would marry him because she loved him, because she had always loved him. And he needed her as he had never needed Elsbeth; probably, she thought, no one really needed a love at once so beautiful and terrible.

She turned to him quietly, then—smiling.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the rescue of
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, under the malign influence of
THE COBRA: Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, has kidnapped
SUZETTE: His own lovely daughter, and taken her to the Cobra's cavern-lands in Tibet. Mandrake and Lothar, following, enter the Cobra's domains, where Lothar is mortally wounded by poisoned thorns. Mandrake agrees to place his powers at the Cobra's disposal in return for Lothar's life.
THE COBRA then shows Mandrake round the caverns, where scientists who have been captured are at work. He tells Mandrake he seeks world power through gold and gas. M. Duchamp is at work on a formula that will change base metal into gold; another, Melankoff, working on a death-dealing gas, suddenly refuses to work. The Cobra treats him with a special chemical solution. NOW READ ON.

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BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

Mohican-Evening Mist Fail Me At Randwick

By BETTY GEE

They say racing is on the decline, and yet there were 67,000 people at Randwick for the Doncaster on Saturday. The whole 67,000 seemed to bump into and jostle me while I was making my bets.

I backed Mohican in the Doncaster, but he failed me. That's the last time for me.

AND you should see what the crowd did to my ensemble. It is in a state of complete ruin.

I am satisfied that for big days at the races one must go garbed in stout serviceable workaday attire, if one wishes to contend with the multitude in the betting ring and the tote queues.

Those costumes of delicate texture and intricate construction are all very well wherewith to strut the lawns and parade the members' quarters.

But those to whom racing is a business must go attired for the occasion.

Personally, I came to the conclusion that a suit of that spiked armor which knights of old donned would have been suitable for Doncaster Day.

Mrs. Doll Clayton's Tredonner being out of action for the hurdle race, I had a tote ticket of £1 each way upon Keewong, because Mr. C. L. Weston, its owner, from Cumnock, told me it was the most improved jumper in the country.

Keewong led nearly all the way, and showed me a profit of £5/4/-, but if I had had the courage to bet with the books straight out instead of running to the coward's retreat, it would have been £9.

I came a complete crash on Heroic Faith in the first division of the Vaucluse. I can't understand his complete failure. Neither could the thousands of others who made him favorite.

One mustn't condemn the tote altogether. So often it comes to the rescue in a rough sea.

I told you that Allunga, Sarcherie, and Genetout dominated the Autumn Plate and when I found the books so mean about Genetout at odds on I scanned the tote barometer and put 10/ each for a place on the other pair, and collected 22/ for Sarcherie and 31/6 for Allunga, which, though I make the assertion myself as shouldn't, was pretty shrewd work.

Old Genetout ran only third, and I was glad I hadn't been trapped into laying odds on.

Of course, I was down bright and early to gather the cream of the market for Nuffield in the Sires' Produce Stakes.

To my amazement, he was only 7 to 4.

You can't beat these bookmakers you know.

He was beaten out of a place last start, and you'd have thought they would quote reasonable odds, say 4 or 5 to 1, but no, they wouldn't budge, and I was forced to take £7 to £4.

He did give me a shock when he dropped right away back.

But by waving my sunshade and shouting loudly I made the jockey understand that it was time to hurry along, and eventually he arrived a winner by three-quarters of a length.

He's such a dear. And so handsome.

The Doncaster was a dead loss. Such races always are. I suppose they are only on the programme to reimburse the poor bookies.

I had £2 on Mohican straight out at 10 to 1, and £1 on the tote for a place on Evening Mist, and they came nowhere.

I have praised Evening Mist for an assured meal-ticket for a place in these big races, but my flattery seems to have spoilt her.

Thank goodness, the books saved us from St. Leger loss in demanding 3 to 1 on John Wilkes.

Later they repented, and offered to take 9 to 4, and I know a man who laid £900 to £400 on, and when John Wilkes dead-heated found himself the loser of £240.

After backing a winner, mark you! Well, half a winner, say.

I was real canny for the last race. Instead of battling with the milling thousands in the ring, I went early to the tote with my £1 each way for Sedunum.

But he arrived late, and only got third, and I collected £2/8/.

Still, I'm going to follow him through the meeting. I think he's really better than that, you know.

Watch These

Betty Gee picks these horses as likely winners at Randwick:—

Bronte Handicap: Warrawing.
Fernhill Handicap: Fort Regal.
Cropper Plate: Ajax.
Dangar Handicap: Silenus.

Nuffield Again

Mr. Kellow tells me to follow up Nuffield. He's running again on Wednesday, but I suppose the mean old bookies will have him at short odds.

Still, that won't deter me.

The race is the Champagne Stakes. Trust the books to ladle that out at short odds.

And Ajax runs the same day, but I don't suppose they will lay against him at all.

The betting ring doesn't extend much chance to a poor, honest girl, does it?

But I'm hoping to get my big profit from the Head Waiter's tip Warrawing for the Bronte Handicap, and he says not to forget Genetout either for the Cumberland Plate, the same day.

The Head Waiter's tip for the last day (Saturday) is Fort Regal, in the Fernhill Handicap.

He assures me that Fort Regal will provide the rent for the week. Well, I want more than that.

BETTY GEE at Randwick.

Ajax is a certainty for the Cropper Plate.

"Don't forget Northwind," the Florist's Girl warns me.

And there's El Golea, just waiting to pick up a race at the meeting, the Ice Man assures me.

And I've had the tip to back Silenus for the syndicate in the Dangar Handicap on the last day, or whatever race he starts in before that.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

April 23, 1938 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER
from New York and Hollywood

Shocking Disclosure

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is becoming a brunette. There is no longer any doubt about it. Moreover, her mother refuses to allow the darkening locks to be dyed.

She says the fans would not like Shirley to have anything bogus about her.

Yet as far as we know there has never been any mass uprising of Temple fans against the false teeth she has been wearing for years.

* * *

Frocks of Fish-Net

AUSTRALIAN dress-designer Orry-Kelly, who whips up the smart creations for Warner Bros. stars, is about to startle the feminine world with something new in the way of evening gowns.

Kelly has acquired a lot of fish net from a fishing village on the Eastern seaboard, and will use a slice of it to make an evening dress for Bette Davis.

* * *

Joan Bennett as Cowgirl

CAN you imagine fragile Joan Bennett in a Western thriller? Joan has been borrowed by Paramount for the leading femme role in "The Texans," a million-dollar Western epic, somewhat in the "Wells Fargo" manner.

Randolph Scott will be opposite Joan, with Mae Robson in a big part. High spot of the film will be a stampede of thousands of cattle.

* * *

That Funny Man

CHARLIE CHAPLIN says the greatest thrill he ever experienced was among the inhabitants of Bali. When he visited that beautiful island he found that he was utterly unknown there, since Bali has no moving pictures.

It occurred to him that it would be interesting to see if he could make an impression without benefit of publicity.

In a crowded club room, Chaplin walked to the centre of the platform and gave a take-off on the native Balinese dancers. He received a terrific ovation. For the rest of his stay there he was pointed out as "The Funny Man."

MAE WEST SCANDAL

● Mae West's "Adam and Eve" broadcast, in which she gave a burlesque conversation between our first parents and the Serpent, has become one of the biggest radio scandals in U.S. history.

A huge number of protests from religious bodies has resulted in a severe tightening-up of the supervision of broadcast turns.

But the popularity of the Chase and Sanborn Coffee programme, in which the notorious turn was given, has risen a lot since the scandal.

RAH-RAH FOR OXFORD!

● Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shipped some of their best players and workers to England to make "A Yank At Oxford." The gay show peps up the ancient university. ● Above (left): Griffith Jones, Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Taylor. ● Above (right): Lionel Barrymore. ● Centre: Vivien Leigh and Taylor. ● Below (left): Taylor strokes a crew. ● Below (right): Edmund Gwenn, the Dean, and Taylor.

Hard to Please

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who recently played opposite Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," has just said something that has dismayed thousands of Cooper's girl fans.

She says that she found it very uncomfortable sitting on his knee.

During the shooting of one scene Claudette had to sit in that position for eight hours. And she says Cooper's knees are far too bony for her taste.

* * *

Relics of Valentino

THE cutlasses and swords with which Rudolph Valentino once fought in such pictures as "The Sheik" and "Blood and Sand" will again be seen in a film.

Ralph Forbes, who owns the Valentino collection of Arab weapons, will use them in a battle at sea for a scene for Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped," which Twentieth Century-Fox is filming.

Valentino gave the cutlasses and swords to Ernest Torrence, one of his best friends, and after the death of Torrence they were given by his widow to Forbes.

Forbes had wanted to use them in a picture but it wasn't until he was cast in "Kidnapped" that the chance came.

NUGGETING NATURE: (7) THE MOPOKE

It's a dull day for a pair of shoes when the Nugget is mislaid. Never run shoes of Nugget. Polish your shoes with it after every wearing. Nothing else is quite so good as Nugget. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

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Five Hundred Girls and a Man

PARAMOUNT'S DANCE DIRECTOR, LEROY PRINZ, HAS BOOKED UP MOST OF THE SHOWGIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD FOR THE STUDIO'S BIG PROGRAMME OF MUSICALS.

By Barbara Bourchier

from Hollywood

A MAN has cornered a market in Hollywood. The result is a figure famine.

Cornering the market in tin, pepper, and other commodities is a process we have all heard about.

But a corner in a figure market is something new to me.

The man behind this is Leroy Prinz, the Paramount dance director.

One of the big jobs of a dance director in Hollywood is to produce the right number and quality of trained chorus girls for the studio's musical pictures.

Prinz realised recently that on the Paramount schedule were an unusual number of musicals, so he quietly started cornering the market.

There are in Hollywood about 700 first-class chorus girls. When Paramount began "The Big Broadcast of 1938" Prinz had 150 dancers.

In production simultaneously were the Mae West picture, "Every Day's a Holiday," which called for seventy-five chorus girls, and the new Bing Crosby, "Dr. Rhythm," demanding 100.

Then he had to be prepared for "College Swing" and "Stolen Heaven," two new musicals at Paramount.

By the time he had his requirements fulfilled he had 500 girls under contract for months.

Other studios require choruses, too, but Prinz left them to scramble for the remaining 200 between them.

It is unlikely that Prinz will give up any of his girls for a long time, because he is already laying his plans for "The Big Broadcast of 1939," a new edition of "Artists and Models," and other song and dance pictures.

The trouble is not finding girls with what the studio publicity department so charmingly calls "symmetrical underpinnings" and an ability to tap dance.

They must be girls trained in the ways of film-making and able to master complicated routines in a few days.

These 700 are all expert in this, and the dance directors find that the girls change little from year to year, and new faces (and underpinnings) are rare.

A few years ago the highest reference which any showgirl could offer was to say that she had been in the Ziegfeld Follies.

A few of Ziegfeld's trainees are still working as chorines. But the days are past when they were glad to be known as Ziegfeld girls.

Recently they made a protest against use of this term. They said that Ziegfeld had been dead too long, and the public is liable to assume that ladies who once swung a leg in his shows are now obsolete.

Biggest production number in which the Paramount chorines will be seen in "Big Broadcast of 1938" is not a hot number at all, but is a pageant of the history of the waltz.

Dorothy Lamour sings a duet with Leif Ericson during this spectacle.

Leroy Prinz says there is no question that the waltz has more abiding importance than any other ballroom dance.

The can-can, the Charleston, the Big Apple, and other more violent dances come and go. But folk have been waltzing for five hundred years.

- Betty Grable, seen above at the left, is Paramount's super showgirl. She is the star of "College Swing."
- Photographs superbly, and is Mrs. Jackie Coogan.
- Alison Hunt, directly above, is one of the loveliest of the 500 Paramount chorines.

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Long Live the Shorts!

THEY ARE BRIGHTER TO-DAY, AND MANY PEOPLE PREFER THEM TO DULL FULL-LENGTH SUPPORTING FILMS.

By Joan McLeod
From Hollywood

THERE is a disease peculiar to patrons of double-feature film programmes, and its name is "squirmitis."

It attacks the victim half-way through a dreary supporting picture. It gets him as he watches a group of characters go through the same pointless adventures that he has witnessed a hundred times before.

For instance, when the unknown chorus girl steps into the star role of the Broadway revue, is much applauded, and is embraced by the producer.

As this plot unfolds, the patron begins to squirm. Imperceptibly at first, with a faint movement from one side to the other. Then more violently, furious, until his disgusted writhings and moans cause neighbors to mutter "Shush!'

In America the squirmers have determined to do something about it.

Under the leadership of two exasperated citizens named William R. Clay and George H. Siegel, they have formed an Anti-Movie Double Feature League of America. The aim of the league is to boycott double-feature programmes.

"La Cucaracha"

THE league has spread rapidly and in one month has formed 65 branches scattered over the United States.

Victims of "squirmitis" note, moreover, that while the standard of supporting films is still, as it has always been, decidedly low there has been a marked improvement lately in the quality of "shorts."

They point to these improved shorts as the alternative to bad supporting films.

And it looks as if the great studios of Hollywood are taking notice of this trend of public opinion.

This year Hollywood is producing an average of 40 short subjects a week, and 10 full-length films a week. Four shorts to a feature film are nearly enough to provide a full supporting programme.

The reason why shorts used to be unpopular is easy to find. It was for the same reason why supporting features are unpopular to-day.

Shorts used to be monotonous and tiresome and third-rate. Three hours of features left no room on the bill for shorts, anyway.

Then came the beginning of the rebound. Some of the more enterprising of Hollywood's less celebrated folks worked out a novel theory that an improvement in the quality of shorts might rekindle public interest in them.

There was another reason why producers did not allow shorts to die. Shorts are cheap to make.

Hence, at small financial risk, they have enabled producers to sift and try out new ideas in the realm of science, travel, music and sport. New acting talent could be given a chance.

Technical improvements and ideas could be graded and essayed in the light of public reaction with the minimum of expense.

"La Cucaracha," a short subject release, paved the way for a wider use of color in all phases of feature production.

Improvements in the art of make-up, alterations and advances in lighting and photography, deviations in sound recording, were tried, proved or disproved by means of shorts.

The revival of the short owes more to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer than to any other studio.

This company has brought out the popular Pete Smith specialities, and also the sly talks by Robert Benchley.

Only a few years back a short with the wit of the Benchley turns was absolutely unheard-of.

Bob Benchley is a much bigger personality in the States than people abroad might think from his delightful but very occasional film talks on such subjects as "How to Sleep."

For many years he has been famous as one of New York's most scintillating journalists and dramatic critics.

He is a leading figure in the smart "cafe society" of the capital.

One of his great friends is Dorothy Parker, regarded as the wittiest woman in America, and between them they have provided New York with many of its choicest wise-cracks.

"I don't know about the public of 1928, or of 1918," says Jack Chertok, young producer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's annual seventy-odd shorts, "but the public of 1938 likes to extract information from short subjects.

"At least four out of every five letters written to the studio stress the writer's interest in that type of film.

"That is why the 'Crime Does Not Pay' series, exposing all forms of racketeering, has been so successful.

"And that is why Pete Smith's 'Oddities' go over so well, and also the Carey Wilson psychological studies, dealing with telepathy, and the question of personal survival after death."

This undoubted appetite of the movie patron for a bit of information is something new in films.

It is not long since the surest possible way of keeping people away from a show was to say that it was an "educational" picture—that is, a picture dealing with facts.

But in the quarter of a century since Hollywood began, it has deluged the world with fiction and unrealities, good and bad, tragedy and comedy, romance and hooey.

So much so that at last the world feels in the mood for an occasional dash of truth.

Information from the films comes almost entirely through the medium of the short.

The excellent Fitzpatrick Traveltalks, in technicolor, are part of the factual diet which the public is absorbing with eagerness.

That Marching Time

BUT easily the most remarkable of the informative shorts are the "March of Time" series released by R.K.O.-Radio.

The dramatic treatment of current events in this series was something without any precedent in the clumsy newsreels of the past.

In the "March of Time" events are not merely reported, but are explained and knit together by a superlative commentary.

The currency of the catch phrase, "Time marches on!" indicates the way the series has arrested public attention.

In comedy the short has always held its own.

For years Walt Disney's cartoons have been the most generally popular entertainment in the world.

Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, and the other inmates of the Disney zoo fascinate every nation. In Japan, under the name of "Mikisan," Mickey Mouse has practically the status of a patron saint.

Poy-Eye the Sailorman is another personality of the shorts who has a bigger following than most of the flesh-and-blood stars.

His adventures are more violent and brutal, less whimsical than those of the Disney creations. But Pop-Eye certainly entertains.

Another set of cartoon characters are just making their debut for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

These are the Captain, Momma, and the Kids. They have been well known in America as a comic strip for forty years, and used to be called the "Katzenjammer Kids."

Another good line in the Metro bag of comic shorts is the "Our Gang" series, run by Hal Roach. If asked to nominate the funniest child on the screen, I would vote without hesitation for "Alfalfa" Switzler, the grotesque little boy who sings out of tune in these pictures.

This year Metro is reviving some of the early Laurel and Hardy shorts, which are among the classics of cinema slapstick.

But there is a catch about the plan of the American "squirmers" for the total replacement of supporting features by shorts.

If the number of shorts soars very high, it is likely that the quality will fall off.

At present there is no doubt that the level of quality is remarkably high. May that level be maintained!

GALLERY OF PLAYERS

Gloria Dickson

"Crime School" (Warner Brothers) is her latest film.

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TRACY AT THE TOP

THEY USED TO THINK SPENCER TRACY WAS JUST ANOTHER TOUGH GUY, BUT NOW THEY KNOW BETTER.

By JOHN B. DAVIES, from New York

● AN "OSCAR"—one of the statuettes given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts to winners of its awards—went to Tracy for his acting in "Captains Courageous."

A FEW years ago Spencer Tracy, ex-navy man, was dossing on park benches in New York.

A few weeks ago he was acclaimed by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts as Hollywood's best actor for 1937.

Between these two points, the lowest and highest of his life, were years of solid, honest screen work.

For a while his acting in tough-guy parts was so competent that the studios had him taped as a good hard-boiled second-rater.

But he is a lot more than that now. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have just agreed to pay this rugged actor as much as they pay Robert ("Adonis") Taylor.

Tracy has never turned down a role since he has been under contract to M.-G.-M., and he has never failed to give a sincere performance.

"Few actors are competent to choose their own parts," he says.

"I have learnt from experience that there is no way of predicting how a role will turn out. A few years ago I should have worried about not being suited for such parts as the priest in 'San Francisco' or Manuel in 'Captains Courageous.'"

Actually the first performance doubled his popularity, and the second won him the highest honor any screen actor can attain.

Just how good it was can be gauged from the fact that he was selected in preference to "Mr." Paul Muni.

"San Francisco" put him on the road that was to lead to the Academy award.

After "San Francisco" came "Fury," "Libelled Lady," "Captains Courageous," and "They Gave Him a Gun."

These were films that brought him up among the biggest wage-earners and most fanned stars in the celluloid firmament. Earlier, Tracy had just been typed as a competent virile sort of actor, who was at his best in quick speaking, hard-boiled parts.

● "FURY," strong film about the horrors of lynching, gave Tracy one of his most moving roles.

You remember the sort of thing—"Up the River," "Goldie," "Disorderly Conduct," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Bottoms Up," "The Show Off," "Whipsaw," "Riff Raff."

Then when the more or less bad man of the films began to be cast in sympathetic roles, he was amazed to receive fan mail in the same W.P.B.'s overflowing measure as the handsome Taylors and gorgeous Crawfords.

Oddly enough they say that Tracy takes this very seriously. Thousands of letters asking him for advice after his characterisation of the big-hearted priest worried him.

"You can't live up to an idealistic role," he said. "I'm not competent to advise anyone about their spiritual problems. I'm groping myself. I suppose we all are."

Likes Polo

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS" brought him offers of dozens of boats; yacht salesmen circularised him, retired salts posted sailing ship models inside bottles to him, and almost all the inhabitants of the Snug Harbor New York Seamen's Home who were shown the film sent off rambling letters full of anecdotes and criticism.

Of course, Tracy knows one end of a ship from another, and he owns a ketch. But he is a well-established landsman, whose main interest is horses and polo.

He has been playing polo ever since he had enough money to buy a string of ponies and stable them on the ranch in San Fernando Valley which is his home.

There was a time when Tracy had not enough money to buy even a bag of chaff; when his couch was a bench in Central Park, and his only home the wide, open spaces of Manhattan Island.

This was the low ebb in a career which began when the Irish-American actor took part in a dramatic performance at Ripon College, Wisconsin. He was an unusually experienced college boy, for he had served in the American Navy during the war, and had been a student at the North Western Military Academy.

Snubbed

BUT he was a very inexperienced actor.

His first real part came after a long and uncomfortable apprenticeship at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, when he studied with only his navy pension to support him.

Persistence finally got him a part with Ethel Barrymore in "Royal Fandango."

Tracy thought he was on the high-road to success. But the only critic who noticed him commented that he "looked as if he had been picked up by the property man."

Tracy was not abashed. He went off to play in stock companies in the Middle West.

Then he shook Broadway by a dynamic performance in "Yellow," and his big-time career was started with a bang, for what shakes Broadway very quickly opens the purse-strings of Hollywood.

Fortune's Favourite

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush."

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided!*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't risk an attractive smile. When you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go and consult your dentist immediately.*

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by to-day's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana and massage dental health routine. It's one simple way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling—you need never be ashamed of your smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by chemists only.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

JOAN BLONDELL is considering retiring from the screen following the birth of her baby next June.

Joan has been in pictures a long time and feels willing to terminate her career and devote her time to looking after the new baby, husband Dick Powell, and three-year-old Norman, her son by a previous marriage.

* * *

CAPTAIN LEOPOLD McLAGLEN, brother of Victor McLaglen, has been banished from the United States for five years.

A court in Los Angeles imposed this sentence after McLaglen had been found guilty of extorting £5000 from Phillip Chancellor, a millionaire watchmaker in Hollywood.

McLaglen was formerly an officer in an English cavalry regiment. Some years ago he was a physical culture instructor in Australian schools.

* * *

LORETTA YOUNG collapsed on the set while acting and was taken off with a severe attack of influenza. She is still in hospital.

* * *

GRETA GARBO and Leopold Stokowski passed through Algiers (North Africa) the other day. They were heading for an unknown destination.

* * *

RETURNING from a personal appearance tour, little Jane Withers suffered a slightly broken heart when she discovered a number of the dolls in her huge collection had been ruined by flood waters that poured into the basement where they were kept.

Jane's tour further proved she is one of America's most popular players. In four weeks she made five thousand pounds, and broke theatre attendance records wherever she appeared.

* * *

SUPERLATIVES are required to describe the looks of Sandra Storme, who's gone back from Hollywood to play in British films.

She will do "A Spot of Bother" opposite stuttering Robertson Hare, the man who can only speak when he has an apple in his mouth.

Sandra is tall, graceful, blonde and blue-eyed. You saw her in "Artists and Models."

When she first arrived she tramped the British studios trying to find a part that suited her. "The mistake I made was to insist that I must have a big part to start with."

AFTER working at Fox for four years, Rochelle Hudson has been dropped from the studio's contract list.

Rochelle was climbing fast about a year ago, when the studio seemed suddenly to forget her existence. However, it's likely some other company will sign her up and give her a chance to continue what appeared to be a promising career.

* * *

BEATRICE LILLIE, describing her dog to an American film star: "You know the kind I mean," she said. "About so long and so tall—a sort of greyhound, but not quite because its tail is shorter and its head bigger, and the body is thin and the legs short. Don't you keep that kind of a dog?"

"No," was the answer. "We drown 'em!"

* * *

HUMPHREY BOGART is still shaken from a narrow escape he had the other night, when on location in the mountains for "Crime School."

For a certain scene, Bogart had to drive a car along a narrow mountain road. The road caved in, the car falling into the gaping hole and turning completely over! Bogart was rescued uninjured by the camera crew, but was suffering from a first-class shock.

The road had been undermined by persistent heavy rains, and the weight of the car caused its collapse.

* * *

FOR some time Hollywood thought attractive Margaret Lindsay would surely end up at the altar with young millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt, jun.

It showed all signs of being a real romance, but before leaving Hollywood the other day Vanderbilt told friends there'd definitely be no wedding bells. A while back, you may recall, Vanderbilt was Mary Maguire's most ardent admirer.

* * *

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S hero is good-natured Spencer Tracy, with whom he worked in "Captains Courageous."

Since Spencer has been in hospital Freddie has given up all his lunch hours to visiting him.

Hearing he had won the Academy award for his work in "Captains Courageous," Tracy phoned Freddie at the studio, and told him they would share the award. He said he could never have won it without Freddie's support.

Since that day Master Bartholomew has been the happiest boy in Hollywood.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ NOTHING SACRED

Carole Lombard, Fredric March. (Selznick-United Artists.)

(Week's Best Release)

WE members of the great public have rarely been made fun of so openly as in this picture. Usually Hollywood takes care to butter us up, respects our sentimentality, would not dream of insulting us.

But this picture was conceived by Ben Hecht, the most harshly satirical wag among screen writers. On the face of it, "Nothing Sacred" is just another crazy comedy, and a good one. But it is more than that, because it has a biting flavor that is out of the ordinary.

Carole Lombard plays a country girl who dupes a big New York newspaper into a belief that she is dying of radium poisoning. With Fredric March, a reporter, as its agent, the paper makes the "doomed beauty" a big stunt to bump up circulation.

In the funniest scenes the laugh is at the expense of the public, which weeps sentimentally over the girl, and at the same time hopes she will die soon to give them an extra sobby thrill.

Specimen scene: in a night club Carole is called to take her place beside Lady Godiva, Pocahontas, and others in a tableau of "Great Heroines of History." Overcome by champagne, she swoons. At once everyone clusters round her in the hope that they are witnessing her decease.

Carole Lombard gives a highly amusing performance as the minx. All the cast are good.

The picture is in technicolor, and one sequence is quite specially pleasant to the eye. It shows the towers of New York from an aeroplane.—Plaza; showing.

★★ LIVE, LOVE, AND LEARN

Robert Montgomery. (M.-G.-M.)

A FLAGRANT act of picture-stealing is committed here by that choice comedian, Robert P. Benchley.

Portraying an alcoholic friend of Robert Montgomery, he continually distracts attention from this star and also from Rosalind Russell by his exquisitely timed gags. Benchley drawls these comments, many of which are probably his own idea, with an unobtrusive brilliance.

The film is an agreeable bit of nonsense about an artist who gets conceited and loses his sense of humor when he becomes famous.

Montgomery plays the artist, and does it as well as could be expected. For the part is very improbable.

His transformation from a gay, unworldly painter to a mercenary bore is more than we can believe. Not that our scepticism matters much.

Montgomery and the whole film are more entertaining before he gets mercenary than afterwards. There is an excellent knockabout scene where he and Benchley humiliate an art-dealer with the beautiful name of Bawlitude.

One of the high spots is the brief appearance of E. E. Clive in one of his characterisations of horsy old English gentlemen. This fellow Clive is so funny whenever he turns up in pictures you wonder he is not given bigger roles.—State; showing.

★ CHECKERS

Jane Withers. (20th Century-Fox.)

THIS homely picture runs pretty slow in places, but it has an attractive cast to recommend it. Jane Withers plays the horsy niece of Stuart Erwin, an irresponsible racing man.

An accident to his horse, Sky Blue, which Jane adores, and the animal's convalescence are major ingredients of the plot. The rural domestic life of Una Merkel, Jane's aunt, is also presented, with some mild comedy from a pompous banker who is courting her.

Jane Withers puts admirable vitality into her part, and the picture will please her fans, who are getting numerous.

The situations are rather hackneyed—there is a mortgage on the old home, for example—and the story runs on at low tension.

Pleasant personalities are the merit of the film, especially Una Merkel.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE BUCCANEER

Fredric March, (Paramount.)

PRODUCED by Cecil B. De Mille, this picture is on spectacular lines, though, to our regret, it does not show the heroine in one of the million-dollar bathtubs in which De Mille used to specialise.

The buccaneer in question is Jean Lafitte, who helped the Americans to defeat the English at the battle of New Orleans during the American War of Independence.

Some of the spectacle is good; such as the surging of Lafitte's bravos from their hide-out in the swamps when they go to fight for the Stars and Stripes.

But the actual battle is a disappointment. De Mille's efforts have not provided any of the sense of danger and death which we presume a battle-scene ought to have, partly because Franciska Gaal, the tomboy love interest, keeps playing about in a "cute" way in the firing line.

The picture is very long, and the effect of a number of good passages is damaged by tiresome scenes of talk. The best parts are those where Akim Tamiroff is giving his delightful, warm impersonation of Lafitte's leathery old cannoneer, Dominique You.

March swaggers capably through his role of Lafitte. Franciska Gaal, a Hungarian we have not seen before, is quite pleasing as the Dutch girl who bobs up in Lafitte's entourage. But her role was obviously shoved into the story to furnish a bit of love-stuff, and is too irrelevant to carry much weight.—Prince Edward; showing.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Grace Moore, Melvyn Douglas. (Columbia.)

BUT if this is romance, we just can't take it.

You may be deeply in love with Grace Moore's voice. In that case you will get enough pleasure from this picture to make it worth a visit.

She sings selections from "La Traviata," "Martha," "Manon," and "Madame Butterfly." Also she sings a hill-billy aria called "Comin' Round the Mountain." And you know just how well she sings them all.

But with the best will in the world it is hard to find anything in favor of those sections of the film that are not purely vocal.

It is the story of a love-pursuit, and its hackneyed reels are not brightened by any effective jokes, any novel twists of plot, any liveliness of character.

Melvyn Douglas plays the manager of an opera-house in South America, who is in New York trying to make Grace Moore, a prima donna, fulfil her contract with him, and also to marry him. In order to effect this, he kidnaps her.

Douglas is a smooth and intelligent actor, but the dullness of his part overpowers him here. Even Stuart Erwin, most amiable of "off-siders," does not give any life to the pointless show.—Mayfair; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

Shows Still Running

- **★★★ Happy Landing:** Sonja Henie, Don Ameche; skating comedy.—Regent, 3rd week.
- **★★ The Hurricane:** Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour; spectacular drama.—Century, 5th week.
- **★ Rosalie:** Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; romantic musical.—St. James, 2nd week.
- **★ The Great Garrick:** Olivia de Havilland, Brian Aherne; costume comedy.—Embassy, 2nd week.
- **Portia on Trial:** Frieda Inescourt; drama of mother-love.—Lyceum, 2nd week.

THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly at 8, Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. J. C. Williamson, Ltd., proudly presents

"OKAY FOR SOUND"

Glorious cast of 120, including 30 imported stars, and a wonderful ballet of Australia's most gorgeous girls.

APRIL 30—RUTH DRAPER.

Use KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

Give your children Kleenex instead of handkerchiefs when they start to school in the morning. Kleenex helps prevent the spread of colds, protects your child as well as others. Box of 200—1/3

Keep Kleenex in every room.

Saves Steps - Time - Money.

For handkerchief use during colds . . . To dust and polish . . . In the kitchen . . . For the baby . . . and keep in the car — to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

Here are the 10 sweetest words

What are the ten sweetest words in the English language? Here they are.—Dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, melody, and Charmosan.

Charmosan, of course, is a famous word. There is Creme Charmosan that does this lovely thing to the skin—it makes it look YEARS younger with SUCH sweet charm of youth. If you aren't young, it makes you LOOK young.

It holds your powder for hours and hours with sheer witchery.

It recaptures and puts back into your skin all the things you thought you had lost.

No wonder then that tens and tens of thousands of women everywhere use Creme Charmosan, for never was there a cream like it.

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Greaseless. Big jar for your dressing table 2/6. Handbag tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.

Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a large box. You can get it in all shades, including sun tan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere, by chemists, drapers, and stores, including New Zealand.***

Had Pimples On Her Face

SHE WAS ANAEMIC AND NERVY

"I found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills very good for pimples," states Miss G.F.G., of St. Helens, Tasmania. "I had a lot of unsightly blotches and spots on my face. I have been working very hard and became nervous and run-down. My nerves were very bad.

"My mother told me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and, after taking a few bottles, I now feel very fit and well. My nerves are much better and all the pimples have disappeared."

Pimples, boils and sallow complexion are frequently due to poor, deficient blood, which also brings anaemic miseries and nervous troubles. These symptoms are destructive to fitness and attractive looks. You become languid and breathless, look sallow, and your nerves feel on edge. Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and notice how the rich, red blood these pills help to create, banishes your skin blemishes and strengthens your nerves and system throughout. Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, clear skin, new vigour and energy will soon make you attractive and fit. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.***

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MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE Strengthen Blood and Glands —Add Lbs. Quickly

Thousands of thin, weak, worn-out, run-down men and women, who are nervous and prematurely ageing, hardly realise that their principal trouble is very frequently MINERAL and FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands, particularly the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands which actually control health and weight, lack minerals and natural food iodine (do not confuse this with ordinary chemical iodides which often prove toxic or mere iodine tonics), even diets rich in fat and starches fail to produce health, strength, and energy. That's why thin, worn-out, tired men and women often have huge appetites and yet the food they eat does them little good. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of these 12 essential body MINERALS plus FOOD IODINE can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new health, strength and energy.

With "Vikelp" Tablets, a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90 ft. Pacific Ocean plant, considered the world's richest source of the 12 minerals such as Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Magnesium, etc., demanded by the body, plus FOOD IODINE, you may be sure of your needed ration of these precious substances, so sadly lacking in the everyday cooked foods we eat. 1,500 times richer in iodine than Oysters, once considered the richest source, "Vikelp" Tablets mixed with your food helps it to do you good. They stimulate the glands which produce the juices which enable you to get the good out of fats and starches, the weight-building foods. With proper assimilation of nourishment, you build new health, rugged strength, increased nerve force, banish fatigue and put on firm "stay-there" flesh. Not only is your body rejuvenated but faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism, and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely, without use of drugs.

Buy "Vikelp" Tablets to-day and if after taking them for 10 days you do not feel wonderful, eat, sleep and work better—and have not gained at least 5 lbs. (2½-40 lbs. a month not uncommon) your money will be refunded. They cost but little to use. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

Write to-day for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on New Facts about Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins: How to Build Rich Red Blood, Eliminate Skin Disorders, Gain New Energy, and Strong Nerves. Mineral Contents of Food and their Effect on the Human Body—absolutely Free. No obligation. Vikelp, Dept. W.W.A/4, G.P.O., Box 3679 S.S., Sydney, N.S.W. 6707

VIKELP Body Building Tablets

Real Life Stories

WOMAN'S ADVENTURE *with Tigers* IN INDIA

How it feels to be at the mercy of not one tiger—but three—is told by Mrs. F. S. Carmen, of 14 The Point Road, Woolwich, N.S.W., in her story of a hunt in India, which wins the £1/1/- prize for a real life story this week.

It's a thrilling adventure in which courage and quick thinking saved the day for all.

Tell Your Story

ALL readers are invited to contribute to these real life stories. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

MY husband and I were hunting tigers in India. With some native sepoys we were standing in the howdah on the elephant's back, watching expectantly for one of the tawny brutes to show itself. Our hopes were soon realised in the shape of three spitting, snarling creatures who clawed their way up the elephant's side vainly trying to reach us.

"....MY gun had fallen many yards away..."

The frightened elephant trumpeted shrilly and charged forward. The movement was so unexpected that I was flung off my balance and fell from the howdah in the wake of three infuriated man-eaters.

The sepoy had lost control of the pain-maddened elephant and in a few minutes all hope of rescue would be gone. My gun had fallen many yards away and if I ever had felt an intense longing for it it was then.

Fortunately, my husband was used to acting in emergencies.

Quick as lightning, and followed by a sepoy, he leapt from the howdah.

The tigers stopped at this diversion. My rescuers lost no time. The sepoy fired and killed one, my husband malmed another, who, with his fellow, fled for safety.

In my drawing-room to-day there is a magnificent tiger skin. I regard it with anything but friendly eyes.

It brings back too vivid memories of lying in frightfully prickly undergrowth watching the backs of three man-eating tigers, who might turn and maul me any minute.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. S. Carmen, 14 The Point Rd., Woolwich, N.S.W.

Fog Peril

SOME years ago, when living in New South Wales, a party of us set out by car to attend a dance in a distant town. The way led through rugged country—the road winding round the side of a mountain, often with sheer drops of hundreds of feet at its edge.

The dance was a great success, and at 2 a.m. we left on the return journey. The night was quite clear, but as soon as we reached the mountains a thick fog descended. I noticed that the driver looked uneasy, and drove more and more slowly. My friends in the rear seat were blissfully unaware that there was any danger, as they had gone to sleep.

The fog grew denser, until we could not see a yard ahead. Suddenly the driver applied his brakes, and remarked that he thought he was off the road. I told him I would have a look, and, taking a torch, got out and walked towards the front of the car.

Imagine my horror when I discovered that the front wheels were projecting over the edge of a cliff. Another half revolution of the wheels would have sent us hurtling into space. I awoke my friends to view what we unanimously agreed was the "closest shave" we had ever had.

5/- to Mrs. E. A. Clarence, Mollison St., Kyneton, Vic.

Rude Awakening

WHILE touring the North-West in a car with my husband, son and brother-in-law, we found what we thought was a suitable place to camp.

We were nicely settled for the night in our respective tents, and it was so quiet that not even a leaf stirred.

Suddenly we were awakened by a terrific crash as a huge dead tree fell within a few yards of our tents.

If the tree had fallen in a slightly different direction, I do not think I would be writing this now. We found that some of the limbs had even fallen into the car to which our tent was attached.

This happened at 1.20 a.m., and that was the end of sleep for us.

5/- to Mrs. A. A. Moloney, Mife, Park Rd., Manly Vale, N.S.W.

Marooned!

SOME eight miles down the Gulf from Port Augusta there is a long sandy bank known as Eastern Bank, which, while dry at low tide, is many feet below the surface when the tide is full.

One day, 11 of us decided to do some crabbing, so we landed on the bank and the motor launch conveying the rest of the party moved about a half-mile farther down.

Crabs were plentiful, and in what seemed a very short time we had our bag nearly full. But we had been longer than we had at first thought, and were stranded on a long, narrow island which even as we watched became rapidly smaller.

We moved to the highest point and made frantic signals to the distant boat.

The water began to wash over our feet, and soon it was up to our knees.

We stood huddled together shouting and waving in a vain attempt to attract attention.

Then there came an answering wave from the launch; but as the minutes went by and the boat didn't come the grim realisation came to us. They couldn't start the engine!

The water had now risen above our waists, and the boys' attempts to raise our failing hopes by joking and laughing were in vain. At last they, too, grew quiet.

Then came a shout of joy. Someone had pushed off from the now drifting launch in the eight-foot dinghy, and came pulling towards us. Then the engine of the launch burst into life.

But the sight that met our eyes choked back our joyous shouts. Not ten yards away a dark ominous fin cut the surface. Then another and yet another fin appeared.

Frantic splashing and yelling from the boys followed. Hysterical screams were stifled in our throats as the small waves broke in our faces.

Is it any wonder that neither I nor any of the other girls remembered being hauled into the boat?

5/- to K. G. Ashton, C/o Box 67, Port Augusta, S.A.

Ghost Removed

I WAS living on a lonely Pacific island cable station and one day the superintendent sent me a letter saying: "I am sending Wau Wau—a Gilbert Island girl—over to you as she says a ghost of a white man on the island is mesmerising her, and that you are the only woman who can remove the spell."

I sighted a little procession of natives wending their way towards me through the palms.

Wau Wau was being carried on her brother's back, moaning and groaning, and rolling her head from side to side.

The others walking in the little procession were terribly scared and gibbering among themselves.

I quickly got a medicine bottle and half-filled it with water and poured into it some cochineal.

When the party reached the steps I stood with this mixture in a rigid position in my hands. As Wau Wau was carried up the steps I opened the bottle, sprinkled some of the liquid over her, and said in Gilbertese language:

"Very good Wau Wau, the man has told me he will not cast the spell over you any more."

In two minutes Wau Wau had hopped off her brother's back and leapt down the steps from my house yelling:

"Very good, the White Lady is very good. Wau Wau more better now."

5/- to Mrs. Edith Hill, Hotel Central, Maryborough, Qld.

Compleat Philosopher

RETURNING from a car trip we stopped at a garage. As my husband was about to get back into the car he was knocked unconscious by another vehicle. He was taken to hospital. Finishing the journey by bus my son jumped off before it stopped, fell under the bus, and was badly hurt, while a smaller son had two lots of convulsions.

When I reached home after having my sons attended to I found a letter to say I had won a radio prize of £1, showing that, although we get the bad, the good is just around the corner.

5/- to Mrs. Jour, P.O., Sutherland, N.S.W.

Your skin can have the clear loveliness you have always desired with one simple care—regular washing with Rexona Soap. Rexona's special medications quickly banish blemishes from dull skins and give normal skins a new beauty they never had before. For more serious skin troubles, Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.

SOAP—9d. per Tablet (City and Suburbs).
OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. NOW also extra large size, three times the quantity, 3/-.

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The Chemist says—

"Most of my customers prefer HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE because it has such a fine record. Hearne's has been for many years amongst my best sellers for Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest, Bronchitis, etc. . ." 2/6 and 4/6.

WHEN YOU CAN'T EAT

Can't work, can't sleep, it is probable your digestion is out of order. Then you need a stimulating, digestive tonic such as the world-famous Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is the special combination of herbal extracts — found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup — which gives it such supreme medicinal value. Take it and you will enjoy your food; you will digest it; it will nourish you. Then you can eat; you can work; you can play; you can sleep — well and naturally. Buy a bottle to-day and try it.

At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 3/-.

RHEUMATISM

THOUSANDS of pain-racked victims have been saved from a living death by the great new arterial medicine, DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS, which has proved so marvellous for Rheumatism, Arthritis, and High Blood Pressure. Muscles and joints lose stiffness and pain. Aches and pains vanish as MENTHOIDS kill bacteria and germs, cleansing your blood-stream. Get a 6/6 (month's treatment) flask or a 3/6 (12-day treatment) flask of MENTHOIDS from your nearest chemist to-day. Get genuine Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS.

MENTHOIDS

"WHY don't you marry, Lila?"

"I can't decide between the doctor and the banker."

"Ah, your money or your life."

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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

At Randwick I Liked . . .

BROOCH of platinum set with zircons worn on lapel of Enid Blomfield's sporting grey and white suit. Enid has just returned from Colombo.

Fuchsia feathers trimming Barbara Lothcrington's upturned hat of navy felt.

Mrs. M. E. Roberts's gilt belt buckle with lots of cartridge fluting, worn with black frock of rodier cloth.

* * *

Club Luncheon at Races

THE Australian Club luncheon at Randwick was a great success, and among the smart race fans who attended it was Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland, who wore a wonderful string of coral with her black frock and tiny toque. Mrs. John Brunton had huge loops of felt in the front of her hat, which toned with her blue ensemble; and Mrs. Lennox Bode showed her coiffure through the top of her black velvet high hat worn with a black Angora coat and skirt.

I saw Mrs. Harry Harris in front of the official stand looking very smart in a square-cut navy coat and frock relieved with tiny collars of lime yellow and white. She was optimistically looking for a Melbourne visitor in a "brown frock with a feather in her hat," whom she had never met. I expect she is still looking.

* * *

Varied Fashions at Races

PAMELA ARMSTRONG who, with her host and hostess, Colonel and Mrs. Tom Rutledge, were Vice-Regal guests for luncheon at Randwick on Saturday, has complete faith in our climate. As it was bright and sunny in the morning Pam decided that all would be well for the day, and she wore a white crepe de chine frock patterned with field flowers and a shady white hat. Valerie Crowther, of Melbourne, was another to choose summery attire.

Very lovely I thought the vintage Angora frock worn by Mrs. Lang Gibson. It had a high neckline trimmed with a large bunch of flowers of the same material, and she wore a very high hat in a deeper shade. Lorna McSmith, from Orange, another Vice-Regal guest, looked charming in a French blue ensemble, and Sadie Budge wore a brilliant cerise scarf with her bright navy frock.

* * *

I do think it sporting of the polo players to allot the best car parking space at Kyeemagh to non-players this year. It will mean quite a lot of searching around for familiar faces in between chukkers, but we all enjoy that.

* * *

New Verandah at R.S.G.C.

THE Royal Sydney Golf Club cocktail party on Saturday was very bright. The new verandah is simply huge and quite able to accommodate the largest parties. The chat in between cocktails was mostly of the races, as almost all the guests came on from Randwick.

Among them were Sir Claude and Lady Reading, Mrs. Leslie Dunlop, Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Main, Mrs. Frank McDonald, Alison Cameron, Sadie Budge, Mrs. Doll Clayton, and Mrs. O. W. Renwick.

* * *

Cedric Hughes gave a large farewell luncheon party for Jocelyn Poynter at the Royal Sydney Golf Club at the week-end.

* * *

Selecting Trousseau

IN between social fixtures, Nora Cannon, of Bulgandramine station, Peak Hill, is spending every spare minute in the shops, choosing her trousseau. Her marriage with Leo Hazeler, of Maretimo station, Queensland, will take place at Pymble next Wednesday.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Luscombe Newman entertained at a cheery luncheon party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Sunday.

* * *

Debutantes at University

DEBUTANTES who in former days would have been labelled blue stockings, but now take their rightful place among the young lovelies of the city, will make their bow to society as well as the Chancellor of the University, Mr. Justice Halse Rogers, at the University Settlement Ball next Tuesday.

The girls are all undergrads and their escorts will wear academic gowns in honor of the occasion. Margaret Whale, Betty Bland, Melva Pound, and Lorna Saintry are among the Arts students who will make their debut in the Great Hall. Dancing will take place in the Union Refectory.

Vice-Regal Parties

THE Administrator and Lady Huntingfield entertained at luncheon and tea parties on Saturday and Monday, and have again invited guests to lunch with them this Wednesday. Lady Wakehurst was hostess at a luncheon on Saturday, and both the Governor and Lady Wakehurst received guests in the Vice-Regal rooms on Monday.

At Monday's meeting, Mrs. George Main, Captain Barry, of the Dorsetshire, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Main, Henrietta Loder, Captain Blake Pelley, Captain Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sinclair, Colonel and Mrs. Bruxner, Lorna McSmith, and Bradley Ryrie were Vice-Regal luncheon guests.

A PHOTOGRAPH of Miss Patricia MacDonald taken at Victoria Barracks. Miss MacDonald will make her debut this Tuesday at the Army, Navy and Air Force Ball at the Town Hall.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Good Time Planned

THERE will be fun and games at the Carl Thomas Club this Thursday at a cocktail tea being arranged by Joyce Beasley and a band of co-workers for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children. Polo-players and their parties are expected in large numbers, and the success of the venture is already assured.

Helen Weihen, who is working hard for the tea, gave races a miss in favor of motor racing at Bathurst last week-end.

Enthusiastic Angler

JUST twenty-one is Jack Kelly, at present doing his utmost to wangle an outsize game fish on his hook at Jervis Bay. Now that the Angling Competition is drawing to a close, each minute is precious, and Jack goes forth equipped with the latest gear in a smart boat each morning to the best fishing grounds.

Jack, all fishermen will remember, caught the first marlin of the competition off Narooma, at Christmas time. It weighed 192 pounds, and was a fine reward for the sportsman's second day effort.

Jack is a former captain of Scots College football team, and twice rowed in the eights. Since then he has played Ruby Union with Randwick firsts.

* * *

Polo Ball Fashions

"IT all depends on the weather," said Mrs. Tony Hordern when I asked her what she would wear to the Polo Ball this Friday. If it is coolish she will don black velvet and, for jewellery, her pearl necklace and earrings. Otherwise a frock of silver sequins will be her choice.

Mrs. Jim Ashton will wear the lovely white lace frock in which she was presented at Court last year. It is patterned in a rose design which is outlined with tiny beads, and a matching cape has the roses appliqued to the hem. The polo teams will all have their parties together for this highlight of the social and sporting season.

* * *

Palm Beach Week-end

PALM BEACH staged a cheery week-end. The Surf Club lads arranged a dance at the Pacific Club on Saturday.

Among the P.B. coterie were the Percy Spenders with their young sons, Peter and John, who never miss an opportunity of escaping from the city at holiday time. Their charming house, incidentally, has no name whatever. Mrs. Spender says they often consider one, but nothing definite is ever decided.

Helen Bruxner, instead of attending the races, also went to Palm Beach, where she was the guest of the Harvey Sutton family.

* * *

Mrs. John Williams, of Edgecliff, flew to Adelaide on Thursday to be in time to congratulate her father, Mr. H. Leake, of Forestville, S.A., on his ninetieth birthday.

Dressing at Show

DRESSING is particularly smart at the Show this year, and among the highlights I noticed in the official stand was the luxurious white arctic fox fur worn by Lady Wakehurst, with her black wool tailleur and a black pill-box hat. Lady Hordern donned a feather boa with her floral silk frock covered with a black coat.

Henrietta Loder wore light blue, a color she favors, with white accessories, and Hermione Llewellyn combined French-blue, petunia and black in her ensemble.

* * *

Dance for Veterans' Homes

FIFTY tourists from the Franconia were among the dancers at the War Veterans' Home dinner dance at the Hotel Australia on Saturday. Dr. William Wood, the president, and Mrs. Wood, wearing a lovely black frock beaded with steel beads and a short silver lame coat, entertained a party of fourteen. Also present were Dr. and Mrs. John Maude, Dr. and Mrs. Grahame Drew, Colonel and Mrs. Milne, Freda Wallace, Marie Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hume, and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Church.

* * *

Mrs. J. Stanley Paine came from Harden to say farewell to her brother, Dr. Curzon Furner, who left last week to do post-graduate work in London. Mrs. Paine is staying with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. S. Watkins.

* * *

Down from Queensland

LOTS of Queensland visitors are making for Mosman, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parish have settled into their new home. Mrs. Parish, formerly Elaine Smith, of Brisbane, is a crack golfer, and spends every spare minute perfecting her game.

Her home has a lovely view of the harbor and is within ten minutes' car run of Balmoral, so the Parish couple have ideas of qualifying for "icebergs" this winter.

* * *

Marga Harrold, of Queensland, is staying with Mrs. Ward at Yackerboon, Denman. She motored from her home with Arley Tait, and both girls will probably pay Sydney a visit.

* * *

Popular in Perth

MRS. BILL MacDONALD is being much admired in Perth. With her husband, Mrs. MacDonald—before her recent marriage Maxine Darrow, of Sydney—is being taken everywhere and meeting all Bill's friends before making off to Fossil Downs station in the interior. The bride has a fine new residence waiting for her, and Bill's sister, when she visited the West recently, made it as homelike as possible in readiness for the new occupant.

* * *

Lawrence Tibbett and his wife will stay at 52 Macleay Street while in Sydney. A suite overlooking the harbor has been engaged for them.

* * *

Evening Wedding

MARIE HOLMES and Ronald Ramsay have planned their wedding for this Tuesday evening at St. Mark's Church. The wedding reception will be at Elizabeth Bay House.

Being an enthusiastic tennis player, most of Marie's pre-wedding parties were in the form of tennis teas. As it rained on the day of Jean Kennedy's party, the guests were taken into Usher's for luncheon. Noreen Hallard, Freda Wallace, Valmai and Jean Ramsay, Sadie Budge, and Mrs. Winn Reilly were among the guests.

* * *

HAVE YOU HEARD—

That Jennie Brennan, just returned to Australia, says that Big Apple is now superseded as ballroom favorite by Little Apple and Stag dances? "They are much the same but more restrained."

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If you are short and stout—

Don't have shiny fabrics, curved cross-lines, round details or wide and square lines across neck and shoulders.
Do choose long lines that go the full length of your figure for that dinner dress. Soft but weighty fabrics in deep rich shades. Aim at height and slenderness by having hair swept high. Shoes to match your dress.

If your chin is pointed—

Don't highlight the sharp chin with V necklines, sharply pointed or peaked crowns in your hats.

Do have soft and irregular lines in your hat, with trimming in back. Let your neck lines be draped and high. Or a scarf, loosely thrown, works wonders.

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OFFICE TEA . . . *Amusing Habit Says* AMERICAN

Looks Over Our Strange Customs

By W. S. DAVIES, son of the representative of The Australian Women's Weekly in New York. He has just visited Australia.

Coming to Australia after living in a city like New York presents to the traveller some very interesting comparisons in the two ways of living.

However, the general impression a person receives on arrival in an Australian city is that it is remarkably similar to the cities of the United States.

MORNING TEA in a city office. A custom that amused American visitor W. S. Davies.

ON the way down the coast I stopped at Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne, and I think if any one of those cities were suddenly transported to the U.S. and located in a similar climatic zone it would not present a strange picture to either the local inhabitants or to the Americans.

Although the Australian cities give a visiting American an impression of familiarity, there are many small differences in customs and ways of doing business that amaze him.

The habit of having morning tea in the office is one of these amusing customs. Few, if any, places of business in the U.S. have facilities for preparing anything hot to drink or food of any sort.

Another difference which I noticed immediately is the remarkably small number of people who live directly in the cities. Few apartment houses seem to be located in the city proper.

This fact is probably due to the accessibility of the suburbs, thus enabling people to commute between home and business in a short time.

Moreover, this appears to be the reason why all of the eating and amusement facilities in Australian cities can be closed on Sunday.

In the U.S. many facilities of this sort are open to cater to the enormous number of people who live directly in the city, and who cannot leave over the week-end.

Queer Habits

WHAT strikes me as being particularly odd is the tipping habit, or lack of it. Very little tipping is done here, I am told, and people certainly don't seem to expect tips. Generally, when I go into an American restaurant and pay the bill while I am at the table the waiter will bring me a portion of the change in small coins.

In this way, he makes certain that the customer has sufficient coins to give him a tip. On the other hand, in Australian restaurants the waiters and waitresses make it as difficult as possible for the customer to give tips.

The small leather valises that are carried by most people on the city streets aroused my curiosity from the first. All types of people had them, business men, lady shoppers, and even many children.

I wondered what people carried in them. At first I thought that they were overnight bags, and that many people were going away for a few days during the holidays. However, after seeing hundreds of people carrying them, I realised that this was an absurd conclusion.

Later on I was told that women used them for parcels, men for their business papers, and children to carry their lunch and school books.

I noticed many men and women of all ages carrying tennis racquets round the city. Moreover, numerous private homes are equipped with their own tennis courts, even those in the rural areas.

The great number of people who can swim is evidence of the tremendous interest in this form of sport. Of course, the beaches are located so near to the cities that all can get to the water cheaply and conveniently.

Moreover, the climate is conducive to the outdoor life. The long summers and the hot, clear days are ideal for all types of outdoor events.

Horse racing is the national sport, I am told. I went to a race track and verified this for myself. The enthusiasm of the fans and their intense interest in everything that happened at the track definitely proved that the sport of kings ranks high, if not highest, in the outdoor life of the nation.

The tracks are laid out so beautifully and so conveniently from the standpoint of the man who wants to place a bet that I could see the primary purpose of the track design was efficiency.

The speed of traffic never fails to amaze me. Even though the cities have very few traffic lights as compared with U.S. cities, the traffic seems to move along without congestion.

What determines which lane of cars should move first across an unguarded corner I haven't found out yet.

The idea of penalising pedestrians who cross against red lights is also new to me, although I understand several places in the U.S. have similar laws.

I must admit that the cities of Australia are kept very clean. The clean streets seem to be the direct result of people placing their refuse in the baskets provided for that purpose.

I have watched several people walk half a block or more carrying a newspaper they didn't want or a used cigarette package, until they came to a place where they could dispose of it. I see very few men sweeping up the streets, yet they always seem to be free of dirt.

The tremendous amount of milk and fruit drinks consumed in the large cities interests me. There are so many places where these drinks can be obtained. People go to these bars at all hours of the day.

It seems to me to be a very healthy habit, and is followed to some extent in the United States. However, the popularity of the milk habit there is not nearly as great as it is in Australia.

The idea of closing the liquor bars at six o'clock and for most restaurants to close at eight o'clock seems to be unusual to me. In New York some cafes are open practically all night, and hotel dining-rooms are in operation at least until half-past nine. On the whole the dinner-hour here appears to be earlier.

The people seem to be the same in most respects as those of the U.S. cities. There is a similar air of speed and hurry during working hours. In fact, the five o'clock rush traffic made me feel very much at home.

Great Future

HOME life is very important here compared with New York. At night, people seem to get together in their houses for private entertainment rather than go to the cities.

This apparently accounts for the comparatively small number of evening amusements available in the cities.

Home gardening is also a greater hobby here than in other places. However, the houses do show, at a glance, the tremendous care and time spent on them. It seems to be time well spent in beautifying the suburbs.

I will say that I think Australia is a very interesting and enjoyable place. I never realised before that it had so many tourist attractions, but I do think that they should be advertised more fully in other countries in order to get more foreign visitors.

I particularly enjoy the pleasantness of all the people and the feeling of good humor which seems to be ever present in the atmosphere. From my observations, I am sure that Australia has an even greater future than her rapid rise in the past would indicate.

War Service Ribbons

TO enable ex-Service men to brighten up their medals for the Anzac Day march, the Returned Soldiers' League advises that ribbons are available at a very nominal cost at Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

ARIANS, learn and practise self-control! It constitutes the yard-stick of prosperity and happiness for you.

AS an Arian (born between March 21 and April 21) you are the "salt of the earth," but you must never forget that too much salt can spoil a meal. In other words, the very characteristics which make you strong, capable and attractive can, if uncontrolled, bring unhappiness to yourself and into the lives of others.

Whatever their faults, Arians are never weak. They are born leaders and pioneers, enjoying the battle for existence and inclined (possibly without realising it) to thrust others aside in the excitement.

Patience is not one of your strong points; you are too apt to become irritable and unhappy when you meet with delays and opposition. You become abrupt, rude, and over-forceful in expressing your opinion, and in showing your impatience with slower people or tedious methods.

Far fields always look greenest to you. The result is that you wax enthusiastic over any new project or change and start many new ventures which you fail to complete.

In this way you waste much of your precious energy and time, two gifts which could be turned to better account if you learned to plan your life with more wisdom than impulse.

Want To Lead

DON'T lose interest if an enterprise cannot be finalised quickly and in an exciting manner! Try to realise that your time and efforts are valuable and that it is better to finish one job well than to be starting new ones all the time.

Above all things, learn—and practice—self-control. This is the characteristic by means of which you may rise or fall in life.

You are apt to be hot-tempered, easily annoyed, and rather nervous when thwarted. At such times, unless strong restraint is exercised, you may say, write, or do things which you will later regret.

You resent a dull or narrow life and become militant and aggressive under restriction. You are a leader, a fighter, and an originator, not a follower or an imitator.

You think and act rapidly and with force and abruptness, and in so doing are likely to earn the dislike as much as the unwilling respect of associates.

To do really good work you must become a builder of some kind—a constructive and methodical person, rather than a destroyer or a breaker of rules and regulations.

You make a better boss than servant. You can direct and enthuse those who work under you, but your independence and self-will are likely to get you into trouble when you have to take orders.

Once you find your true sphere in life, there is very little in the way of success which you cannot achieve, provided you learn the lessons of discretion, patience, unselfishness and self-control.

Many Arians aspire to film and stage careers, and can usually win fame and popularity. Others excel as lawyers, engineers, journalists, politicians, educators or advisers, mechanics, surgeons, soldiers, policemen, business managers, inventors, designers, foremen, advertising specialists or promoters, and in almost any field where transportation and tools of steel or iron are necessary.

They also make good salesmen (well able to sell themselves as well as their abilities), and usually manage to shine in the field of sport or other competitive element.

In short, Aries-born people are fine people (and usually know it), capable and fond of activity and excitement. And although you spend much of your life going around with a chip on your shoulder and praying that someone will knock it off, you will fight your own battles courageously—and take time off to fight the other fellow's, too.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Try to finalise important matters now, for they should prosper. Waste no time on April 19 and 20 (until noon only). Make changes, seek promotion, be confident.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Good times ahead, so plan well now; but reserve really important matters till advised. Make April 20 (after noon), 21, and 22 work for you.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just fair on April 23, 24, and 25 (early).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Matters have probably been a little difficult for you lately, but they improve shortly, so plan ahead. Be very circumspect and make no changes, however, on April 20, 21, and 22. Better on April 25 and 26.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Work hard on April 19 and 20 (morning) to finalise important matters of all kinds, for difficulties may beset your affairs thereafter. Live very cautiously on April 23, 24 and 25 (early).

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): The stars will favor you for a while, so be confident and make plans. Caution best on April 19 and 20 (early), but improvements likely on April 20 (after noon), 21 and 22.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Affairs should improve slightly for you soon, so continue to live cautiously, especially on April 20, 21, and 22.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Trouble is on the trail of those Scorpio people who are too venturesome now, so cautious living is advised. Make no changes of any kind, and try to avoid partings, losses, arguments and opposition, especially on April 23, 24 and 25 (till noon).

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): The stars will help you again this week, so work hard on April 19 and 20 (a.m.), finalising important projects and making considered changes.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Opportunities for improvements are on their way, so work hard planning what you want to do. Make the most of the friendly planetary rays on April 21 and 22. April 20 fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Take no risks; make no changes. Live quietly for a while. Delays and difficulties likely on April 23, 24, and 25.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Small improvements possible on April 25 and 26.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MANY famous people belong to the sign of Aries . . . people who have reached the top of the ladder of fame. People like Bismarck, Houdini, J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Andrew Mellon.

Baby Alligators As Pets

ALLIGATORS do not make the best of pets—when they are fully grown — but nevertheless there is demand for them in England.

They find their way into houses all over the country to be kept in aquariums as pets until they get too big.

This young woman certainly seems at home with a batch of 200 babies received recently. But she knows how to handle them.

LOTTERY LUCK

Follows Astrologer's Advice

Reading a paragraph like this about Pundit Asrah, the Astrologer, Mr. M. J. Collins, of Berowra, wrote to him. He had been dangerously ill, and with an income of 25/- a week, and a wife and three children to keep, he badly needed some good luck. Pundit Asrah gave Mr. Collins certain advice about his lucky days and numbers, which he followed, and then he shared a £1000 Lottery prize.

Mr. M. J. Collins.

Mrs. W. J. Woods, of Hill-top Farm, Bulli, also read a similar paragraph, and she, too, wrote to Pundit Asrah. She acted on his advice. Then she shared in the £1000 Lottery win.

Readers who are interested in lotteries and want advice similar to that given to the lucky lottery winners about lucky days and numbers, are invited to send this paragraph with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope, and the day and year of their birth, to The Astrologer, Desk AWW 4, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.

Within ten days Pundit Asrah will post them the days and numbers which, according to the stars, should be lucky for them. **This is what he did for the £1000 winners.** He will also send ten simple Rules on "How to be Lucky"—the rules which were followed by Mr. Collins and Mrs. Woods before they won. Help good luck come your way by sending to Pundit Asrah without delay.***

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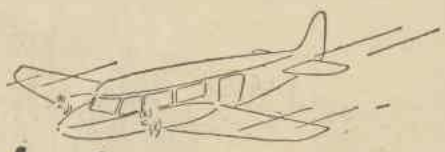

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A FASCINATING SOUVENIR OF THE SYDNEY CELEBRATIONS

CVS—61

STORY *of the* NANCY B.

Continued from Page 5

AND every day that the ship lay in port, except Sunday, of course, when she had to be a proper young lady, Nancy could be found aboard her.

There was something idyllic about this friendship between the tiny, bird-like child, with her eager, laughing face and bobbing, corn-colored curls, and the great, lumbering sailor whose shoulder muscles were always threatening to burst through his coat.

The great ladies of Baltimore were horrified when first they heard of it. They even felt it their duty to descend upon old Sam Borthwick in a body, and bring this dreadful state of affairs to his notice.

"Ladies," he said with elaborate gentleness, and with difficulty subduing his rising anger, "there is no doubt that your presence here is influenced by an admirable sense of duty. I am deeply grateful. I must point out, however, that the ship belongs to Nancy—even registered in her name. Thus she is privileged to go aboard her if, when, how, and as often as she likes."

Like a flock of startled hens, the dowagers all besieged him with "Buts" in the one breath. It was only then that he actually lost his temper.

"Dog's blood!" he exploded savagely, "I'd rather leave my girl in Johnny Field's hands for a lifetime than with one of your elegant sons for a minute. Good day, ladies!"

The guardians of Baltimore society withdrew in confusion, to wag heads sagely and tongues acidly. But thereafter Nancy climbed the rigging with a great show of pantalettes, learned to splice and to swear, ate salt horse in the officers' mess, and cheeked the sailors with the freedom of a cabin-boy. In time her escapades aboard ship were condoned even by the most staid of the city's matrons. And no one could suppress a smile at the sight of that ill-sorted pair walking up the jetty to old Sam's waiting carriage.

There was a constancy about that friendship that even the most reluctant had to admire. For nearly ten years it remained unchanged at each home-coming, from the first joyful greeting to last tearful farewell.

Then, on this last trip home, Cap'n Johnny found her suddenly grown into a young woman, with coquettish airs and graces, and a flock of downy-faced youths trailing her about.

Old Sam always gave a dinner for the officers of his ships on the first night back in port, and Johnny went along as usual. But he scarcely spoke a word to Nancy all the evening. Just stared at her as though he didn't believe his eyes, as though that lovely creature couldn't possibly be the same person as the thin little girl who'd squealed with delight at his jokes and hurled bantering remarks from the end of a yard-arm.

But if Nancy's blossoming forth into womanhood, and beautiful womanhood at that, abashed and frightened Cap'n Johnny, it undoubtedly charmed Robin. Beautiful ladies were the breath of life to him. Few men in Baltimore could be more charming in feminine company, more debonair, more witty. He monopolised and fascinated Nancy.

THAT night as they returned to the ship, for neither had a home in Baltimore, the mate, Sep Andrews, saw Cap'n Johnny toss a number of things over the side. The last was a tiny box. Johnny held it up to the moonlight for a moment or two, then, with an almost imperceptible shrug, let it drop into the waters below. It made only the faintest splash.

Nancy came down to the ship next day, and was charming and said inconsequential things and laughed a lot. And Johnny told yarns and teased her about her hair. Yet something had gone out of their friendship. There was an undercurrent of secret appraisal where before there had only been trust and a tremendous fondness. Conversation lagged, became stiff and faintly embarrassed, and soon Robin came on deck to bear her off up the town.

She did not again visit the ship during the weeks the Nancy B. was in port, nor did Cap'n Johnny venture farther uptown than the company's office. Instead, he threw himself energetically into the work of refitting, while Sep, whose task that usually was, went home to assure himself, as he put it, "that life on a Pennsylvania farm was worse than goin' to sea."

It was the day before sailing that Sep returned, and on that day he saw Cap'n Johnny hurrying away from the office with misery lining his face, and old Sam standing in the doorway looking as though he could cry.

Next day the Nancy B. sailed, and, for the first time in her history, on the early morning tide.

There's something about departing in the early hours of the morning that makes it not a parting at all, but rather a sudden transition from one world to another. There is no sea of faces staring up from the jetty below. No sense of loss, no tears, no regrets.

The guttering lamp on the pier-head is your only link with the sleeping world on land. And as it sinks behind and grows dimmer it becomes less real, then vanishes altogether.

The lower sails hang flat from their yards like great grey ghosts, because the land breeze hasn't yet begun to stir itself down below. Only the royals are drawing, but you can't see them because it's so dark up there. A faint gurgling, like the drawn-out sigh of a giant beast asleep, comes from beneath the counter to tell you that the ship has steerage way.

A flash of light comes and goes, comes and goes—a lone symbol of the world you are leaving and can't see. Then the ship lifts gently to the surging ground swell—awkwardly at first, like an old lady picking her skirts over a mud puddle—then with deliberation and rhythm.

And when the sun climbs up out of the ocean, you're in a world of turbulent water and flying spume, bellying canvas and singing ropes. The world you lived in, toiled in, worried in, is just a dirty brown smudge on the horizon.

So it was with the Nancy B., and all hands were happy. The joys and sorrows, the pleasures and the disappointments of those weeks ashore were forgotten.

By noon the breeze had come in hard from the nor'-west. Under reefed royals, the Nancy B. scuttled southward at a spanking fifteen knots. Cap'n Johnny paced the poop with his shirt open at the neck. His glance strayed restlessly from the topmasts, where the t'gallant sails bellied like bloated pigs, to the steersman, the froth-fringed waves gradually overtaking and sweeping beneath the ship, and the low streak of brown on the starboard beam that marked the coastline.

As eight bells struck, Robin clumped up the companionway to take over the watch from Paddy Roth, the third. Cap'n Johnny was too engrossed in the way the t'gallant yards were beginning to bow to notice the figure that followed the second mate on deck. Nor did he notice that the breeze whipped modest skirts about shapely limbs and streamed corn-colored curls back from the lovely face.

Paddy Roth saw her, and so did Sep, who was slopping back through the waist from the fo'c'sle. But both were too amazed even to carry on with their tobacco chewing. Their chaws hung mid-way between a crunch and a gape.

Nancy Borthwick—for it was none other than she—ran quickly to the taffrail and slipped a hand through Robin's arm. Her head was tossed back, and her little chin jutted out defiantly. Her eyes, as blue and sparkling as a coral sea, were frightened.

After the first start of surprise, Cap'n Johnny's face was a graven image, and his eyes had a cold, steely glitter.

He'd been anxiously studying the topmasts and was about to give a command, probably to reef the t'gallants. He never uttered that command. Instead he said quietly, "Miss Nancy, please go below."

His voice was flat. Flat and dull as a backwater lagoon on a cloudy day. It seemed to dumbfound Nancy and Robin. The mocking grin faded from Robin's face. Nancy just stared, incredulous, then burst out, "I won't have you putting the blame for this on Robin. I made him take me——"

"Please go below, Miss Nancy," Cap'n Johnny repeated, patiently, and so low that Sep and Paddy had to stretch their ears to hear.

For a fleeting instant Nancy's eyes peered wide into his, as though seeking some flicker of weakness. Then, she turned abruptly on her little heels and made off, her skirts and hair sweeping out before her in the breeze.

Not until the top of her head disappeared below decks did Cap'n Johnny turn to his brother. Even then he was cold, emotionless.

"Are you married?"

"No, there wasn't time." Robin was puzzled. So were Sep and Paddy. So, probably, was every other member of the crew on deck at the time. Here was something. They were used to the skipper's towering rages, but they'd never seen such silent, white-hot fury.

"Look here, Johnny," Robin protested, mistaking the other's faint smile. "It's not that. I'm not mad enough for that. Only there wasn't time, and we thought you'd marry us when we got to sea."

BUT Cap'n Johnny just continued to smile in that unfathomable way. "Break out the watches," he commanded. "Get suns'ls on her and stand by to bring her on the wind. We'll have to press her to make Baltimore before dark."

Robin flared up at that. "It won't do you any good to take us back——"

"Break out the watches!"

For a moment their eyes held, and for the first time there was hatred in them. "Aye, aye, sir," Robin muttered at last, and his face was hideous with impotent anger.

Sep and Paddy were chewing again now. Sep took a worried glance at the following seas, which were now terrifyingly large and spume-bedecked. "You'll never get her around in this," he felt incumbent to observe, but the skipper paid no attention.

In less skilful hands the Nancy B. might have broached to and foundered in the seas that pursued her, but Cap'n Johnny took the wheel himself. Watching every movement of ship and water he spun her deftly as she humped her back on a towering wave, met the succeeding wall of water with her quarter, and had her paid off and moving before she slithered into the next trough.

In an instant the danger was past. Two steersmen now held the laboring vessel on a close tack to port. With obvious relish the Nancy B. lunged at the oncoming seas, crushing them disdainfully beneath her forefoot and flinging clouds of spray higher than her tops'l yards.

However, that instant of terror brought its reaction. Cap'n Johnny's hands were shaking. Sep and Paddy, eyes rooted to the straining mast, spat unconsciously into the wind. Robin had regained his mocking grin.

"And, dear brother," he asked amusedly, "after having nearly dismasted your ship, why are you taking us back to Baltimore?"

"To return Nancy to her father, who's probably demented with worry by this time."

"AND is that the only reason?" Robin's tone was bantering.

The skipper's expression was grim. "Since you've asked, no," he said. "She's too good for you—so is any other self-respecting woman." He glared angrily at his brother.

The grin never left Robin's face, but he was thoughtful for a moment.

"I ought to resent that," he observed finally, and with an elaborate pretence at solemnity, "but I don't. I just feel sorry for you." He grinned more broadly as Cap'n Johnny glowered with indignation. "I'm sorry that after all these years it's me she loves, and not you.

"No doubt it seems incredible to you that I should be in love with her," Robin continued. "Incredible, perhaps, but true. And now, realising that however zealous you may be in your employer's interests you still can't have Nancy for yourself, perhaps you'll square away and continue this voyage and—er—our honeymoon."

There's no telling just what might have happened then if the Nancy B. had continued to behave herself. But ships are as cantankerous as women. That, in some respects, is what makes them interesting.

There on the sloping, heaving poopdeck the brothers faced each other, immobile with hatred, yet with each bulging muscle tensed and ready. Sep and Paddy stared fascinated, awestruck. It happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly that neither had time to cry out.

Please turn to Page 36

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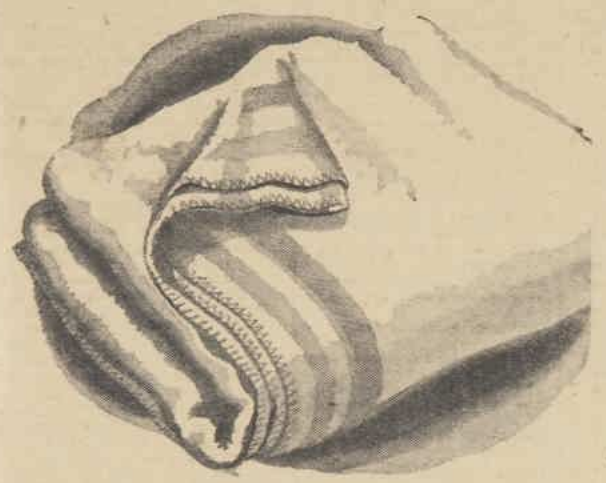

29/6 BLANKETS 18/6

Special mill purchase of odd blankets, at 11 shillings off; all sizes in the group. Some are slightly marked, but all good qualities. Single-bed size, pair us. 29/6, now 18/6. Dble.-bed, pair us. 45/-, now 31/6.

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Huge selling of 'Osman' towels—thick and snowy white. Size 16 x 29. 20 x 36 ins., usual 2/11, now 2/3. 22 x 41 ins., usual 3/6, now 2/6. 24 x 45 ins., usual 3/11, now 2/10. 27 x 52 ins., usual 5/11, now 4/4.

Towels and Blankets on the First Floor, also the Sheets quoted below. Lay-by!

12/6 "HORROCKSES" SHEETS, PR., 10/11

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"Cyclax" sends Thelma Besant from London!

TO TELL YOU modern make-up secrets and help in any of your beauty problems. Each 'Cyclax' preparation (coming direct from the London Mayfair Salons) has its own specific purpose—bracing, toning or nourishing the skin. Miss Thelma Besant will be in attendance at the Cosmetic Section, Ground Floor, until April 30th.

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A two-way step-in with new "non-roll"

Foundation magic by "Moderne Miss" — a new 'non-roll' waist-line that dispenses with embarrassing hitching. Small, medium and large sizes. The price is only **10/6**

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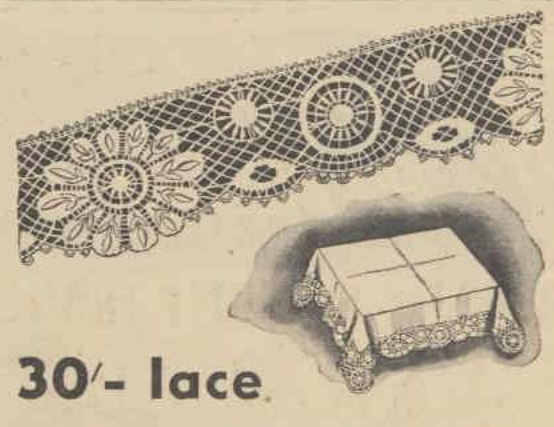

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Lace Department — Ground Floor

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—a high-flung beret for 7/11

Be debonair for Autumn in a beret that does justice to your profile, gives you added height and costs only 7/11. Good-looking velvet in black or navy. Sizes 21½, 22, 23½.

Millinery — Third Floor

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STORY *of the* NANCY B.

Continued from Page 34

WITH a crack like a cannon, the mizzens'l blew out from luff to leach and the boom crashed to the deck, splintering taffrail and after house to matchwood. The ship fell away instantly, and, beam on to the gale, buried her leeward gunwale a full fathom beneath the sea.

"Square away," Sep managed to shout to the steersmen, and "trim braces," to the surprised and terrified crew clawing at the almost perpendicular deck in her waist.

It was only after the Nancy was once more scampering safely before the wind that they noticed the crushed form of Robin beneath the boom. Cap'n Johnny hadn't moved, for all the ship's antics, and there was a dazed, stupid expression on his face.

Robin was still alive when they carried him below, but too badly injured to be cobbled up aboard ship. There was only one thing to do. Sep laid a course for Wilmington.

Three days later the Nancy B. lay safely at anchor in Wilmington harbor. After all these years Sep is unable to recall all the horror of those three days of fury-lashed seas, and of the broken, pain-racked body that had to be lashed into the bunk. But he does remember that Nancy never left Robin's side, that she uttered no comment, and that she seemed dazed beyond tears, or feelings of any kind.

The ship lay at anchor for a week while hospital doctors wagged heads sagely. All that time Nancy was confined to her cabin, too exhausted and weak to move. Then late in the afternoon of the last day Cap'n Johnny returned from the hospital.

"Make ready for sea," he ordered Sep, and added, without emotion, "My brother is dead."

. . . .

Rio, Santos and Buenos Aires had all been left behind, and the ship was half-way to Liverpool on her return northward before Nancy smiled again. Every member of the crew sensed the misery she must have been suffering, and all respected her silence. On calm days a hammock was swung for her in the shade of the mizzens'l, and as though unconscious of the life and activity going on about her, she lay quietly reading or staring at the endless waste of water. At other times she remained below.

Then one night she came and stood at the taffrail with Cap'n Johnny. The doldrums had been left behind, and the Nancy slipped through the calm sea with only the musical gurgling of the wake to mark her passage. There was no moon, but the light from the compass binnacle cast a grotesque shadow of the steersman on the close-hauled mizzens'l.

"You—all of you—have been very kind," Nancy said finally.

"There wasn't much we could do," Cap'n Johnny replied with embarrassment.

"You've done a great deal—more than you realise."

"I HAVE had plenty of time to think," she continued, "and—well, it's strange that I should have known you for so many years and yet really only begin to know you in the past four months of this voyage."

She stopped, as though expecting Cap'n Johnny to speak, but as he did not take his gaze from the enveloping blackness astern she went on, "It's hard for a girl to say these things, but I know you well enough now to realise that you'd never ask. If only I'd understood you before! John, I love you—terribly—will you marry me?"

Still Cap'n Johnny stared into the black night, but his hands trembled as they rested on the taffrail.

"You know I will," he replied gently.

"Then please hurry and kiss me," and she smiled for the first time on the voyage.

They were married in Liverpool, and old Sam Borthwick sent a long and expensive cable of paternal blessing. Even the frivolous old Atlantic behaved kindly on the run home, but as they neared the coast Cap'n Johnny became restive.

One night he and Sep Andrews talked in low tones in the shadow of the mizzen.

"Sep, you and I have been good friends for a long time," the skipper began, "and now I am going to ask you to do something that is mad, fantastic.

"When we reach Baltimore, I shall leave the ship and join old Sam in the business. The command of the Nancy will go to you——

"I wish that that was all there was to it," Cap'n Johnny added hastily, noting the gleam of pleasure in the other's eyes. "As I said, you will take command. The remainder of the ship's company will be transferred to another vessel—we will sign on an entirely new crew."

He raised a hand to silence the question on Sep's lips.

"All that I can offer in return for what I am about to ask is my solemn promise—and that of the Borthwick Line—that so long as you can pace a poopdeck *you* will have a command, and that as long as you live you will be amply provided for.

"Now, on leaving Baltimore you will put in to Wilmington. At the hospital you will pick up your second mate, William Saunders, who is convalescing there. William Saunders, by the way, is in reality Robin Field!"

"What?" Sep was stunned.

"Robin didn't die," Cap'n Johnny went on, smiling sadly. "I lied to you. But the doctor told me he would never regain his memory—I gambled on that. What I have done wasn't easy—he is my own brother, and I'm fond of him even though he is worthless. I legally killed him, and want him to remain so, because I think it best for Nancy and old Sam and the Borthwick Line—yes, and for me.

"Old Sam knows all about it. I wrote him from Rio and received his approval of the scheme when we were in Liverpool. You will pick up William Saunders in Wilmington—we'll have papers for him and everything else—and as long as he lives the Nancy B. will not return to Baltimore."

SEP protested and argued. The scheme was sheer madness. It would never work, someone was certain to find out. Old shipmates would recognise him in some foreign port. But Cap'n Johnny argued, too. He was tireless, unrelenting, and for all the boldness of it the scheme sounded, reasonable as the skipper presented it.

"But he wasn't such a bad laddie," Sep protested feebly at the end. "I hate to do such a thing to him."

"You'll be doing the kindest thing possible for him, you fool," retorted Cap'n Johnny. "I told you he's lost his memory. As William Saunders he'll be happy—as Robin Field, suddenly come back to a world of faces and names he should remember and can't, and a world that has passed him by, he'll be miserable."

And so it was that the Nancy B. began to tramp around the world. For twenty-seven years she never came within a thousand miles of Baltimore, but Sep didn't grumble. Steamships chased almost every other windbag off the seas, but there were always cargoes waiting for the Nancy. And although the Borthwick Line grew and flourished the little barque was never forgotten. In every port she visited the company's agent was the first to board her, and no matter how great her wants, or those of her crew, they were always granted.

The World War came and went, and so did shipping strikes, depressions and all manner of maritime upheavals, but Sep's crew clung to the ship until death or infirmity granted them a discharge.

The Nancy B was lying at Havana beneath the scorching Cuban sun, when William Saunders contracted his last illness.

"He won't pull through this time," the little port doctor told Sep. "He is not yet an old man, but he has drunk too much during his life. His kidneys——"

Sep immediately despatched a cable to Cap'n Johnny in New York. He was known as old John now—a wizard of a man at juggling ships and cargoes—and the company had long since transferred its offices from sleepy little Baltimore.

On the same day came a reply: "Stop in port, we are flying to Cuba—arriving Wednesday. Johnny."

Sep could not remember having ever seen two more unhappy people than Cap'n Johnny and his wife, as they clambered up the gangway. Nancy, in middle age, was still a beautiful woman, but her eyes wore a haunted look. There was misery written in every line of Cap'n Johnny's face.

"I had to tell her," he confided, when Nancy had gone below. "When your cable arrived I just couldn't keep it from her any longer. We've been happy together, Sep, really happy. I suppose this will end it—she'll hate me."

He turned about abruptly and strode forward to the fo'c'sle. In spite of all those years ashore he still had the rolling gait of a windbag sailor, Sep reflected, watching him go.

SEP climbed to the poopdeck just as Nancy came up from below. She was crying softly.

"Poor Robin—oh, that poor soul—he doesn't remember, he didn't know me," she sobbed, and then, hopefully, she asked, "Tell me truthfully, has he been happy?"

Without lying, Sep assured her that Robin had always found life fairly pleasant and interesting. She seemed to be greatly relieved.

"It was all my fault, Captain Andrews," she continued, bitterly. "I never loved him. I got him to smuggle me aboard the Nancy B. hoping it would make Johnny jealous—make him propose to me." She smiled sadly. "Girls do silly things sometimes when they're in love with a shy man."

She allowed her eyes to rove lovingly over the old ship for a moment. "Good-bye, Captain," she said. She was composed now. "Thank you for all you've done for him. Tell Johnny that I'll wait for him at the hotel."

Robin was in a stupor when Cap'n Johnny and Sep went below. The end was not far off. Somehow the heavy lines of age and dissipation had smoothed away, and in the soft light of the cabin he was the same charming scoundrel of twenty-seven years ago.

Cap'n Johnny picked up the limp hand, crushed it between his own two great fists and, choking with emotion, turned to go. But as he moved away from the bunk, Robin's eyes opened and a faint smile gathered at his lips.

"Hello, Johnny," he called in a husky whisper.

"My Heavens! He knows me!" Cap'n Johnny was shaken. So was Sep.

The dying man smiled again. "Yes, I know you—known who I was for years." He saw the flash of fear in his brother's eyes and added, hastily, "but she doesn't suspect. I pretended I didn't recognise her."

"Robin, Robin," Cap'n Johnny cried out, "why did you pretend all these years? If you knew, why——"

"Because I loved her—incredible, eh? You wouldn't believe me. Her happiness—first."

The smile broadened into the old grin that Cap'n Johnny and Sep had known those many years ago, and it was hard to realise that he was dead.

It was all over, and as the two old men stared down at that inscrutable face, their hands joined in a grasp that was deep with understanding.

"Take him home," said Cap'n Johnny. "He loved Baltimore, and there's a mooring up the river for the Nancy. She's earned her rest, and so have you."

And so it is that the Nancy B. swings idly to the gentle flow of the backwater tide. Cap'n Johnny and his lovely wife have since passed on. Only Cap'n Sep Andrews, older than sin itself, remains of those to whom the little barque was once a mighty ship. But the great Borthwick Navigation Company does not forget its obligations.

(Copyright.)

Might Have Been

The ghosts of the things that might have been
Are fragile and wistful things.
They flutter about my foolish heart,
On vague, uncertain wings.

They bring back dreams of days now past,
And a love that is evergreen,
And my heart is softly weeping for
The ghosts of the might have been.

—LAURIE CASS.

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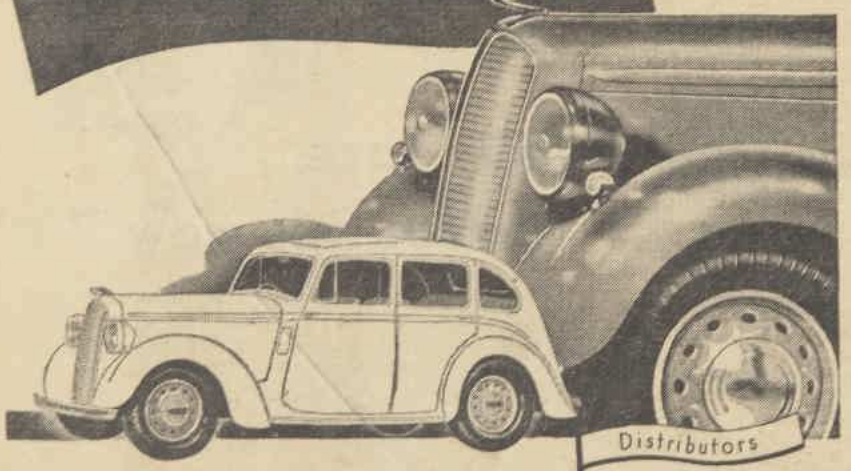

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LIVE FROG *Chorus in Radio* THRILLER

Earlier Announcers Were Not Always O.K. For Sound

Speaking about the early days of radio, American entertainer Howard Milholland, who is heard with Eva Garcia, Spanish pianist, from station 2GB, says that sound effects were the hardest thing to obtain.

"It was the search for suitable sound effects that proved the biggest bugbear in the early days and called for quick thinking," said Mr. Milholland.

HOWARD MILHOLLAND, American impersonator, is a new star among 2GB entertainers.

DOING a thriller, 'The Black Swan,'" he explains, "we were at our wits' end for a means of imitating the croaking of frogs.

"The studio was on low flats, with water a quarter of a mile away.

"The night before we gave the first episode it rained heavily, and frogs from the water came on to dry land in millions.

"All we had to do was hang a microphone out of a window.

"People may smile, but it's a fact. A man in Alaska wrote to us asking how we got the realistic effect.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Milholland, "the best possible sound effects come from the real thing.

"These days, with portable recording outfits, it is possible to go to the real thing and make a record of it.

"In the early days it was different, and we often had to experiment for days before we found a means of creating the necessary sound effects.

"I remember one occasion," continued Mr. Milholland, "when we were doing a Christmas broadcast of Charles Dickens' famous story, 'The Cricket on the Hearth.'

"Now, it's not possible to catch a cricket and make it sing exactly when you want it.

"Hollywood discovered the same thing recently, when attempts were made to obtain a tenor cricket. Crickets can be even more temperamental than prima donnas.

"However, after a couple of frantic days' experimenting, we found the sound we wanted.

"A long finger-nail plucking a piano string, not on the sound part, but near the peg, did the trick, giving an exact reproduction of a cricket's song.

Too Real

"OF course, realism in sound effects can be carried too far.

"I knew a man in America by the name of Cross, who did a session called 'Cross Cuts From the Log of the Day.'

"As his theme, or background music, if you prefer it, he had a couple of negroes sawing up logs with a cross-cut saw, in addition to 25 or 30 chattering and singing birds to give an outdoor effect.

"Those niggers got through a ton of logs in a year."

Mr. Milholland's present world tour is a result of his love for new faces and new people.

"Because I am an impersonator and impressionist, I feel that it is only by meeting new people that I am able to create new characters.

"Also the work I have done in creating characters helps me to understand people so that my visit to Australia is something more than a mere broadcasting tour; it is a thrilling adventure."

Howard Milholland is a believer in frequent stage appearances for radio artists. "On the radio you may be doing your level best, but you haven't the faintest idea how you are getting on," he explains.

"It is only by having an audience in front of you that you can judge how good or bad an artist you are."

Mr. Milholland has a college for radio talent in America, and his advice is: "Always tell your pupils to get as much stage experience as possible."

"It prevents one becoming a stereotyped personality," he says. "This is particularly dangerous in radio."

The Australian Women's Weekly Radio Sessions from Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, April 20: 11.45 a.m., Serial. "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, April 21: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, April 22: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, April 23: 7.45 p.m., "Concert Under the Stars"; 9.30 p.m., Art Kassel and his "Kassels in the Air," with Harry Richmond (vocalist).

SUNDAY, April 24: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital, Jussi Bjorling; 6.10 p.m., Norwegian Light Orchestra with Helen Jepson (soprano).

MONDAY, April 25: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, April 26: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

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Continuing HALF-WAY HOUSE

from Page 6

"AH," said Ellery. "Then it was Wilson who walked down to the river. And returned to his death. What's in that shack down there, De Jong? It is a boat-house, isn't it?"

The big policeman frowned down at Wilson's still face. "Yeah." His cold eyes were puzzled. "And it sure looks like you were right about another man using this shack. There's a small sailboat down there with an outboard motor—pretty expensive toy, looks to me. Motor's still warm. One of the men at the Marine Terminal's come forward to testify that he saw a man answering Wilson's description sailing the boat out of the landing below at a quarter after seven to-night."

"Joe? Joe sailing a boat?" muttered Bill.

"That's the ticket. This man also saw Wilson coming back—says it was around half-past eight, and he had his motor going on the trip in. He was just sailing on the trip out. Wind died around seven-thirty, you'll remember."

Ellery rubbed the back of his neck. "Odd . . . Wilson was alone?"

"That's what this Terminal man says. It's a small craft with no cabin, so he couldn't be wrong."

"Out for a sail. Hmm." Ellery looked at the dead face. "An appointment with his brother-in-law on a matter of extreme urgency for nine—he goes out for a sail two hours before . . . nervous, the need for reflection, solitude . . . I see, I see. Of course, De Jong," he added strangely, not looking at Bill, "you realise that his use of the boat doesn't mean it belonged to him."

"Sure, sure. Only—" De Jong's eyes flickered—"this man says he's seen Wilson out sailing on a number of occasions in the past. And always alone. Fact, he seems to regard Wilson as a sort of fixture around here."

"Joe's been here before?" cried Bill.

"For years."

Somebody outside laughed.

"I don't believe it," said Bill. "There's a devilish mistake somewhere. It can't possibly be true——"

"And not only that," continued De Jong without changing expression, "but in the shed back there there's another car."

Ellery said mercifully: "Another car? What do you mean?" Bill's cheeks turned the color of dirty clay.

"Lincoln sports roadster, latest model. Key in the ignition. But the motor's dead cold, and there's a swanky tarpaulin over the car. No owner's licence inside, but it's going to be pie tracing the serial number, gents; just apple pie." De Jong grinned at them. "That car must belong to this fawn-rug guy who's been using the shack. Looks like a real live lead. Yes, sir . . . And there's something more, Pinetti!"

"Good Lord," said Bill in a strangled voice, "what next?"

One of the silent men behind De Jong stepped forward and handed his superior a small flattish suitcase. De Jong opened it. It was untidily packed with cards displaying cheap jewellery—necklaces, rings, bracelets, cuff-links, fraternal emblems.

"That's Joe's." Bill licked his lips. "Samples. Stock."

De Jong grunted. "Came from his sedan; that's not what I meant, Pinetti, that other thing."

The detective produced a metal object. De Jong held it up, turning it over in his fingers with a false preoccupation. Then his cold eyes shot up to the level of Bill's face.

"Ever seen this before, Angell?" He slammed it into Bill's hand.

It was very curious. As if De Jong's question had been composed of oil. Bill's manner altered, smoothing out to a blank and glassy stillness.

"Of course," he smiled. "On hundreds of cars." And he turned the object slowly over in his hands. It was part of the radiator-cap of an automobile—the rust-flecked figurine of a running woman, metal hair and arms streaming behind her. The figure had been broken off at the ankles, leaving two rusty, jagged ends of metal where the tiny feet had been attached to the threaded plug.

De Jong snorted and snatched the figure away. "That's a clue, gentlemen. It was found in the main driveway right in front of the house, half-buried where—Hannigan says—the Ford ran over it. I'm not saying it mightn't have been lying there for a month. But then again," his lips curled away from his mouth in a leer, "it mightn't have. See what I mean?"

Bill said coolly: "You've put your finger on the weak spot of that exhibit as evidence, De Jong. Your prosecutor would have a sweet time proving that that was broken off the cap of a car on the evening of June first, even if you found the car it came from."

"Oh, sure," said De Jong. "I know you lawyers."

Ellery glanced absently from the little metal woman to Bill's face, blinked, and walked around the table.

De Jong was saying with exultation: "So I'm getting after the car this came from right away, get me? And when I find it . . ."

Ellery slowly straightened up. Across the body of Joseph Wilson he looked at his friend, and for an instant teetered on the thin edge of a mad impulse. Then he looked down at the dead man again, and this time both the uncertainty and annoyance were gone from his face, leaving wonder, conviction, and pity behind.

"Excuse me," he said in a flat voice. "I'm going out for a breath of air. This stuffy room . . ."

De Jong and Bill stared at him. He smiled faintly and hastened out of the shack as if it had become intolerable to him.

When he reached the little frame house across the road from the Marine Terminal he went inside, said something to the old man there, pressed a bill into his hand, and picked up the telephone. The old man stared at him with curiosity. He called Information, gave the clerk a name in New York City; and while he waited he looked impatiently at his wristwatch. It was ten minutes past eleven.

IT was a quarter to twelve when he returned to the shack in his car, which he had parked near the Marine Terminal. Something seemed to have happened inside the tumble-down house, for the newspapermen were storming it, held back by curses by police and detectives.

Nothing had changed in the shack except the people who had invaded it. The detectives were gone. De Jong was still there, coldly and rather cynically pleased, talking in low tones to a short nondescript man with a brown face. Bill was there . . . and Lucy Wilson, nee Angell.

Ellery recognised her instantly, after almost eleven years.

She was still the handsome, vigorous creature he had known—almost as tall as her brother, with the same round chin and black eyes, and a body as strong and pliant as a spring. Her figure had burgeoned with the years. It had grace and sap in it, and beauty. Mr. Ellery Queen was no sentimentalist where women were concerned, but he felt now—as he had always felt in the past when in her presence—the pull of her sheer attractiveness.

Ellery said in a low troubled voice: "Lucy Angell."

Her head came about slowly, and for a moment her black eyes reflected nothing but the dreadful reality of the thing on the floor. Then suddenly they flashed. "Ellery Queen. I'm so glad." She extended her free hand and he went to her and took it.

"There's nothing I can say, of course——"

"I'm so glad you're here. It's so horribly, horribly . . . unexpected." A tremor shook her. "My Joe dead—in this awful place. Ellery, how can that be?"

"It can't, but it is. You must learn to face that."

"Bill told me how you happen to be here. Ellery—stay."

HE pressed her hand. She managed the ghost of a smile. Then she turned back to look down again.

Bill said coldly: "De Jong played a dirty trick. He knew I'd sent Lucy a wire. Yet he sneaked this detective of his off in a department car to Philly to wait for her, and when she got home from the movies had her hauled back here as if—as if——"

"Bill," said Lucy gently. Ellery felt her hand warm in his own, the plain thin gold wedding-band on her third finger strong and unyielding against his palm. The hand on Bill's shoulder was white with pain and as unadorned as a pine crucifix.

"I know my job, Angell," said De Jong with rancor. "I see you're acquainted with Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Queen. Old friends, eh?" Ellery flushed and released the warm hand. "I suppose you want to know what she says?"

Bill growled deep in his throat. But Lucy said in a steady voice, without turning: "I want him to know. There's nothing, Ellery, no explanation I can give . . . I've answered all this man's questions. Perhaps you can convince him that I've told the truth."

"My dear woman," said De Jong, "don't get me wrong. I know my job." He seemed offended. "All right, Sellers; good work. Stick around. By the way you can let those newspaper hounds in now." A glance of secret understanding passed between him and the short brown man; the detective nodded without expression and went out.

Time passed, and they were buffeted about in a sea of noise. In many ways it was a nightmare; the air in the low-ceilinged cabin was soon thick and foul with cigarette smoke, blazing occasionally to the lightnings of photographers' flash-lamps; the walls re-echoed with laughter and shouted conversation. Every few minutes someone jerked the newspaper De Jong had placed there off the dead man's face and photographed it from a new angle.

Eventually the room was cleared. "All right, folks," said De Jong as the sound of the last departing car died away. "That's all for to-night. You'll keep available, of course, Mrs. Wilson. We've got to take your husband's body to the morgue——"

"De Jong," said Ellery from the corner. "Wait."

"Wait? For what?"

"It's inconceivably important." Ellery's voice was grave. "Wait."

They were still for so long that the random sounds of the river began to creep into the shack again, after hours of being drowned out.

Then De Jong said: "All right," with a peculiar irritation, and went out. Lucy sighed. And Bill shut his mouth tight. After a long time De Jong came back, accompanied by two uniformed men carrying a stretcher. They dumped it by the corpse.

"No," said Ellery. "Not yet. Let the body alone, please."

De Jong snapped: "Wait outside," and eyed him hostilely, chewing at a cigar. Eventually he stopped pacing and sat down. Nobody moved.

Please turn to Page 40

"Lux Toilet Soap brings tempting new beauty to the skin" SAYS FASCINATING IRENE DUNNE

"I follow my Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment regularly every day. Try it—you girls who want to make new conquests! You're sure to win out!"

Irene Dunne

IRENE DUNNE Starring in "The Awful Truth" a Columbia Picture.

The regular use of Lux Toilet Soap—that's Irene Dunne's beauty secret! It *is* worth learning, isn't it? Especially as 9 out of 10 of Hollywood's alluring stars choose the same simple way to a lovely complexion. Complexions must be guarded jealously in Hollywood . . . kept smooth and clear and youthful for the all-too-betraying cameras. Yet these glamorous women pin their faith to the simple care of Lux Toilet Soap. Try the stars' way to loveliness!

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Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual cream you can feel. Notice too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

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What Women Are Doing

Nursery Schools

MISS MARY BIRD, a trainee of the Gipsy Hill College, London, has come to Australia at the invitation of the Day Nursery Association, Sydney, to assist in the development of the nursery schools that are being established in the N.S.W. capital.

Day nurseries are springing up like mushrooms in America, she says, and child psychologists are in daily attendance. The English system is more in the nature of a social welfare movement.

✣ ✣ ✣

Oxford "Blue" Likes Water Sports

FROM England comes news of Miss Denise Dettmann, of Sydney, who is continuing her studies at Oxford. She has just won her "blue" for rowing. Miss Dettmann is a graduate of the University of Sydney, graduating with honors in classics and winning a gold medal.

She has been at Oxford for 18 months, and is enjoying the life of the University. She is a student at Somerville College. Apart from rowing Miss Dettmann is keen on all the water sports offered by Oxford and does a lot of swimming and canoeing.

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She Knows All About Eisteddfods

THERE are two branches of work connected with eisteddfods that Miss Eva Lang, of Brisbane, should thoroughly understand.

Miss Lang
—Noel Maitland

For the last three years she has been honorary treasurer of the Kurilpa Eisteddfod, and for five years honorary accompanist for the Norman Park Eisteddfod. Both positions, although so different, she enjoys, but, while competitions are on, she is kept very busy.

Last year at Kurilpa there were 900 entries, and the committee is hoping for 1000 this July.

Miss Lang is also deputy organist at St. Andrew's Church of England, Brisbane.

Pioneer Almoner

MISS GWEN WATERS is certainly creating a unique record for herself. Some years ago, she was the first almoner attached to the Geelong and District Hospital in Victoria. She left there to be the first almoner of the South Australian Crippled Children's Committee. After two years of valuable work, she has resigned to become the first almoner at Hobart to the Tasmanian Crippled Children's Committee.

Miss Waters is regarded in Australia, for all her youth, as quite a pioneer of her profession. Her work consists of locating crippled children and seeing that they get correct treatments. She also arranges for their education and that they are trained to some employment so that they may become useful citizens.

Exhibits New Branch Of Needlecraft

AMONG exhibitors at the Country Women's Association's Exhibition at the Royal Easter Show, Sydney, is Miss Alys Jones, of Tasmania. Miss Jones is noted for her exquisite needlework, and at a recent exhibition in Hobart some beautiful examples of her work were on view.

Of special interest was a negligee of pink georgette, quilted in the Italian manner, delicately shaded wools showing in an intricate pattern through the material.

This design came from the Art School of Needlework, Kensington, London, the same design being supplied to Queen Mary.

Miss Jones is particularly interested in quilting. A new branch of needlecraft is shown on two bags of glazed floral chintz, the pattern of which is outlined and quilted in gold thread, achieving a delightful antique effect.

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Holds Bronze Medal For Skating

MISS BONNIE CAMPBELL, who has come to Australia with her mother, Mrs. E. A. Campbell, on a holiday visit to relatives at Emerald, Victoria, is a first-class amateur skater.

A bronze medallist, she has entered for many amateur skating competitions, and is a member of the same club, the Queen's Ice Club, as Sonja Henie. She has travelled widely, and is a ski-ing as well as a skating enthusiast.

Always Busy With Welfare Work

MRS. J. D. LAVARACK, of Melbourne, whose husband is Chief of the General Staff of the Australian Military Forces, has been elected president of the committee for the Legacy Club Ball, to be held on Boat Race eve, May 12, at the Palais, St. Kilda, Melbourne. The entire profits of the ball will be used for work undertaken by the Melbourne Legacy Club on behalf of the children of deceased soldiers.

Mrs. Lavarack
—Jack Cato

Mrs. Lavarack is always very busy assisting one charity or another. As she is particularly interested in the Melbourne District Nursing Society and the After-Care Hospital, she worked hard for the success of the golf gymkhana at the Riversdale Golf Club in aid of the funds of this deserving cause.

Other committee meetings Mrs. Lavarack attends include the Wives and Mothers of the Air Force Association and the Victoria League, of which she is vice-president. Her spare time she devotes to outdoor sport and is keen about riding.

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Fresher Representative For Her University

MISS KIERA STRANAGHAN, a former pupil of the Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, has been elected as fresher representative on the committee of Melbourne University Women for the current year. Miss Stranaghan is doing an Arts course.

The vacancy for an Arts faculty representative, created by the resignation of Miss Frances Balfour, has been filled by the election of Miss Shirley Whittaker. Miss Whittaker has recently returned from an interesting trip to Ceylon. She is a tennis "blue," secretary of the University Women's Tennis Club, and the captain of the senior pennant four.

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Post as Tutor in Swiss School Is Her Ambition

SHEER ambition and a love of languages have lured Miss Joyce Davis, of Adelaide, overseas. She is fluent in French and German, but wants to learn Italian as well. Miss Davis, who is a B.A. of the University of Adelaide, left Australia recently for London, where she will study new languages, and later go on to relatives in Switzerland, with whom she has been corresponding (in English) ever since she could write.

Miss Davis
—Mayfair

It is her ambition to get a post as tutor in English in a school in Switzerland. She has had experience in teaching in the Education Department, and also taught Botany at Walford House, stepping into that position at a moment's notice.

Miss Davis also ran the Ruskin Book Club at Glenelg, and by way of a hobby was captain of a Ranger Company of Girl Guides at Colonel Light Gardens.

Busy Band of Young People

A VERY busy band of young people are members of the Gloucester branch of Prince Henry's Hospital Younger Circle, Melbourne. They have already raised quite a large sum for rebuilding fund of the girls' ward.

Miss Lascelles
—Jack Cato

Now they are concentrating on their annual ball, to be held on April 29. Organising secretaries are Kathleen Wilson and Alyson Wellman. Kathleen has completed a two-year course at the Home Craft Hostel, and Alyson is a cooking demonstrator for one of the gas companies.

Miss Kathleen Lascelles, president of the Gloucester branch and also secretary of the Girls' Ward Fund, arrived back from overseas last week in time for the ball. While abroad she became a member of the Imperial Society of Dancing in London.

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Delegate to International Red Cross Conference

ON her way to London in the Ceramic, Dame Mary Cook, wife of Sir Joseph Cook, a former Prime Minister of Australia and High Commissioner in London, spent the time her ship was in port in West Australia with her son, Major G. S. Cook and Mrs. Cook. Major Cook is Director of Commonwealth Works in the West.

Dame Mary told The Australian Women's Weekly that she will visit Mr. Joseph Cook, jun., and Mrs. Robert Cook, who has been ill, in London, where she will stay until the end of August.

Dame Mary will represent the N.S.W. Red Cross Society at the International Red Cross Conference in London in July. She is enthusiastic of the splendid new building which is to house all sections of the Red Cross in Sydney, and regrets being unable to be present at the laying of the foundation stone of the structure on Saturday.

As a life member of the National Council of Women Dame Mary hopes to be present at the farewell party to be tendered to Lady Aberdeen—for many years the council's president in Scotland—shortly.

"Back to the Family" Movement in America

MADAME F. MARSI, who has returned to Melbourne after an adventurous world tour of fifteen months, has many interesting things to tell of her travels.

A Viennese by birth, she accompanied the Vienna Mozart Boys' Choir as honorary chaperon, and travelled extensively in South America, Canada, the United States and Britain.

In the States she found that women's organisations wield an enormous influence. A movement spreading rapidly in the States is "Back to the Family." The slogan, Madame says, is, "We must get back to the family, the foundation of our nation has gone."

Another successful reform was in regard to films. In numerous schools and colleges pupils pledged themselves not to see a film until the school authorities had approved it.

Through the Overseas League Madame met many American women who had served in France with the Australian Army Nursing Service, and she hopes now to meet Australian nurses to whom she has brought introductions from their friends abroad.

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Illustrating Changes of Fashion in 150 Years

SIXTEEN frocks, illustrating the changes of fashion in the past 150 years, have been made by the teachers and pupils of the Women's Handicrafts School, of East Sydney Technical College, and are being shown at the Royal Easter Show, Sydney.

Miss Gough
—Dayne

Miss Eleanor Gough, principal of the school, heads the committee of sixteen teachers who made a special study of the different periods of women's dress.

Miss Gough, who has been principal for 13 years, joined the staff at the school twenty years ago. Needlework, design, and the history of dress have always been her hobby as well as her profession. Thousands of girls have learned needlework and dressmaking under her direction in the four-year course at the school. At present she controls a staff of forty teachers.

NOW, it's easy to banish the wretched stuffiness of a head-cold or nasal catarrh. Just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. The moment you use it, you *feel* the tingle of Va-tro-nol's keen, stimulating action as it quickly relieves irritation, clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and drains the sinuses. It makes every breath delightfully clear and cool again.

NEXT TIME, don't wait until your nose is all stuffed up. At the first warning sniffle or sneeze use Va-tro-nol at once—and avoid many colds altogether.

Va-tro-nol is *specialized* medication for the nose and upper throat *where 3 colds out of 4 begin.* Used in time, it stimulates Nature's own defenses in this "danger zone" to throw off a cold *before* it starts. Doctors have *proved,* in years of scientific tests among 17,353 people, that Va-tro-nol can often help you to *escape entirely* the days and nights of misery that a cold brings.

Use Va-tro-nol to banish that stuffiness you are suffering now. Then keep it handy, use it early, and *prevent* your next cold. At all chemists.

More people use it than all other medications of its kind put together.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
Keep it Handy—Use it Early

What Sufferers from

INDIGESTION

really want to know

If you are a constant sufferer from digestive pains, if heartburn, wind, acidity and griping pains tell you of serious digestive disorder, the one thing you ask is: "How can I get quick relief?"

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives relief from the very first dose because it overcomes the cause of your pain—excess acid in the stomach. It soothes and strengthens the whole digestive system. You can enjoy your meals without any painful after-effects. The food you eat is easily absorbed into the system to create new physical strength and vitality.

No matter how serious your digestive trouble, De Witt's Antacid Powder will overcome it, because:—

1. On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. It spreads a soothing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, keeping the biting gastric acid from the inflammation, and so the stomach regains its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary processes of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for mealtimes and happily comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by Indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful Indigestion Remedy

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6.

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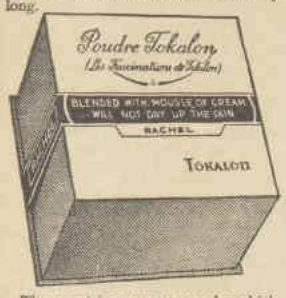
Sensational Change In Face Powder Fashion

No more hard 'made-up' look

NEW POWDER INVISIBLE ON SKIN GIVES MARVELLOUS NATURAL BEAUTY

Smart French women have started a new vogue. They have found a face powder that gives a peach bloom complexion without a trace of shine all day long.



The secret is a new process by which the finest triple silk-sifted powder is blended with Double Mousse of Cream. This latest process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—has now been patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon enables you to say good-bye for ever to shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives you an exquisitely beautiful complexion that stays absolutely "matt" for 8 hours. Neither wind, rain nor perspiration will make your skin shine if you use the Tokalon "matt-finish" powder. It gives a fresh rose-petal loveliness that will make you twice as fascinating. Ask for Poudre Tokalon—made in eleven exquisite new shades: 1/- and 2/- a box at all Chemists and Stores.

STOMACH AILMENTS

Stomach pains occur and are relieved by taking food, only to recur a few hours later. Obviously, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours, as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIN SODA before each meal. If taken regularly, this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/6 packet from your chemist and try it to-day.*

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 38

THEY sat stupefied by inaction, too weary to speak or protest.

And then, at two o'clock in the morning, as if by prearrangement, a motor came roaring down Lamberton Road.

Ellery flexed his arms a little. "Come outside, De Jong," he said in a flat tone, and went to the door. De Jong followed, lips drawn back. Bill Angell hesitated, glanced at his sister, and quietly went out, too.

Three people stepped out of a long chauffeur-driven limousine onto the tarry road. Conducted by detectives, they walked slowly along the boards placed over the main driveway, their feet curiously reluctant. All three were of a height, tall and somehow, despite everything, poised—a middle-aged woman, a young woman, and a middle-aged man. They were in evening clothes—the older woman in a sable coat over a white sequined gown, the younger in a short ermine wrap over a flaming chiffon that swept the ground, the man carrying a silk hat in his hand. The women had been weeping; the man's stern, rugged face was set in hard and angry lines.

Ellery said soberly in the driveway: "Mrs. Gimball?"

The older woman raised eyes underscored with leaden sacs, brittle blue eyes whose self-assurance had recently been shattered. "And you, I suppose, are the gentleman who phoned my father. Yes. This is my daughter Andrea. And this is a very dear friend, Mr. Grosvenor Finch. Where——?"

"So what?" said De Jong softly.

Bill drifted away from the lighted doorway into a deep shadow. His eyes, narrowed a little, were on the slender fingers of the young woman's beautiful left hand. He stood so close to her that he could have touched her ermine wrap. To his ears the deep suspicious tones of De Jong, the silk-hatted man's cultured voice, the older woman's harassed quaver were blurred and half-unheard. In his shadow he hesitated, and his eyes went from the young woman's hand to her face.

ANDREA GIMBALL, he thought. So that was her name. And he saw that her face was young and unspoiled, not at all like the faces of the young women he knew, not remotely resembling the faces of the young women who were habitually pictured on society pages. It was a good face, delicate, soft, and somehow it touched a responsive chord. Singularly, he wanted to talk to her. A sharp corner of his brain buzzed warning, but he ignored it. He extended his hand from the shadow and touched her bare arm.

She turned her head slowly towards him, and he saw that her blue eyes were deep with alarm. Under his fingers her skin felt suddenly cold. He knew that he should not be touching her; he felt her instinctive withdrawal. And yet something made his hand tighten about her arm and draw her, quiet and only half-resisting, into his shadow.

"You—you—" she said and stopped, straining to search his face. She could only dimly make it out, but it seemed to reassure her, for her skin warmed against his fingers and the alarm became simply fatigue in her eyes. With a guilty feeling he released her.

"Miss Gimball," he whispered. "I have only a moment. Please listen to me. . . ."

"Who are you?" she asked softly.

"It doesn't matter. Bill Angell. It might have been anyone." But he knew that to be untrue as he said it. "Miss Gimball, for a moment I meant to expose you. I thought— Now, I don't know."

"Expose me?" she faltered. "What do you mean?"

He came closer in the shadow, so close that he could smell the faint aroma of her hair and skin. And he lifted her left hand suddenly and said: "Look at your ring."

From the start she gave, from the odd way in which she jerked her hand to the level of her eyes and stared, he knew he had been right. And curiously, he wished now that he had not been right. She was so different from the woman he had visualised.

"My ring," she said with difficulty. "My ring. The—the stone's gone."

The ring was on the third finger of her left hand, an incredibly delicate circlet of platinum with naked uplifted prongs, two of them a little bent. Where the stone had been there was a hole.

"I found the stone," whispered Bill, "in there." And he nodded in the direction of the shack. Suddenly he looked around, and she caught something of the caution in his manner, for the alarm came back into her eyes and she crept a little closer to him. "Quickly," he whispered. "Tell me the truth. You were the woman in the Cadillac?"

"Cadillac?" He could barely hear her voice. For a maddening moment her aroma filled his nostrils with increased insistence.

She was silent for so long that he thought she had not heard him. Then she said: "Oh, Bill Angell, I'm so frightened I—I don't know what to say. I never thought . . . If I could only trust you——"

Bill thought bitterly: This is what comes of weakness with a woman. Is this cleverness, or desperation? And he said in a low voice: "I haven't had time to think. I don't trust women—as a rule. But I suppose . . ."

He felt her slender body straining against him, and her voice floated with odd cadence into his consciousness. "I've no right at all, Bill Angell—whoever you are. But you won't say anything? You'll protect me? Oh, it would be so easy for—for them to misunderstand!"

She was trembling as if she had just emerged from cold water.

"Well," he said at last, "well . . . no, I won't say anything."

The glad little cry was music. For a stunned instant he felt the pressure of her arms about his neck and her lips, fumbling and then sure, against his own. Then she had slipped out of his shadow, and he felt so curiously alone that his own body shivered, and he stepped back into the shack and ugly reality.

Ellery said quietly from an adjoining shadow: "I think, De Jong, you could defer all this until later."

Her mother, the tall man, De Jong, had not missed her. They fell silent, and then De Jong led the way into the house.

LUCY WILSON was sitting where they had left her. It might have been the instant before, she was so still and pale and changeless. Bill was in a corner, gazing at the floor.

Mrs. Gimball took a hurried glance at the body and stifled a sob.

Andrea Gimball murmured: "Mother. Please. Please don't."

"Mrs Gimball," came Ellery's cool, remote voice, "will you please identify the body?"

The blood was sucked out of Lucy Wilson's face. The sight of her increasing pallor brought Bill Angell sharply to himself.

"I still don't see," said Chief De Jong in a puzzled tone, "what the devil you're driving at, Mr. Queen."

But the woman in the sable coat was floating across the fawn rug like a somnambulist. Her thin figure, erect and regal and dehydrated, was steel. The girl remained where she was; and the silk-hatted man put out a hand and steadied her.

De Jong's nostrils were oscillating; he darted behind the table and snatched the newspaper from Joseph Wilson's face.

"That is——" began the woman, and she stopped. "He is——" She groped with one heavily jewelled hand for the table behind her.

"You're sure? There's no possibility of error?" asked Ellery calmly from the door.

"None . . . whatever. He was hurt in an automobile accident fifteen years ago. You can still see the permanent scar above his left eyebrow."

LUCY WILSON uttered an incohate scream and leaped to her feet. Her control was gone. She sprang forward as if she meant to tear the other woman to pieces.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "What do you mean? What do you mean coming here like this? Who are you?"

The tall woman turned her head slowly. Their eyes touched—hot young black eyes and the brittle blue of age.

Mrs. Gimball drew her sable coat more closely about her in a gesture almost insulting. "And who are you?"

"I? I?" Lucy shrieked. "I'm Lucy Wilson. That's Joe Wilson, of Philadelphia. That's my husband!"

For an instant the woman in evening clothes looked bewildered. Then her eyes sought Ellery's at the door and she said coldly: "What nonsense. I'm afraid I don't understand, Mr. Queen. What sort of game is this?"

"Mother," said Andrea Gimball in an anguished voice. "Please, mother."

"Tell Mrs. Wilson," said Ellery without moving, "precisely who the man on the floor is, Mrs. Gimball."

The cold woman said: "This is Joseph Kent Gimball, of Park Avenue, New York. My husband. My husband."

Ella Amity screamed: "Oh, my Heavens!" and sprang like a cat for the door.

"If that doesn't beat everything," said De Jong. "Cheese!" With a brutal gesture he tore the cigar from his mouth and hurled it to the floor. And then he sprang after the Amity woman.

While the central figures in this tragic drama gazed bewilderedly at Ellery Queen, Bill Angell had eyes only for Andrea.

Lucy Wilson stood gripping her throat as if she were afraid it might burst. Her black eyes were groping from Mrs. Gimball to the man on the floor in helpless agony. Andrea Gimball was shivering and biting her lips.

"Gimball," said Bill in a shocked voice. "Good Lord, Mrs. Gimball, do you realise what you're saying?"

The society woman made an imperious gesture with her fine thin white-veined hands. The jewels sparkled under the lamp. "This is insanity. Who are these people, Mr. Queen? And why am I subjected to this ridiculous scene when my husband is . . . lying here dead?"

Lucy's nostrils expanded like sails in a storm. "Your husband? Yours? This is Joe Wilson, I tell you. Maybe your husband just looks like my Joe. Oh, please go away, won't you?"

Please turn to Page 41

GIRLIGAGS

"THE TROUBLE with most of us is that we expect buttered toas' when on the bread line."

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"I had used all sorts of remedies without much success in losing weight until I tried BonKora. Then I lost 53 pounds in 10 weeks. I will keep on reducing until I have lost 10 pounds more. BonKora improved my health, too. Ended indigestion, headaches, and tired feeling. Many of my friends are now taking BonKora. I am sending you some photographs showing how I used to look and how I look now."—MRS. MARTHA NEBOZEN (full name and address on request).

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Mrs. Martha Nebozen as she looked before taking safe, harmless, pleasant BonKora.

Mrs. Martha Nebozen as she looked when she had lost 53 pounds taking BonKora.

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 40

"I REFUSE to discuss my personal affairs with you," said the woman in sables haughtily. "Where is that man who's in charge? Of all the disgraceful exhibitions in a moment of tragedy——"

"Jessica," said the tall, middle-aged man patiently. "Perhaps you had better sit down and permit Mr. Queen and me to handle this matter. It's obvious that a shocking error's occurred, but it won't be helped by nerves or a brawl." He spoke as if he were addressing a child. The angry line between his brows had vanished. "Jessica?"

Her lips were bitter parallel lines. "Perhaps that would be better," she said acidly. She sat down and folded her hands into a knot.

"Did I understand you to say," asked the man with the silk hat in a courteous voice, "that you are Mrs. Lucy Wilson of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Lucy.

"I see." The glance he gave her was cold, rather calculating, as if he were weighing in his deliberate way how much of her was real and how much false. "I see," he said again, and this time the line reappeared between his brows.

"I don't believe," said Bill wearily, "I caught the name."

The tall man made a wry face. "Grosvenor Finch, and I've been an intimate friend of the Borden and Gimball families for more years than I care to count. I came here to-night only because Mr. Jasper Borden, Mrs. Gimball's father, is an invalid and requested me to take his place by his daughter's side." Finch placed his silk hat carefully on the table. "I came, as I say," he continued in his quiet way, "as a friend of Mrs. Gimball's. It begins to appear that I shall have to stay in quite a different capacity."

"And what," said Bill softly, "do you mean by that?"

"May I question your right to ask, young man?"

Bill's eyes flashed. "I'm Bill Angell, attorney, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson's brother."

"Mrs. Wilson's brother. I see." Finch glanced at Ellery, nodding in an interrogatory way.

"Mrs. Wilson," continued the distinguished-looking man, "you must understand you've made a horrible mistake."

"I haven't!"

"A mistake, I repeat. I sincerely hope it's that—and nothing more." Lucy's hands fluttered in protest. "I assure you," the tall man went on soberly, "that this gentleman on the floor is Joseph Kent Gimball, of New York, the legally wedded husband of the lady in the chair, who was Jessica Borden, then Mrs. Richard Paine Monstelle and then after the early death of Monstelle—Mrs. Joseph Kent Gimball. The young lady is Joseph Gimball's stepdaughter, Andrea, Mrs. Jessica Gimball's daughter by her first husband."

"You may spare us," remarked Ellery, "the genealogical details."

Finch's clear and honest grey eyes did not waver. "I've known Joe Gimball for over twenty years, ever since his undergraduate days at Princeton. I knew his father—old Roger Gimball, of the Black Bay branch of the family. He died during the war. And his mother, who died six years ago—a Providence Kent. For generations the Gimballs have been"—he hesitated—"one of our more prominent families. Now do you see how impossible it is for this man to have been your husband Mrs. Wilson?"

Lucy Wilson uttered a curious little sigh, like the breath of an expiring hope. "We've never been anybody. Just working people. Joe was, too, Joe couldn't have been——"

"Lucy, dear," said Bill gently. Then he said: "You see, the funny part of it is that we're just as certain he's Joe Wilson, of Philadelphia, itinerant pedlar who made his living selling cheap jewellery to middle-class housewives. We've got his car outside, and his pedlar's stock. We have the contents of his pockets, samples of his handwriting—all evidence that he was Wilson the pedlar, not Gimball the society man. Impossible, Mr. Finch? You can't really believe that."

The tall man returned his gaze; there was something reluctant and stubborn in the set of his handsome jaw.

Jessica Gimball said: "A pedlar?" in a voice sick with loathing.

Andrea was staring at Bill with a horror in her eyes that had not gone away since she set foot in the shack.

"The answer," said Ellery from the doorway, "is obvious enough. Of course, you've guessed it, Bill." He shrugged. "This man was both."

DE JONG burst in, big-eyed with triumph. He stopped short.

"We have just come to the conclusion, De Jong," said Ellery, walking slowly forward, "that this is not some fictional case of twins, or impersonation, but a sordid one of deliberately assumed double identity. More frequently than people realise. There can't be any doubt about it. You have positive identification on both sides. Everything fits."

"Does it?" said De Jong pleasantly.

"We know that, as Joseph Wilson, this man for years spent only two or three days a week in Philadelphia with Lucy Wilson; you yourself, Bill, were disturbed by this peculiarity in his behaviour. And I am sure Mrs. Gimball can tell us that her husband spent several days each week away from the Gimball home in New York.

The mide-aged eyes were haggard, red with a lacquered resentment that made them glow from her bony face. "For years," she said. "Joe was always . . . Oh, how could he have done such a thing? He used to say he had to be by himself or he would go mad. The beast, the beast." Her voice was choked with passion.

"I can see now," she cried, "that it was just an excuse to get away and be with this . . . this woman!"

Lucy quivered as if she had been struck. Grosvenor Finch shook his head at Mrs. Gimball in disapproval and warning. But she plunged on.

"And I never suspected. What a fool!" Her voice was savage. "Cheap. Cheap. To do such a cheap thing . . . to me."

"Mrs. Gimball——" began Ellery frigidly.

"No! Do something about these people, Ducky, please. You can see that this woman is paid hush-money, or whatever it is they call it. Anything! I'm sure a cheque will keep her quiet; it always does."

"Jessica," said Finch angrily. "Please."

"I'm afraid it won't be as simple as that, Mrs. Gimball," snapped Ellery. "Lucy . . . Lucy!"

Lucy's black eyes went smoking to his face. "Yes?" she said hoarsely.

"Did you ever go through a marriage ceremony with the man you know as Joseph Wilson?"

"He married me . . . He married me!"

"Married you," sniffed the society woman. "A likely story!"

"Where were you married?" asked Ellery quietly.

"We got our licence in the Philadelphia City Hall. We were—we were married by a minister in a mid-town church."

"Have you your marriage certificate?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

Mrs. Gimball moved restlessly. "How long," she demanded, "do I have to submit to this intolerable situation? It's quite obvious this is a plot. Ducky, do something! Marriage certificate . . ."

"Can't you see, mother," whispered Andrea, "that Mrs. Wilson isn't—isn't what you said? Please, mother. This is more serious, then—Oh, you must be reasonable!"

Bill Angell asked in a strangled tone: "When did you marry Joseph Kent Gimball, madam?"

The elderly woman tossed her head, disdaining to reply. But Grosvenor Finch said in a worried voice: "They were married at St. Andrew's Cathedral in New York on June 10th, 1927."

Lucy cried out, in something so much like triumph that the cold woman opposite her started. They faced each other, separated by five feet of empty space, the stark legs of the dead man beyond and between them, like rails of a fence.

"Sunday, Fifth Avenue," said Lucy in a throbbing murmur. "The Cathedral. High hats, limousines, jewellery, flower girls, society reporters, the Bishop himself . . . Oh, my Heavens!" And she laughed hysterically, rocking to and fro. The tears on her handsome cheeks were grotesque reminders of her hysteria. "I suppose it was cheap when Joe courted me in Philadelphia, hiding behind the name of Wilson because he was afraid, I suppose, to become involved under his right name. I suppose it was cheap when he fell in love with me and married me." She sprang to her feet, and in the shocked silence her voice rang. "For eight years the cheapness has been all on his side and yours. Cheap, am I?"

"What," whispered Andrea, "do you mean, Mrs. Wilson?"

Bill said slowly: "As Joseph Wilson he married my sister on February 24, 1926. Over two years before he married your mother, Miss Gimball."

THE only sound for seconds after was the short, sharp cry wrung from Jessica Gimball. And she spent more seconds in a characteristic struggle to regain command of her shaken nerves. The hand on her knee was not permitted the luxury of even a finger's twitch. Slowly she fought back to self-control. Only then did she choke: "1926? You accuse him of being a bigamist, me of—of not . . .! You're lying, the pack of you!"

"Are you sure, Bill Angell?" whispered Andrea Gimball. "Oh, are you sure?"

Bill passed his hand over his lips. "Of course," he muttered, "I'm sorry to pile it on. But it's true, Miss Gimball, and we can prove it. And unless you can produce a marriage certificate antedating February twenty-fourth, 1926, your mother is in for it. We've nothing but justice on our side, and we must protect ourselves."

"Oh, but this is infamous!" said Mrs. Gimball furiously. "There must be a mistake somewhere. There must!"

Grosvenor Finch said: "Now, let's not be hasty, please. Mr. Angell, Mrs. Gimball is naturally overwrought, and of course she's sorry for what she said about your sister. Can't this be adjusted in some way? No, Jessica! Perhaps, Mr. Queen, a little influence——"

"Too late," said Ellery coldly. "You saw that red-haired young woman fly out of here. She's the Press. The story is already on the wires, Finch."

"But this bigamy angle. She hasn't heard that. I'm sure——"

Bill scowled and began to pace about. "Nothing on earth will stop the newspapers from hunting up the marriage dates. We'll have to face it together, we're all in the same mess." Lucy sat quietly, still as death.

"Very well," said Finch slowly. The muscles of his large jaw were churning. "If it's to be a battle, I've a card to play——"

"I think," said a sardonic voice from the corner, "that I've let this go just about far enough." Chief De Jong grinned at them without humor; they had forgotten him. "Now that everybody's getting ugly, I'll get tough myself. Murphy, you took it all down?" The detective in the doorway chewed his pencil, nodding. "Now, then," continued De Jong, striding forward, "let's get organised. You first, Queen. I think your actions call for an explanation."

Ellery shrugged as he put his pipe away. "This man's face bothered me all evening. I didn't know why. Then it came back to me. The irritant was a resemblance. I attended a banquet some months ago in honor of somebody or other, and I met and conversed with a man who, I saw, might have been the twin brother of the man I had been told to-night was Joe Wilson, Lucy's husband. But my tete-a-tete had been introduced to me as Joseph Kent Gimball, of New York. When I recalled Joseph Wilson's habitual absence from his Philadelphian home, it seemed to me a tragic possibility that Wilson and Gimball were the same man. So I went down the road and telephoned Gimball's home in New York."

"We'd have spotted it soon enough," said De Jong grudgingly. "So?"

Ellery stared at him. "The only one in was Jasper Borden, Gimball's father-in-law, whom I knew, of course, by repute. I introduced myself, asked a few questions, discovered that Gimball hadn't been home since the middle of last week, knew I was on the right track and announced what had happened. Mr. Borden said his family was out but that he'd sound the tocsin and send them out here as soon as possible."

"Borden, hey?" muttered De Jong. "Old railroad man. Why isn't your father with you, Mrs. Gimball?"

Andrea sighed. "Grandfather hasn't stirred from the house for several years. He suffered a stroke in 1930 that paralysed his entire left side."

"Where were you people to-night? Where'd the old boy reach you?"

"Mother and I attended a charity ball at the Waldorf," answered Andrea. "We were there with a party of friends. Mr. Finch, my fiance, Mr. Burke Jones, of Newport, Mrs.—"

"All together, hey?" said De Jong. "Big ball, I suppose?"

Please turn to Page 42

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 41

"IF you mean," said Finch icily, "that any of us could have stolen off, driven out here, and stabbed Joe Gimball to death, I suppose you would be hypothetically correct. But if you've quite finished with this nonsense, I have something to say——"

"A good alibi never hurt anybody, see?" drawled De Jong. "Where's this boy friend of yours, Miss Gimball? This Jones."

"We weren't sure that it was Joe who'd been . . ." Andrea caught herself up; she avoided Bill's gaze. "Well, I—I didn't tell Burke. Grandfather spoke to mother on the telephone when he had located us, and we didn't believe it. But he was so insistent we felt we had to come and see. I didn't want to involve Burke in a—in a . . . ."

"I get it, I get it," said De Jong. "Might spoil the match. Boy-friend jilts gal. Bad stuff for the papers. Nuts! Now, Mr. Finch, you've been steaming to get something off your chest. Go to it."

"Under ordinary circumstances," replied Finch in a stiff tone, "I should dislike even to bring the matter up. But we have our position to defend as well. This middle-class antagonism towards wealth, De Jong, can be annoying at times. Yes, I've something to reveal; and I'm afraid it's going to prove unpleasant."

Ellery stirred. "May I suggest you come to the point?"

"I suppose you do not know who I am. It wouldn't matter ordinarily, and I shouldn't bring it up; but it happens to be relevant to what I have to say. I am Executive Vice-President of the National Life Insurance Company, you see."

"Yeah?" said De Jong; he did not seem impressed, although the National was one of the largest life insurance companies in the world.

"In the course of my connection with the company," continued Finch gently, "I've had occasion to insure many of my friends. Not as a broker, you understand—we've progressed since those days." He smiled a little. "Purely as an accommodation. My friends call me the highest-paid insurance broker in the world. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha," said De Jong sourly. "So?"

"Among the small number whose policies I have handled personally was Gimball. We've often jested about it. Rather remarkable policy. He came to me in '30 and asked me to insure him for a million dollars."

"A what?" gasped the policeman.

"A million dollars. It isn't the largest policy I've ever seen drawn, by any means, although it's the only one I've ever heard issued to a man so young. You see, in 1930 Gimball was only thirty-three years old. The annual premium came to a mere twenty-seven thousand or so. At any rate, we managed it for him; he was in perfect health; and the policy was issued as of that year."

"All by the National?" murmured Ellery. "I've always thought some law or other forbids one insurance company assuming such a large risk."

"Quite true. The legal limit for a single company is three hundred thousand. In the case of a contract exceeding that amount the excess is underwritten by other companies; quite the usual procedure. The National took three hundred thousand, and we arranged matters so that seven other companies took up one hundred thousand each. The contract was handled as a unit, and Gimball paid his premiums through the National. Policy's in excellent condition—no loans outstanding and the premiums are paid up to date."

"A million dollars," said Bill dazedly. De Jong looked down at the still body with awe.

"Just what," asked Ellery in a patient tone, "is the point?"

The tall man looked him in the eye. "I am an officer of the National," he said drily. "Every insurance company has occasion to question the death of some insured. We have here a case of out-and-out murder. A case of murder, moreover, in which the victim was carrying a million dollars' worth of insurance. I presume you know the law. In effect the law says that an insurance contract is automatically cancelled upon sufficient proof that the insured met his death through the instrumentality of his beneficiary."

FOR a moment there was silence; and then Mrs. Gimball said with a gasp: "But, Ducky——"

"Ducky!" cried Andrea. "Are you mad?"

Finch smiled. "My duty, of course, is first to the company. The merest routine would dictate that we thoroughly investigate this murder."

"And who," asked Ellery, "is Gimball's beneficiary?"

The same two uniformed men who had appeared hours before with their stretcher clumped in. They dropped the stretcher by the body.

Mrs. Gimball suddenly buried her stern face in her hands, and began to sob. From the expressions of stupefaction on the faces of Grosvenor Finch and Andrea, it was evident that the spectacle of Jessica Gimball weeping was as rare as rain in the Sahara.

"Jessica," said Finch in a troubled voice. "Jessica! Surely you don't think——"

"Don't touch me, you—you Judas!" sobbed the middle-aged woman. "To accuse me of—of. . . ."

"Mrs. Gimball is Gimball's beneficiary?" remarked Ellery. He watched them without expression.

"Jessica, don't, please. I've been an ass. . . . Look here, Queen, of course I'm not accusing Jessica Gimball of the murder. That's . . ." He could not find an adequate word to express the ridiculousness of the thought. "I meant to explain that Jessica Gimball was the beneficiary of Joe Gimball. She isn't any more."

The weeping woman stiffened. Andrea drew her slender figure to its full height, her blue eyes sparkling with indignation. "Hasn't this gone far enough, Ducky? We all know that mother was Joe's beneficiary—it was grandfather who suggested his taking the insurance in the first place, with his old-fashioned ideas about the 'responsibilities' of a husband. Not that mother needs it! You can't be serious."

"But I am," said Finch miserably. "I was in no position to tell you, Jessica, or I should have. These matters are confidential; and when I discovered that Joe had arranged for a change of beneficiary, he swore me to silence. What could I do?"

"Let's get this straight," said De Jong, his predatory eyes glittering. "Start from the beginning. When did he come to you?"

"He didn't come to me. About three weeks ago—it was on May tenth—I was informed by Miss Zachary, my secretary, that a request had been received in the mail from Gimball for a change-of-beneficiary form. I was surprised that Joe hadn't spoken to me about it, because I had always handled his policy with a select few others personally. However, it didn't make any difference, because all Gimball-policy matters automatically reached my desk. Of course, the requested forms were immediately sent out; and then I telephoned Joe at his office."

The tall man said quickly: "I phoned him for a confirmation. I couldn't understand why Joe should want to change his beneficiary. Of course, strictly speaking, it was none of my affair; and I told him so at once. But Joe wasn't angry; just nervous. Yes, he said, he meant to change his beneficiary for reasons too involved to go into at the time. He did say vaguely that Jessica was independently wealthy, didn't need the protection of the policy, or some such rot; and he asked me to keep his intention a secret, at least until he could talk to me alone and explain."

"And did he?" murmured Ellery.

"Unfortunately, no."

"What happened after your telephone talk?" demanded De Jong.

"He filled out the forms and mailed them to me with the policies a few days later; it took a couple of weeks to handle the matter with the other companies, but the altered policies were returned to him last Wednesday; and that's the last of it. Until to-night." Finch frowned. "And to-night he's dead by someone's hand. It's deucedly odd."

"We seem to be arriving at the crucial point," said Ellery patiently, "by the most circuitous route. Will you please——?"

Finch stared from face to face. "You will understand," he said uneasily, "that what I am about to tell you is merely a statement of fact. I've not made up my mind, and I shouldn't care to have my position misconstrued. . . . The significance of this change of beneficiary didn't strike me until I walked into this hovel to-night and discovered . . ." He paused. "When Gimball returned his applications and policies, he indicated in the proper places that his beneficiary was to be changed from Jessica Borden Gimball to . . . Mrs. Lucy Wilson, Mrs. Lucy Wilson, I repeat, giving a specific address in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia!"

FROM Bill came the involuntary exclamation: "The envelope!" Then he looked around guiltily and shut his mouth.

"Me?" said Lucy faintly. "Me? A million dollars?"

"You're sure of that, Mr. Finch?" De Jong leaned forward in an eager attitude. "You're not just making that up to throw dust in my eyes?"

"I suppose," said Finch coldly, "I shouldn't bridle at anything. I assure you I have nothing against Mrs. Wilson, whom I've never even seen before to-night, and who is, I feel certain, the victim of a terrible misunderstanding. On the other hand, if I am to argue the point, I should think 'making it up,' as you put it, would be quite stupid of me."

"Tell me, Mr. Finch," said Ellery, "You haven't breathed a word of this beneficiary change to anyone?"

"Naturally not," growled Finch, still offended. "Joe asked me to keep quiet about it, and I did so."

"Mrs. Wilson," said De Jong rudely. "Look at me."

Lucy obeyed as if mesmerised; the bewilderment, the pain, the shock had not yet drained away from her sweet, strong features.

Bill growled: "I don't like that tone of yours De Jong."

"Then lump it. Mrs. Wilson, did you know that Gimball was insured?"

"I?" she faltered. "I knew? No, really I didn't. . . . Joe didn't carry any insurance. I'm sure he didn't. I once asked him why, and he said he didn't believe in such things."

"Not the reason at all, of course," drawled Ellery.

"You not only knew he carried insurance, Mrs. Wilson," snapped De Jong, glaring at Ellery, "but maybe you persuaded him to change his beneficiary from Mrs. Gimball to yourself, eh?"

"De Jong—" warned Bill, stepping forward.

"Keep quiet, you!"

"I don't know what you mean," whispered Lucy. "I've told you I didn't know he was anybody . . . I mean, anybody but Joe Wilson. How could I know about this woman?"

De Jong sneered, his nostrils derisive. Then he stepped to the side-door, opened it, crooked his finger.

Continued Next Week

The Uninvited

Pain walks too surely through
the heart of me,
And all too surely knows his way
about.
Pain, and his following, pale
shadow retinue,
Pain and his fellow man, tall,
mirthless Doubt.

They are familiar with my days
of leisure,
Know all the doors that open
in my mind,
And in the rooms I air with
light and gladness
Huddle, and draw with quick
dismay the blind.

Half-way about my life they
grow so weary,
Lay them upon my hours to talk
despair,
And, in a tired return for all
my dreaming,
Suddenly, suddenly I find them
there.

—YVONNE WEBB.

If dandruff is robbing your hair of life and lustre, start using Barry's Tricopherous today. It pours vigorous new life into languishing roots, stops falling hair, prevents greyness and promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy, youthful, glossy hair. Of all chemists and stores 3/- a bottle.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

April 23, 1938. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers Page One

KEEP LOVELY *As You* GROW OLDER

By Our Beauty Specialist

YOU will find these massage and tonic treatments strong reinforcements for your fight against time

IT is when a woman reaches the age of thirty that she first begins to look in her mirror and worry. In fact, she usually worries lines into her face by imagining she is growing old.

But if you are prepared to give up worrying and *do something*, then there is no reason why you should not postpone the approach of age for many more years.

There are some lines that give a pleasing appearance to the face. Such lines are commonly called smile lines.

But there are others which are definitely ageing.

As we grow older our muscles gradually slacken, and it is then that we must give our faces every care and attention.

Although we cannot prevent the wrinkles eventually forming, we can nevertheless delay their arrival. And every woman on her thirtieth birthday should decide that she will tackle her beauty problem in earnest.

Weekly Treatment

FIRST give your face a weekly treatment. Cleanse with a good cleansing cream. Wring out a cloth in warm water, and hold it to the face, then, without drying the skin, hastily smear it thickly with good skin food.

Fill a basin with boiling water, cover your head with a towel, and allow the face to steam. Stay in this position as long as you can, so that the steam will open the pores and force the cream into the hungry tissues.

Next, apply a little more cream to the face and massage well in.

When massaging, work with an upward movement. This will not only help to remove the wrinkles but will give them an upward twist, for a line which tends to pull the face down is definitely ageing.

With the first two fingers of each hand, starting at the base of the neck, work upwards with a spiral movement, until a point midway between the angle of the jaw and the point of the chin is reached.

Then start in the middle of the chin and follow the jawbone to the back of the ear. Now place the fingers at the corners of the mouth and gradually, with a rotary movement, draw them upwards towards the lobes of the ears.

Eye Massage

TO massage the eyes, place the first finger of each hand right in the corners of the eyes and as close to the bridge of the nose as is possible. Gently smooth them outwards beneath the eye, around the outer corner and back over the top of the brow.

When massaging the forehead, place the fingers together between the brows and directly over the bridge of the nose, then very gently draw them away and gradually upwards towards the temples.

After the massage, remove all surplus cream from the face with tissues, and then dab lightly with a piece of cotton wool which has been soaked in witch hazel.

Repeat each massage movement about 10 to 20 times before starting on the next one.

TWO OUTSTANDING stars of the silver screen and both over 30. At left, Kay Francis, who has achieved a delightful poise and dignity. Right: Constance Bennett, petite and girlish-looking still.

ABOVE: Marlene Dietrich, lovely film star, is yet another woman well past 30, who, by impeccable grooming and consistent beauty care, has retained all her youthful charms.

Another very serious beauty defect which must be guarded against is a double chin, which is generally caused not through approaching age, but through your own bad posture.

You head weighs about 15lb., and is roughly one-tenth of your whole weight. This dead weight should be perfectly balanced on the top of your spine, but when you habitually allow your head to fall forward, your neck comes forward from the shoulders on a slant, the muscles become stretched, they then fold up and relax, and you have a double chin.

Learn to carry your head perfectly balanced on your shoulders, and, with the following exercise and massage treatment, you will find that your extra chin will magically melt away.

Place the palm of your hand against the forehead and gradually lower the head until it is resting on the chest.

All the time you are lowering the head resist the downwards movement with the hand which is resting upon the forehead. Then allow the head to come back to its natural position and start again. If you place one hand on the throat you will feel the muscles tightening as the head strains downwards. Repeat this exercise 10 times each morning.

At night, take a basin of boiling water to your bedside and wring a folded flannel out in it. Place it quickly under your chin and hold it up tight. As the flannel cools replace it with another hot one, and repeat the process for five minutes.

Then dry the chin by patting it gently with a clean towel, and pat on a good astringent.

Dip your thumbs into some cold cream, place them under your chin, with the fingers resting on the cheek bones just in front of your ears, and then press the two thumbs firmly back under the jaw till they reach the fingers. Repeat this movement at least a dozen times.

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GUERLAIN
PARIS

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ORANGE - TROPICAL - MANDARINE

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...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

FREQUENT Shampooing Best Way To Keep the Scalp Healthy.

PATIENT: What is the best treatment for dandruff and falling hair?

HARDLY a day passes without somebody asking or writing to me about dandruff. What is it and why is it?

Dandruff, or "seborrhea dermatitis," as it is known to the doctor, is the symptom of a chronic disease of the scalp. It leads to excessive formation of whitish flakes. Some persons seem extremely susceptible to this condition, while others escape it.

Though the actual cause of this scalp condition is not definitely known, it is believed by some to be due to a germ, a member of that class of bacteria too small to be seen by the powerful microscope.

ON the other hand, some doctors believe that dandruff is not due to a germ, but is caused by a constitutional disorder. Still others believe that it is, in reality, the result of faulty hygiene and lack of care of the scalp.

Regardless of what may be the cause, relief can only be offered by following certain simple rules of hygiene.

It is necessary to improve the general health by an adequate and varied diet.

It is also important to obtain an abundance of fresh air and sunshine.

The scalp should be kept clean and free from the unsightly scales of dandruff. This is best accomplished by frequent shampooing with a mild but cleansing soap. The scalp should be massaged with the finger-tips or by the gentle use of a small bristle brush.

Massage improves the circulation of the scalp and renders it more resistant to such disturbances as dandruff.

Dandruff can often be traced to the use of the common hair comb, brush or towels.

Never use a comb or brush that does not belong to you, unless it has been thoroughly sterilised and cleansed. Since it is believed by many that dandruff can easly be passed from one person to another, guard against it by taking the necessary precautions.

Cause of Baldness

BALDNESS, which is a complaint of many male adults, has also been traced to excessive dandruff.

In many instances, it can be traced to some hereditary factor. In these cases little relief can be promised. But a great many cases of premature baldness are caused by inadequate care of the scalp.

Such disturbances as persistent dandruff, ringworm or eczema are likely to lead to baldness. The victims of certain constitutional diseases may suffer a premature loss of hair. In other cases the underlying causes cannot be determined.

Regardless of what the cause may be, it is important to bear in mind certain facts. If the hair is to be retained, adequate attention must be paid to the hygiene and health of the scalp.

If an inflammation of the skin is present, medical attention should be obtained.

Bear in mind that a slight loss of hair is a normal occurrence. Concern should be felt only if there is a continual dropping and actual thinning.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age .. ..

Birth Weight .. ..

Present Weight .. .. (without clothing).

Have you written before? (Yes or no) .. ..

REMEMBER TO RUB your scalp hard with your fingers when you shampoo to loosen the flakes of dry skin and acid-laden oils.

FOR YOUNG *Wives and* MOTHERS

Common Rashes That Mar the Beauty of Baby's Skin

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

EVERY mother should realise that it is her duty to preserve the delicate beauty and vitality of her baby's skin so that its organic functions are such as nature intended.

She should understand how best to do this and realise that there are different types of skin and that every skin cannot always have the same treatment.

Among the common rashes and skin lesions that occur in the first two or three years of baby's life are:

"PRICKLY HEAT" (or heat rash)—a red rash consisting of multitudes of tiny red specks about the size of pin-heads. This condition is due to engorgement and obstruction of the sweat glands. It appears suddenly in local patches and sometimes over large areas of the body, more often occurring over the chest, the back, neck, cheeks and forehead. It may last for several days.

It is caused by a moist heat.

Overclothing a baby, especially in the hot weather, when the degree of humidity is high, is usually the exciting cause.

PUT soft clothing, made of cotton, linen or silk next to baby's skin. Under his knitted woollen singlet a cotton shirt should **always** be worn. In summer, on the very hot days, only a soft cotton or silk shirt is necessary.

In the very trying hot days most of baby's clothing can be removed.

The cot clothes also need adjusting to suit the requirements of the temperature.

The rash should be sponged several times daily with a tepid solution of carbonate of soda (using one level teaspoon to one quart of boiled water).

Soap should not be used, and care must be also taken that too much of the carbonate of soda is not used, as this would redden and further irritate the skin.

After sponging, the skin should be dried with a soft towel, a gentle, dabbing movement being used, and lightly dusted with a powder made of equal parts of zinc, starch, and boracic powder.

Chafing or the rubbing together of two skin surfaces, causing damage to the delicate skin, is a fairly common complaint. Redness and sometimes raw surfaces are produced that are very painful.

The skin areas most affected are those in the groins, behind the knees, in the elbows, and in the folds of the neck and behind the ears. Insufficient drying is the cause of this condition, or clogging the pores of the skin with too much powder instead of thoroughly drying first, and then only lightly dusting with powder.

If the body is kept clean and dry chafing seldom occurs.

To prevent chafing the following points should be observed:—

1. Only a good, super-fatted soap should be used, and only a little in bathing baby.

2. Special attention should be paid to the folds and creases of the skin.

3. The skin should not be rubbed, but a gentle dabbing movement should be used when drying baby. (Soft butter-muslin towels should be used.)

4. The affected area should be exposed very carefully to the air and to direct sunlight.

5. A little good ointment should be used to grease those places where two skin surfaces are likely to rub together.

A very soothing ointment for chafing is made as follows:—

White vaseline . . .	1 ounce
Zinc ointment	1 drachm
Almond oil	1 drachm
Lanoline	½ drachm

"Scalded" buttocks are the painful lot of many babes in the first few weeks of life.

There may be several causes for this redness (and sometimes even rawness) of the skin surface.

Treatment

THE skin should be kept clean, napkins being changed as soon as soiled. The scalded parts should not be bathed with plain water, but with the carbonate of soda solution, and when the skin looks very sore it should be cleansed with a little warm olive oil.

The soothing ointment (prescribed above) should be applied, but it is best spread on small soft pieces of clean (boiled) rag, as it is not then rubbed off by the napkin.

Napkins must be thoroughly washed, boiled, and rinsed two or three times in changes of clean water, and dried thoroughly (in the sun when possible).

Soft butter-muslin napkins (of three or four thicknesses of the material) are best to use when the skin is in this condition.

The mother's and the baby's diet must be correctly adjusted as regards the quantity and quality of the food given.

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THE VISCOUNTESS DUNWICH

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● *Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "skin-vitamin" creams. Without the "skin-vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," the dried-up, flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.*

LISTEN *to "Your Cavalier," 2CH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 2UE at 9.45 a.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 3AW at 3.00 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 5AD-MU-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 6ML at 11.15 a.m. every Monday and 6WB at 12.30 p.m. every Monday.*

Now with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's two "skin-vitamin" creams — Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Suntan) ( ). POND'S Dept. X 18, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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HARMONY *in* ARRANGEMENT

Avoid "choppy" effects, group furniture skilfully, and do not use large-patterned fabrics in small rooms.

IN THIS charming row you glimpse unusual living-room scenes. The top picture will interest many because of its picturesque furniture. The central picture depicts a clever grouping in the home of Jane Wyman, of Warner Bros. Immediately above you see a bright yet restfully inviting nook.

By Our Home Decorator

MANY are under the impression that in order to bring rooms up-to-date it is necessary to discard old furniture and acquire new. But slight and skilful rearrangement can often work little miracles.

First of all, eliminate all non-essentials, but don't discard all your cherished possessions.

We will assume that your walls are in perfect order, for dingy walls do not make a restful background for any furnishing scheme.

In arranging your furniture do try to avoid "choppy" effects which disturb the harmony of a scheme and make a room look untidy.

The trend is all towards natural, comfortable grouping with as much clear space as possible in the centre of the room. Don't, however, string it in a stiff row all round the walls with a vast and cheerless open space in the middle.

You might have a very charming group consisting of a chair and a couch—or two chairs—near the fireplace, with a similar group near the table and lamp.

In summer you should make the most of a good view by grouping the furniture in a position that shows it to the best advantage.

Clever Balancing

A THREE-PIECE suite should be "broken-up" with other accessories, or the room will looked unbalanced.

If your furniture is old and upholstered and cannot be painted, re-cover or place it in the least conspicuous portions of the room. Fresh walls are a great help to detract attention from shabby furniture, and so is some vivid accessory.

Do consider your furniture in relation to the walls—don't put wide low furniture against wide spaces or tall ones in narrow panels. It's the same with objects placed on furniture. A tiny vase is lost on a big table and a large lamp looks very precarious on a small table.

Consider comfort too! Do not have a high table beside a chair or couch so that you have to stretch up whenever you want an ashtray or book.

After being banished from smart walls for years, pictures return to popularity as a decorative unit. But they're used with more understanding than before. Sometimes only one or two pictures are hung in a room.

There are two simple rules for pic-hanging: The first is to make the centre of the picture meet the average eye level. The second is to have the tops or bottoms of pictures even. One could be slightly higher or lower to give variety.

Hang pictures with two vertical wires, instead of the triangular way.

Avoid using sensationally-patterned upholstery on small pieces of furniture or hangings in a small room.

THERE IS much to interest homelovers in the rooms reproduced on this page. Note the arrangement of pictures in the bedroom (top centre); grouping of furniture around the fireplace; gracious effect of candles and flowers with picture, and the cosy corner shown immediately above.

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BLACK . . . . made Magical with COLOR

What could be more striking than this simple hand-knit with its vivid appliqued motifs? It's yours for the making!

FOR occasions when you want to look your brightest, most exotic, this jumper cardigan will alluringly fill the bill. And while it looks most dressy and distinctive, it really is the simplest thing to knit.

In the Austrian tradition, that demands color and plenty of it in the making of a woollen, it is knitted entirely in black stocking-stitch, and over all are appliqued enchanting floral motifs. These motifs are simply crocheted in vivid colors, and then sewn on the garment with contrasting wool.

Made to fit snugly, with long sleeves and cosy high neckline, the cardigan is eminently suitable for wear right through winter.

Colors we have selected for the motifs are vivid green, lemon, strawberry-red and tapestry-blue.

Here follow directions:

Materials: 9oz. 3-ply fingering wool, black; 1oz. each of lemon, tapestry-blue, strawberry-red, and green 3-ply fingering wool for motifs; 1 pair needles No. 10; 1 medium crochet hook; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 36 inches; length of sleeve seams, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K. knit, p. purl, st. stitch, st.-st. stocking-stitch, inc. increase, dec. decrease.

Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

THE BACK

Commence at lower edge. Using No. 10 needles and black wool cast on 108 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), p. 1 row. Then work in st.-st. as follows:—

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows throughout, and inc. 1 st. each end of the 34th row and every 8th row following 11 times.

Work even until back measures 13½ inches; shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Work even, and when armholes measure 7½ inches shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts. for shoulder, work 28 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 16 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off remaining sts.

Join wool at sts. left on spare needle and work to correspond with other shoulder.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and black wool cast on 63 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), p. 1 row.

Then work in st.-st. and inc. 1 st. at seam edge of the 34th row and every 8th row following 11 times, at the same time make a buttonhole in the 21st and 22nd rows as follows:

21st Row: K. 4, cast off 4, k. to end of row.

22nd Row: P. to last 4 sts., cast on 4, p. 4. Continue in st.-st., and make another buttonhole in the 47th and 48th rows and in every 25th and 26th rows following 5 times. When work measures 13½ inches shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times. Work even until the 7th buttonhole is completed, work 4 rows.

Shape neck by casting off 3 sts. at neck edge of the next row and every 2nd row following until 36 sts. remain. Work even, and when armhole measures 7½ inches shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 6 times.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and black wool cast on 63 sts. and work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and black wool cast on 60 sts. and work in st.-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the 19th row and every 7th row following until sleeve measures 19 inches.

Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 10 times, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and black wool cast on 108 sts., which should measure 14½ inches, and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ inches. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP AND EMBROIDER

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth, join shoulders, sew up side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, sew on collar.

The motifs are crocheted in bright colors according to the individual fancy; they are conventionalised flower motifs.

The outer edges of the flowers are worked as follows:

Crochet a chain of 37 sts., insert the hook into the 25th st. and work 1 double crochet. Thus, the outer edge of the motif and the short stem have been outlined.

Crochet the next round as follows: * 3 trebles into the 1st chain-st., 1 double crochet into the next chain-st., repeat from * until you have worked all around the flower and along the short stem.

Sew this motif on to the jumper at the chain-st. edge.

With a contrasting color crochet a chain of 15 sts. and sew it in oval shape into the centre of the flower. With a third color fill in this oval with 2 sets of cross-st. The long stem of the flower is made in a fourth color. It consists of a chain of 20 sts. which is sewn on to the jumper with a contrasting color.

The buttonhole band is trimmed with colored chain-sts. which are first crocheted and then sewn on. Applique smaller motifs and chain-sts. on the neckband. Arrange the motifs as shown in illustration.

Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Above: Close-up of the stitch and tyrolean motif featured in the jumper.

Right: Simple stocking-stitch is the basis for this exotic - looking jumper, appliqued all over with floral motifs. Actually these motifs are formed of crochet chains sewn on with a contrasting wool.

Good News for Knitters

New Shrink-proof Wool on the Market

ONE of the greatest worries for the home knitter is that, after she has completed a snug-fitting jumper, it may shrink in the wash, and so lose its trim fit.

Recently, however, an Australian wool firm perfected a chemical process which, it claims, makes wool completely shrink-proof.

Instead of introducing synthetic fibres into the pure wool yarn, as is generally done to render it immune from shrinking, the yarn in this case is chemically treated. So treated, it will be on the market at a cost of only a halfpenny or a penny more than ordinary wool, and it is good to know that you may knit woollies of the most delicate hue, without fear that too frequent laundering will spoil them.

A demonstration to test it was held recently, with the firm's industrial chemist, who has been working on the process for the past four years, himself at the washtub.

In true housewifely fashion he carefully washed and scrubbed ordinary wool, and then the treated wool. In the first case the wool shrank and hardened, and in the latter case it was left unharmed.

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Here are some . . .

PRACTICAL HINTS *For* APRIL GARDENING . . .

ESTABLISH methodical garden habits now, plant correctly, use right fertilisers, and you'll be assured of a glorious display during late winter and spring.

By The Old Gardener

APRIL is always a glorious month of the year for gardening. The crisp, cool mornings and the warm sunny afternoons give one zest to do twice the amount of work done on hot summer days.

Plant life responds to treatment, looks healthier and brighter. Everywhere roses are at their best. Chrysanthemums begin to bloom after the many months of waiting, to fill the garden with glorious colors. Dahlias are holding their own, and when cut seem to last twice as long as late summer blooms.

Maple leaves turn to a glorious gold, poplars give their autumn tints, and berry shrubs make a splendid showing.

So those who have looked well forward in planning their garden are richly rewarded through the splendid color scheme which nature has provided.

Spring seems a long way ahead, yet April is really the last month in which to do our planting to give a bright display in spring.

Let us run over our garden and see that every bed is filled with Iceland poppies, ranunculi, anemones, violas, pansies, snapdragons, delphiniums, cinerarias, primulas, stocks, and brompton stock, which is a beautiful border plant and gives an exquisite perfume at eventide.

Godetias also are effective-looking and hardy. There are several new varieties on the market, so don't forget to add them to your garden.

In planting, keep in mind a color scheme.

Hurry bulb-planting, also, for this is the last month that you can plant daffodils, freesias, hyacinths, narcissus, tulips, sparaxis, and don't forget that delightful blue grape hyacinth which grows exceptionally well in semi-shaded corners or borders.

Get the whole family interested in the garden, because there is nothing that binds the home together more firmly than this delightful recreation. Shape the size of the plot according to the time you have at your disposal.

In applying fertilisers, be careful to use them at the right time, the right strength, and get the kind to suit the desired plant. In buying seeds or plants, always secure the best. It will pay in the end. Remember that old saying, "Grow the best, and discard the rest."

Adopt from the beginning a methodical plan of action. Watch plants for diseases, insect pests, etc. These can be easily checked if caught in time. Use the spray pump regularly, and don't forget in all garden work to complete one job before you commence another.

A good way to run a garden is to plan each morning the work that you wish to do, and do it without fail.

Use good tools, keep them well sharpened, and never put them away dirty.

If you are in doubt on any point, don't do anything in haphazard fashion, but get advice from friends who have been successful.

Any plant that you see that is new to you, make it your business to find out the name, its characteristics, and the conditions under which it is grown, then when you secure the same plant you are fully acquainted with its history.

Vegetable Garden

IN the vegetable plot, many crops are now past their period of usefulness. It is a good idea to gather the remains and throw them into a pit to rot down. They will be returned in due course to provide humus and plant food for the beds.

Tomatoes and potatoes should not be used in this way, however, because their leaves may carry the spores of disease.

It is too late, except in the north, to think of sowing french beans, but broad beans will give a good account of themselves if planted now in rows three feet apart, with six or nine inches separating the seeds in the rows. They like heavy soil and plenty of lime.

In cold districts, it is too late to sow carrots, parsnips, and other root vegetables, but in warmer areas it will be quite safe to make another sowing. The soil should be well worked and firmed before the seeds are sown.

Parsnip seed should be sown fairly thickly, because of its notoriously bad keeping qualities, but if the plants should come up too thickly sufficient can be transplanted to other rows to allow those that remain plenty of room to mature.

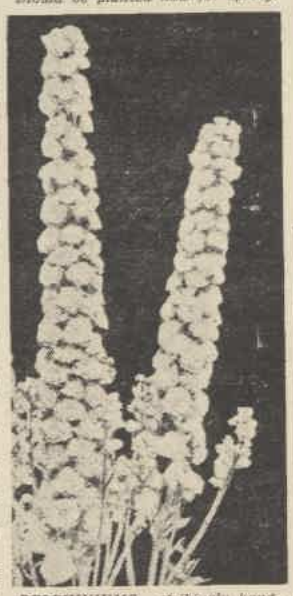
In the tableland districts seeds of beetroot, leek, lettuce, onions, radish, silver beet and spinach can be sown, in addition to those already mentioned, whilst in the warmer coastal areas it will be safe to sow cabbage, cauliflower, celery, herbs and peas, as well as the varieties recommended for inland districts.

Keep cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, and spinach plants on the move. Weekly applications of sulphate of ammonia, a dessertspoonful to every gallon of water, will hurry them along. The same treatment must be applied to the lettuce. By this constant attention, rapid growth is assured.

NEMESIAS, with their vivid coloring, make an excellent showing in beds or borders, and should be planted now for spring.

LUPINS, shown at top, lend themselves gracefully to any color scheme you may be planning for the spring garden; as do cinerarias, immediately above, among the loveliest, brightest-hued of our flowers. Plant them at once!

AZALEA BUSHES literally tumble with blossoms, and beautifully camouflage awkward corners and fences. Care for them now.



DELPHINIUMS, strikingly handsome, obtainable in a variety of glorious blues, should be cultivated now. Remember, this is the last month to plant for spring.

Imagine it!

Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch," they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. She took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. Normal bowel action was restored overnight. Constipation was banished. The "waste matter" that was clogging her system was quickly cleared away. For every member of the family FIGSEN is the ideal laxative. 1/3 tin from your chemist.

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2 PLEASANT AVE. ERSKINEVILLE.

Your SILVER can keep its glowing lustre—*always*

THE RADIANT loveliness that makes your silver the pride of your home can be retained through the years if you trust its care to Silvo Silver Polish. Only a polish as bland and gentle as Silvo can give your silver the loving care it deserves. Silvo is also excellent as a polish for Chromium and Glassware.

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SILVO LIQUID SILVER POLISH

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles, such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Blotches, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/6 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.*

EVERY Mother knows that many of Baby's pretty woollies have been ruined in the wash — now that is ended. With the new "SUN-GLO" Shrinkproof Wool you can knit with the assurance that baby's garments will keep their loveliness during their lifetime, without the slighest fear of shrinking. SUN-GLO is an "ALL-WOOL" knitting yarn guaranteed never to shrink. With SUN-GLO you need never knit on the large size—now you knit to exact size.

SUN-GLO is a safeguard to baby's health, too, because garments can always be kept fresh by regular washing, and then there is not the worry or care in washing or drying previously necessary.

SUN-GLO will always keep baby comfy: its soft, fleecy, smooth texture after every wash is so essential to baby's sensitive skin. Ask to-day for the finest knitting wool since knitting began.

SUN-GLO 2, 3 & 4 ply Shrinkproof Wool 9½d. Per 1-oz. Skein

SUN-GLO 3 ply Baby Wool 10½d. Per 1-oz. Ball

In a large variety of shades.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, N.S.W.

Wholesale Distributors: PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD. All States.

SGS

A SUNBEAM PRODUCT

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Introducing Snappy New Winter Designs . . . With Simple, Reliable Patterns

FLATTERING EFFECT

WW2225.—A new, becoming design with full bodice. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SNAPPY NIGHT-DRESS

WW2226.—Luxurious looking nightdress, with Peter Pan collar and puff sleeves. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TWEED COAT

WW2227. — Smart tailored coat for winter tweed. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

NEW ROLL COLLAR

WW2224.—This fascinating day frock has collar in the new roll design, with slim-fitting hip-line. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NEW STYLE

WW2222.—New style afternoon frock, with attractive contrast front. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard 36 inches wide contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING MODE

WW2220.—Striking and flattering design for evening. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

USEFUL OVERALLS

WW2221.—Useful overalls, delightfully easy to make. Sizes, 8-14 years. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

CHIC COSTUME

WW2223.—A smart design for sports or spectator wear. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Home Dressmakers, Make Your Choice!

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

ATTRACTIVE SUITS FOR LITTLE BOYS

Pattern For All Three Costs 3d., Post Free

OUR three-in-one pattern for this week provides for three charming little suits for small boys.

Made nice and roomy, they will be comfortable wear for the most energetic, athletic youngster.

Pattern is cut in three sizes, 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 years, and is obtainable now by filling in coupon and sending to our pattern department, with 3d. in stamps enclosed.

Material required (36 inches wide):
No. 1 Suit—1 yard for blouse, ¼ yard for trousers.
No. 2 Suit: 1 5-8 yards.
No. 3 Suit—7-8 yard for blouse, ¼ yard for trousers.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 4910, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4295YY, G.P.O.

If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 186, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 23/4/38.

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THEY'LL BE A *Delight* TO OWN

Needlework Notions

TABLE MATS of new beauty, traced in luxurious cutwork design on fine linen or Cesarine . . .

LOVELY handworked linens, set on tables and sideboards, give a graceful, personal touch to home decoration and add a fillip to the humblest furniture.

And there is nothing more satisfying to the home-loving woman than to work such dainty pieces, and have them for the adornment of her own private castle.

Traced in a rich grape design for cutwork, the lovely table mats shown at right will dress up the home delightfully, and give you several pleasant hours while fashioning beauty.

They are obtainable traced on white, cream, yellow, pink, green, or blue good quality pure Irish linen.

The round mat measures 18in. x 18in., and the oval mat 12in. x 18in., and the small mats 9in. x 9in. each. Price, 5/9, complete set.

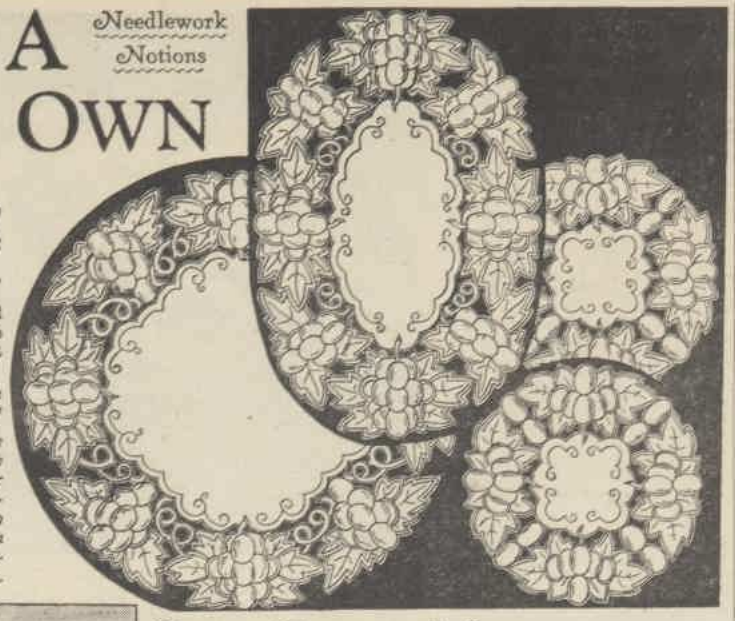
Purchased separately, they cost: Round mat, 18 in. x 18in. Price, 2/9.

Oval mat, 12in. x 18in. Price, 2/3. Round mat, 9in. x 9in. Price, 1/-. In Cesarine, complete set costs 5/-. Purchased separately in Cesarine: Round mat, 18in. x 18in. Price, 2/3. Oval mat, 12in. x 18in. Price, 1/9. Round mat, 9in. x 9in. Price, 9d.

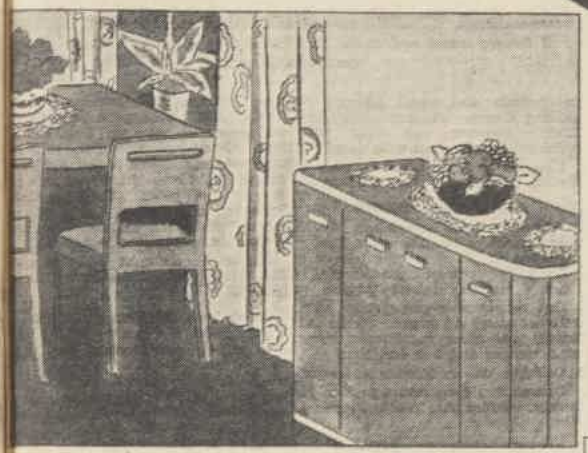
The stitches used are buttonhole, satin-stitch and stem-stitch.

Buttonhole the outlines of the leaves, and double buttonhole the stamens. The stems of the leaves may be stem-stitched, and the grapes buttonholed in fine ecru border cotton.

Before cutting out, be sure to damp and press the work well.



AT RIGHT, the exquisite table mats, traced for your swift embroidery on linen or Cesarine in a new and delightful grape design.



USE these mats as you desire, individually or in sets of three about the home. Complete set of three, shown above, in linen, costs 5/9, in Cesarine, 5/-, postage included.

SAY GOOD-MORNING

With A Cheery Breakfast Tray

TO greet you brightly on that most delightful of occasions, breakfast in bed, here is a charming set, traced with forget-me-nots and bluebirds of happiness.

These quaintly attractive sets add an unusual touch to your array of linens, and, if you're one of those good-natured souls who treat family or guests to a breakfast in bed, you'll find them handy.

For there is nothing that gives greater pleasure than to be awakened by a daintily-served tray, while luxuriating in bed.

The set consists of four pieces—traycloth, serviette, one larger cosy for the teapot, and a small edition for the egg-cup.

The design, traced on each piece for individual charm, is especially appealing. Twin blue birds, emblems of happiness, are the central motif, with forget-me-nots edging each piece, in a simple, dainty design.

Obtainable on white, cream, blue, yellow or pink good quality linen.

Price 5/9 complete set.

In Cesarine 5/-, post free.

Separately: 12 x 18-inch mat—In linen 2/6 each; Cesarine 2/-.

13 x 19-inch tea-cosy—In linen 3/6 each; Cesarine 3/-.

11 x 11-inch serviette. In linen 1/- each; Cesarine 9d.

5½ x 3½-inch egg-cosy—In linen 1/- each; Cesarine 9d.

The birds should be satin-stitched in your favorite shades—shades of blue for preference—the daisies buttonholed, and the branches satin-stitched in brown.

ABOVE, the four-piece good morning set, traycloth, serviette, tea-cosy and egg-cup cosy, traced in a blue-bird and daisy design, which, as shown, makes such an attractive setting for one's breakfast in bed. Obtainable from our Needlework Dept.

FRESH SUPPLY *Of* LINENS

THESE needlework items featured in previous issues are still available:

Three-piece duchesse set, traced ready for work in butterfly design, on white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, green linen, 2/6, post free.

Dainty guest towels, in white huckaback or cream linen, or blue, green, pink, yellow silk huckaback in three separate designs, camellia, convolvulus, and rose, price, 2/6 each, post free.

36 x 36 luncheon cloth, 11 x 11 serviette to match. In yellow, blue, or green check gingham, or in cream, green or blue Cesarine, with contrast pieces for applique, 3/11 each, 9d. each serviette.

In white, cream, blue, pink or green linen, 36 x 36, 7/-; 45 x 45, 8/6; 54 x 54, 11/3; 11 x 11 serviette, 1/-.

WOMEN!

Do you dread certain days for the pain and misery they bring? It is your own fault if you go on suffering. It has been discovered that the cause is a lack of vital minerals in the blood. And to remedy mineral-deficiency is a very easy matter if you take Kalzana. Kalzana gives your system all the vital minerals it needs in an easy-to-take way. Once it has strengthened your blood, your body begins to function normally and pain does not return. Lose no time in becoming the healthy, happy woman nature intended you to be—start taking Kalzana right away.

KALZANA

The MINERAL FOOD for BETTER HEALTH.

Of all Chemists in tins containing 45 and 90 tablets.

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Send us your name and address and we will send you, postpaid, a trial bottle of the world famous Liquid Veneer.

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For Dusting Polishing and Preserving

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CHILBLAINS

Relieve with Iodex

Quick, sure relief from the irritating itch of chilblains is assured with Iodex iodine ointment. Iodex is nearly twice as strong as tincture of iodine, but will not irritate, blister or harden the skin. Iodex is equally effective for broken or unbroken chilblains.

FREE! Iodex First-aid Book, 6th Edition, now available. Should be in every home. Tells what to do in every emergency. Write now for free copy. The IODEX CO., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/-. From all Chemists

STUFFY HEAD COLDS

Catarrh, Coughs, Adenoids & Tonsils STOPPED INSTANTLY

Five drops of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox in each nostril kills germs and soothes away tiredness. In flask complete with special dropper.

60 DOSES, 2/6

Treatment size, 10/-.

Get Kanatox at any chemist.

KANATOX

Germs Hit Your Kidneys as

Germs get into the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System, and because of the intense irritation produced are the true and underlying cause of much pain, rundown health, and dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Appetite and Vitality, and Burning, Smarting, Itching passages.

Germs develop in the body during Colds or because of Bad Teeth or Tonsils or from diseases and fevers such as Typhoid and other bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help much because they do not kill the germs that are the cause of your trouble.

Kill Germs Doctor's Way

Fortunately for sufferers most chemists now have supplies of a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex that is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in three ways to remove the cause of your trouble and thus restore vigorous health: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most Kidney and Bladder Disorders. 2. It soothes and heals inflamed membranes and stops pain. 3. It helps Kidneys act naturally to remove excess Uric Acid and other Poisons from the blood.

48-Hour Results

Cystex is scientifically prepared in accordance with the purity standards of the British and U.S.A. Pharmacopoeia to act as a urinary antiseptic or germ destroyer and as a gentle stimulating diuretic to the Kidneys. For this reason there is no long waiting for results. More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex with the greatest of success and are high in their praises of this wonderful two-way treatment. For instance, Mrs. L. H. recently wrote: "I had been sick for seven years. Terrible pains in my back night and day. I had to get up six times every night and then I would have to force and force to urinate. I was so bad three weeks ago that I just couldn't stand the pain and burning any longer. My husband got Cystex for me. I got relief from the first two doses. The pain is all gone now and I have no irritation and sleep sound all night. Now I enjoy life again and can sit in a cinema with no worry of getting up and going home before the show is over."

8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under the written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

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BEST Recipes of the WEEK

For daily menus and special occasions . . . some splendid home-tested recipes for you to try.

THE finest home-tested recipes are entered in this popular weekly competition.

First prize this week goes to walnut slices, made in an unusual way, with consolation prizes for other sweet and savory dishes.

Each week we give £1 for the best entry received, and 2/6 consolation prizes. All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach full name and address, and send to our offices.

WALNUT SLICES

Sift well together 6oz. plain flour, ¼ cup castor sugar, pinch of salt. Rub in ½lb. butter, add ½ cup coconut, a few drops of almond essence. Make into a stiff paste with yolk of one egg and a little milk. Flour pastry board and roll out. Put into an oblong-shaped tin, and press down with the fingers. Beat two eggs thoroughly, add ½ cup castor sugar, one cup coconut, almond essence, one cup chopped walnuts, and cochineal. Spread evenly over pastry, and bake in moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Carefully turn out onto a sieve to cool, then cover top with pale pink icing; sift one cup icing sugar into a basin, add small piece of butter, few drops of almond essence, moisten with either juice from tinned or stewed apricots or strained juice from apricot jam with a little warm water added. Color pale pink and whilst warm pour over the cake. Sprinkle generously with chopped walnuts. Cut into slices as required.

Any scraps of the pastry left roll out and cut into small rounds. Brushed with white of egg, sprinkled with sugar, they make delightful afternoon tea biscuits.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. H. Honeysett, Alt Crescent, Ainslie, Canberra, F.C.T.

DEVIL'S FOOD PUDDING

Three tablespoons grated chocolate, 1½ cups sugar, 1¼ cups milk, 2 eggs, ½ cup butter, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 tablespoon hot water, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Melt chocolate in a saucepan, add ½ cup sugar, and ½ cup milk. Cook until it forms a smooth syrup. Add one well-beaten egg and continue cooking until waxy. Allow to cool. Cream butter and one cup sugar, add other egg well-beaten, and remainder of milk. Dissolve soda in hot water, and add to chocolate mixture. Add to the cake mixture with 2 cups flour, and vanilla, beating briskly. Turn into a buttered pudding mould and steam 1½ hours and serve hot with vanilla sauce.

Vanilla Sauce: 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, pinch salt, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift sugar, cornflour, salt together. Add slowly boiling water, beating constantly. Cook for 5 minutes. Remove from fire and add butter and vanilla.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Dorothy Gavel, Micabil, Condobolin, N.S.W.

PASSIONFRUIT PORCUPINE

Soak 4 tablespoons sago in a little milk for ½ hour. Put on stove with pint of milk, and cook slowly; add pulp of 6 or more passionfruit, sweeten, and color pale pink with cochineal. Put into mould to set. Turn out next day, and decorate with Jordan almonds which have been scalded and skinned and cut lengthwise in thin pieces. (Cut each almond into four pieces.) Cover sweet with these to give the effect of porcupine quills. Pile top with whipped cream. Make a sauce with the strained juice of 6 or more passionfruit and equal amount of cooking sherry. Thicken with cornflour. Sweeten and color with cochineal. Serve cold with sweet.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Smith, 239 Pulteney St., Adelaide.

CUCUMBER RELISH

Four pounds cucumber, 4lb. apples, 4lb. onions, 2lb. sugar, 12oz. raisins or sultanas, 1oz. cloves, 1oz. peppercorns, 4oz. ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper.

Cut up cucumber and sprinkle with salt, let stand all night. Strain off liquid; add other ingredients, cover with vinegar and boil one hour.

Delicious on dry biscuits as savory.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Austin, Oxford St., North Geelong, Vic.

VEGETABLE SHORTCAKE

Sift two cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder into a mixing bowl. Rub in ¼lb. dripping until like breadcrumbs. Mix into fairly stiff dough with cold water. Roll out into one large piece and mark the half. Boil together till soft 2 potatoes, 3 carrots, 2 parsnips, 1 turnip, and 1 onion. Drain off water and mash finely. Add 1 tablespoon butter, salt, and pepper to taste and beat with a fork. When cool, spread the mashed vegetable on one-half of the rolled out dough. Fold over the other piece of dough, and pinch edges together. Prick top with a fork. Place on a greased sheet and bake until a nice brown. May be served hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Knockroe, North Isis, Qld.

ORANGE CUSTARD PUDDING

Butter well 4 slices bread and put in a well-greased piedish. Boil pint milk with a piece of orange rind, cut thin, and a clove. Beat 3 egg-yolks with a good tablespoon sugar, strain boiling milk over them, stirring well. Sprinkle with a little finely-chopped candied orange peel. Let it stand a quarter of an hour before putting it in a moderate oven, and bake till set.

Beat the whites of eggs stiffly, add a large cup of sugar, spread over pudding and return to oven to set and brown slightly. Serve hot or cold, decorated with quarters of orange, free from pith.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. M. Eley, George St., Pinjarra, W.A.

PREPARING APPLES

Peel and cut across the apple, not down, from top to bottom. When you cut it across you will see five rows of pips. Run your knife from the outside to the core in the five places where the pips are, and you will find it easier to remove the core than if you had quartered your apple. If there is a grub in the core it is easy enough to cut each side of the pip without touching the core. And remember, it's easier to cook long, thin pieces than short, thick pieces.

Add a pinch of salt to the saucepan as soon as you add apples and a little water. Test with a fork and when soft add sugar and boil till the sugar goes right through the apple. Do not remove from fire as soon as you add sugar to apples (or any other fruit), but let gently simmer a few more minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss I. Ferano, c/o Post Office, Yass, N.S.W.

ABOVE: You see a most attractive and colorful salad for luncheon—tomato baskets. Here is the simple recipe: Cut off tops of tomatoes, remove centres. Chop this up and mix with cream cheese, salt, cayenne. Fill tomato cases, and make handles of thin strips of celery. Serve on lettuce leaves.

THIS WEEK

New Unusual Recipes

FROM entries sent in by readers this week we have selected some new and unusual recipes that should be particularly helpful now—and later.

BEEHIVE PUDDING

One cup cooked meat, 3oz. long pipe macaroni, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon flour, 4 tablespoons milk for white meat, or 4 tablespoons gravy or stock for red meat, 1 small onion, nutmeg, salt, and pepper to taste.

Boil macaroni in salted boiling water for 15 minutes, then strain. Line a greased mould or basin with macaroni, pressing it against sides of basin, adding crumbs to keep it in place. Peel and dice onion, fry in butter, add flour, meat, beaten egg, milk or gravy, remaining crumbs. Put in basin, steam gently for 1 hour. Turn out, garnish with sprigs parsley, and serve with hot tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Henry Beak, Broadmeadows, via Rockhampton, Qld.

GRILLED EGGS

Put a little butter in pan, break eggs into it without breaking yolks; leave on griller for half a minute. Then put them under the griller. In about two minutes the eggs will be nicely grilled and butter drawn up through them. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Johnstone, West Dubbo, N.S.W.

SAGO CHEESE OMELET

Two tablespoons sago, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup scalded milk, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 egg-yolks beaten until thick, 4 egg-whites stiffly beaten.

Add sago, salt and pepper to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until sago is clear, stirring frequently. Remove from fire, add egg-yolks and butter. Fold in egg-whites and cheese. Pour into hot buttered frying-pan and cook over low flame 17 minutes or until a delicate brown. Dry top of omelet under griller 5 minutes. Cut across at right angles to handle of pan, being careful not to cut all the way through; fold carefully, serve on hot plate, garnish with parsley. Serves six.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Hargraves, Seabrook St., Kedron, Brisbane.

GRILLED GRAPEFRUIT WITH BACON

Cut in halves as many grapefruit as required, allow ½ a grapefruit for each serving, pink edges, separate sections from the skin, cut out centre and all membrane. Cover halves with brown sugar, and grill till nicely browned. Serve with stuffed bacon rolls.

STUFFED BACON ROLLS

Split and wash 4 lambs' kidneys, remove centre core and mince with 1 small white onion. Add ½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and a grate of nutmeg. Bind with a well-beaten egg, lay mixture on slices of bacon, roll up and secure with toothpicks. Bake in medium oven about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

WEDDING RINGS

Eight ounces brown sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. cocoa or sweet grated chocolate, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup blanched almonds, 1oz. lemon peel, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon cloves, 2 tablespoons apricot jam.

Beat egg and sugar together, add cocoa, stir in chopped lemon peel, chopped almonds, flour sifted with baking powder, and spices. Mix well, turn on to floured board, roll out thinly, cut into rounds, then with a shade smaller cutter cut out centres. Bake in a moderate oven 10 minutes. When cold, brush tops with melted jam, sprinkle some with almonds, ice the others with white icing, and decorate with silver cachous.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dickenson, 62 Gate House St., Parkville, Vic.

LACK OF VITAMIN PARALYSIS CAUSE?

AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATED PRESS.

VANCOUVER, Saturday.

A theory that infantile paralysis is caused by lack of vitamin B, the nerve vitamin, is advanced in the Canadian Medical Journal.

The writer finds that susceptibility in children is due to the fact that they need more vitamin B than adults.

He says that the symptoms are similar to beri beri, which led to the discovery of vitamin B.

"I don't think there is any connection between the lack of vitamins and the cause of infantile paralysis," said the N.S.W. Director-General of Public Health, Dr. E. S. Morris, last night. "The lack of vitamins may make children more vulnerable."

He added that the lack of vitamins was being investigated in Sydney.

—From Sydney "SUNDAY SUN".

PARENTS!

be on the SAFE SIDE

SEE THAT *your* CHILDREN HAVE MORE VITAMIN B . . . GIVE THEM MARMITE

(ONE OF THE RICHEST KNOWN SOURCES OF VITAMIN B)

Don't take unnecessary risks where your children's health is concerned! After all, little is yet known about the causes of dreaded infantile paralysis, and it may well be that the Canadian medical man's theory is correct. Be on the safe side . . . make sure that *your* children have more Vitamin B by giving them daily doses of Marmite, the food which is acknowledged as one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B.

As a hot drink

In dainty sandwiches

For years specialists have prescribed Marmite in the treatment of diseases caused by Vitamin B deficiency. Marmite has the virtue of being highly concentrated, so that a little Marmite does a lot of good. Spread it on sandwiches, add it to soups and stews, or give it to the children as a hot drink. They like the appetising Marmite flavour.

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THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

Brewed from a 200 Years Old Recipe

CHAMPION'S

PURE MALT

VINEGAR

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Flavored with JAM

JAM PUFFS . . . Cut flaky pastry into rounds, put a little jam on one side, fold over, glaze and bake.

LIGHT AS A FEATHER, steamed jam pudding with thick jam sauce makes a delightful sweet for cooler days. Both pudding and sauce are easily made. Just follow the recipes given on this page.

Here are choice recipes for all kinds of delicious things. The menfolk will like them—for they're just like mother used to make!

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

JAM is always a popular and wholesome addition to cakes, puddings, biscuits, tarts, sauces, buns, which, as stated above, are especially loved by the male members of the family. And so this week we give some choice recipes for using jam in your everyday menus.

Any kind of jam may be used in these recipes, but raspberry is best with jam pudding and jam wheels.

In the first case, it is softer and mixes more evenly with the other ingredients; and in the latter case it will spread more evenly.

If heavier jam is used, chop it finely first.

RAINBOW TART

Shortcrust, raspberry jam, apricot jam.

Make shortcrust in usual way. Roll out into a round, about 2 inches larger than the plate to be used, cut a strip off all round, then lay strip on the edge of the greased plate, with cut side out. Damp strip, lay round carefully on, and cut round edge with sharp knife. Roll out any scraps, cut off two thin strips, lay across the tart. Fill two portions with red jam and two with yellow jam, opposite each other. Bake in moderate oven till pastry is a pale straw color. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

AUSTRALIA CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, vanilla, 12oz. self-raising flour, raspberry jam, cochineal.

Cream butter and sugar well, add beaten eggs gradually, then milk and essence, lastly well-sifted flour. Put half the mixture into well-greased loaf tin. Spread with jam (raspberry is the best to use), color remainder of mixture with cochineal, spread evenly over the jam. Bake in a moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Turn carefully on to cake cooler. When cold, ice if liked. When set, store in airtight tin.

JAM SAUCE

Half pint water, 1 tablespoon jam, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, cochineal (if raspberry jam is used).

Blend arrowroot with a little water. Put remainder of water on to boil with sugar and jam. When almost boiling, pour on to arrowroot. Mix well, return to saucepan, stir till it boils again. Add coloring. Pour round pudding or serve in sauce bowl.

STEAMED JAM PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda.

Cream butter and sugar well, add jam, and beat again well, add beaten egg gradually, then milk, lastly flour and soda, which has been sifted twice. Pour into well-greased mould. Cover with greased paper (greased on both sides, on one side to prevent pudding from sticking to it, on the other to prevent steam from falling into pudding). Steam 1½ hours. Remove from steamer, and turn onto hot dish. Serve with jam sauce either poured round the pudding or served in sauce bowl.

JAM LAYER PUDDING

Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or dripping, ½ gill water, jam.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, mix to dough with water. Turn onto board and cut into six pieces. Have one piece a little larger than the others. Knead into round shape. Roll out largest piece and line greased basin with it, moulding in carefully. Spread with jam. Fill basin with remaining pieces, rolling each piece a little larger than the last, and putting a thick layer of jam between each layer of pastry. Turn edge of outside piece well over. Cover with greased paper. Steam 1½ to 2 hours. Remove from steamer. Turn onto hot dish. Serve with sweet white sauce.

JAM KISSES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. cornflour, jam.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs gradually, then sifted flours. Put teaspoonfuls of mixture onto greased swiss roll tins. Bake in quick oven till pale straw-color. Lift onto cooler. When cold, join two together with jam and sprinkle with icing sugar.

JAM WHEELS

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 7oz. self-raising flour, raspberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then flour, making into stiff dough. Turn onto floured board. Roll into oblong sheet. Spread thinly with jam. Roll up like roly-poly, then cut into slices with sharp knife. Lay on greased swiss roll tin. Not too close, as they spread. Glaze with milk. Bake in slow oven till a pale straw-color. Leave on tin till cold. Store in airtight tin.

BLACK CURRANT LOZENGES

Two pounds black currant jam, 1 cup water, ½ cup gelatine, 3oz. sugar.

Put jam through fine sieve, add water, and extract as much juice as possible. Add dissolved gelatine and sugar. Simmer for ½ hour. Pour into wetted dishes. Leave till set. Cut into squares with sharp scissors.

JAM BISCUITS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, yolk 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, jam.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter till like breadcrumbs, add sugar. Mix in well. Mix into stiff dough with beaten yolk and milk. Turn onto floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out into thin sheet, keeping the edges as straight as possible. Spread half with jam. Fold over other half. Cut into finger-lengths with sharp knife. Place on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in slow oven till pale straw-color. Leave on the tin till cold. Serve on paper d'oyley.

HOST HOLBROOK says:

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The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOKS WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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Coffee

EASY TO MAKE

1 First warm the jug with hot water.

2 Use one dessertspoonful of Pure Coffee for each cup required.

3 Pour on boiling water. Always carry jug to stove.

4 Stand for five minutes, strain and serve.

Bushells

Vacuum Packed Stays Fresh

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FOREVER ... MORNING

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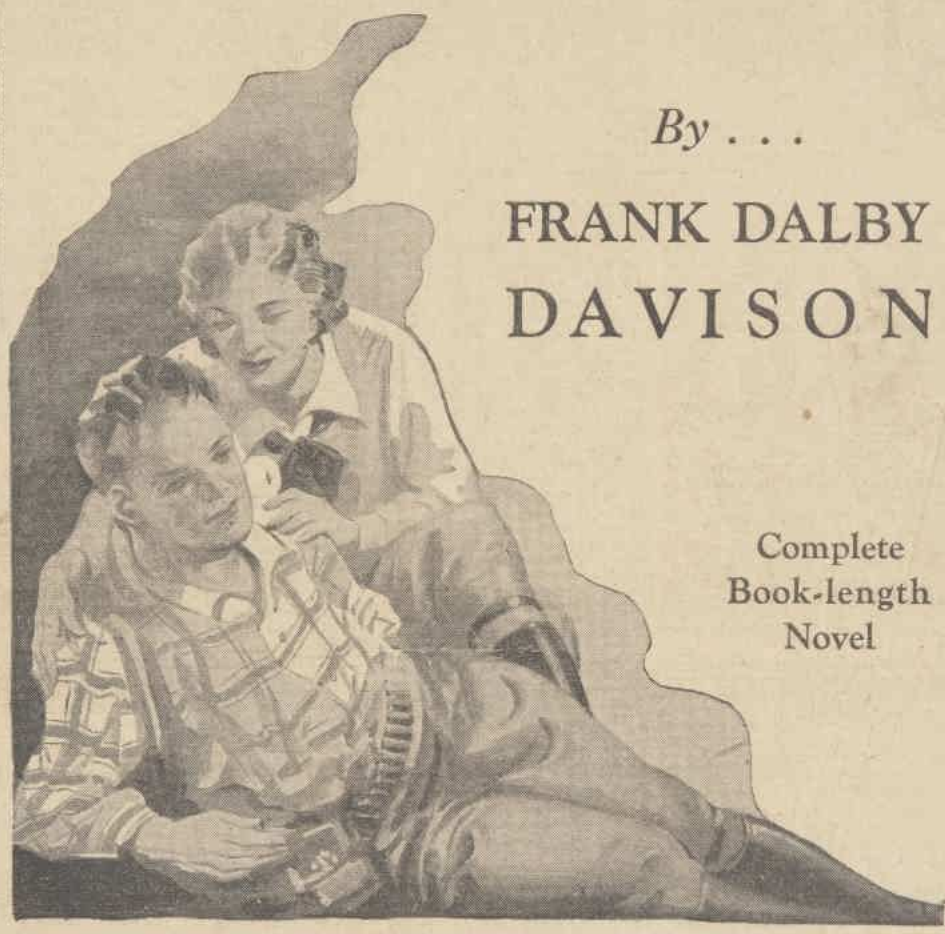

By . . .

FRANK DALBY DAVISON

Complete Book-length Novel

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FOREVER MORNING

By Frank Dalby Davison

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

IN the same spirit, half proud and half defensive, in which one on foreign soil acknowledges a native land, Doris Brunton, in answer to the casual query of some city acquaintance, would reply that she came from the bush.

She was conscious, in speaking, of summoning to herself a background; and she was as aware of the romantic glamor which she felt it shed about her as she was of the mirth-provoking qualities which others professed to see in it. Its shortcomings she was prepared to deny or to defend, as tactical necessity demanded.

She enjoyed the city. She was too young and too sane to refuse the pleasures that city life afforded, but never had she rid herself of that slightly alien feeling which the bush-dweller has in the town. Nor did the fact that people whom she met were upon occasion inclined to speak of the bush and its people with good-humored derision tend to ameliorate the sense of being in a strange environment.

The most welcome times of all were those when Dad came to town, or those parts of the year that she spent at home.

From long familiarity she knew every mile of that journey home, and the passing of them was like the meeting and greeting of old acquaintances. Each mile nearer to the homestead up against the ranges was dearer than the one before.

A night on the train held no terror of sleeplessness for her. It was pleasant to lie for a while in the bunk, feeling the steady swinging of the carriages; to listen at the stopping-places, and identify by their noises the various activities of train arrival.

In the morning there was the first peep through the window to see what progress had been made, and the joy of recognising the increasing familiarity of the landscape, with the knowledge that she would soon be home. This was Merrivale Creek over whose bridge they were now thundering—and there, as the whistle shrieked in the curve, distant Mount Mallison swept into view.

Her head was out of the window as the train drew into Laffin's Creek. There was Dad on the platform, and there, behind the waiting-room, were Billy and Brandy in the buggy, with Bert holding the reins. There was the sleepy old main street drowsing in the early sun. Even on this crisp morning it did not seem to be thoroughly awake. But what a dear old comfortable place it was, with its shady pepper-trees, its brown dust powdering the base of white walls, and its tied saddle-horses switching their tails outside the hotels and shops!

"Hello! Hello!" That was Dad, trotting stiffly alongside her compartment as the train drew to a stop. The door swung open, her luggage was dumped carelessly on the platform, and her father was half lifting her down. She felt his whiskers against her cheek, and a happiness in her heart that almost hurt.

"Back again?" Ted, the young porter, regarded their embrace with a grin as he passed.

"Back again, Ted!" She did not mind Ted, or anyone else. Her proud regard for Dad, and his for her were for all the world to see.

"Well, come on; we'd better be moving!" Gathering up her bags, she and her father struggled round to the buggy.

"Hello, Bert! Still with Dad, I see!"

"Yes, Miss Brunton," from the boy with a shy grin and a polite lifting of his hat.

"I suppose you've got some business to do, Dad?" She asked the question in gentle raillery as they got into the buggy. He always had. He might have done it before the train came in. There had been ample time to visit the store, the bank, and saddler, and stock and station agent, but it would have deprived him of the opportunity of exhibiting his daughter once more.

When they pulled up in front of a place of business, Mr. Brunton, having himself descended, would suggest: "Well, you'd better get down, hadn't you? So-and-so 'ud like to see you, I expect."

When the town was behind them and they were spinning homeward, she would then turn to Bert, sitting behind on the luggage, and ask him if he still liked the bush. Bert was a boy whose parents lived in the city. He was learning farming under Dad.

"Aw, my word, Miss Brunton!"

Mr. Brunton, having inquired concerning the welfare of all the city people whose names he remembered, was asking about the state of the country on the way up. What bushman does not enquire of a traveller as to the health of the country he has passed!

"Andy got back the day before yesterday." From the manner of its delivery she judged that Dad had made the statement for what it was worth.

"Oh!" she replied, and a little silence followed. She would have liked to know whether Dad had written to tell him she was coming.

Andy, who helped Brunton in working the farm, was a long-limbed Australian of twenty-two or so. He was one of those who don't know their own name. To the people of the district he was just "Brunton's Andy." His likeness came before Doris' vision; his blue-back hair and clean-toothed smile. He was her beau ideal of an Australian bushman. Among other men she knew that he was counted "a good man," in a man's definition of the term.

It was Andy's habit in slack times to venture forth into the world beyond the skyline. He had been up into Queensland and he had been "back of Bourke." It was his way of accumulating experience of men and life.

"Won't do you any harm, Andy," was Mr. Brunton's usual comment when Andy proposed one of his periodical jaunts.

He always returned at such times as he knew his strong young back would be needed on the place.

At home — after Doris and Andy in the pleasure of reunion had exchanged their usual sallies and he had driven the horses back to the yards to unharness—there were the dogs to be greeted. They came barking and yelping as if they would devour anything human; then their ferocity melted suddenly to tail-wagging and fawning, and jostling for the favors of a caressing hand.

Old Mrs. Parkes, who cooked and kept house for the Bruntons, said she was "as good as could be expected at her time of life," and declared, smiling, that she was glad to see Doris back again "looking so well —and prettier than ever." "It was very quiet," she continued, "with you and Andy away at the same time."

RIDGELANDS, the home of the Bruntons, was not a large place. It was the original selection, with other paddocks added to it as time and increasing prosperity permitted. Jim Brunton was, in the catchword of the bush, a "toiler." Except for one or two trips to distant parts of the country, when he was a youngster, he had never looked far beyond the boundaries of his own property.

When he did so, it was mostly at the end of a run of good luck—and with a view to purchase. The original slab humpy to which he had brought his bride, thirty years back, still stood, although a new house had been built in front of it. It now provided quarters for Andy and Bert.

There was an orchard at the side of the house. Had anyone asked him, Jim would have said that he had no time to be fooling around with fruit-trees. Nevertheless, as the seasons came, he went into the orchard and ploughed and harrowed and pruned.

In addition to the features mentioned, there was, in some small paddocks close to the homestead at Ridgelands, a small stud of pure-bred merinos. They had been bought at a time when a dry spell had found Jim with hay to sell. The haystack vanished, and the pure-breds came in its place. They were in the nature of the crowning achievement of a career! They set up a landmark, as it were, showing the distance

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that had been won since the days when the stock of the selection had consisted of a mob of working horses and half a dozen milkers. It was a source of gratification to both the girl and her father to read the name, James Brunton, in the newspaper reports of exhibitors at nearby shows. It stood for success and solidity—and, in a minor way, for a little importance.

There were, as well, those fireside traditions that exist in every family whose thought goes back one day beyond yesterday. During each of the periods Doris spent at home, one evening at least was devoted to taking these family histories forth from their moth-balls and lavender. When tea was cleared away, and Dad was comfortably settled with his pipe, she would draw up a low chair near to his.

It did not take much to get Brunton talking on old times. A few questions judiciously put, and presently he would sit, pipe in hand, looking thoughtfully into the fire—if there were one—or at the top of his daughter's head if there were not.

"We didn't have much money, you know, when we started," he would begin in ruminative tones. "Your mother had been brought up on a selection, the same as me. Nobody had much in those days. But I don't know—we seemed to have as good times as young ones do nowadays. We were young ourselves then, I expect."

"Mother was a great rider, wasn't she, Dad?" That was a leading question—one that Jim Brunton would rise to, always.

"My word she was! I remember having a race with her once. That was before we were married. We were riding home from a dance, in the early morning. I said to your mother, 'Go on, Mary, I'll race you into the yards.' Away she went. Your mother never needed urging twice on horseback. It was about half a mile. I gave her a good start, for, being a young chap, I felt pretty cocky about being able to catch up to a girl. Anyway, when she'd gone about a hundred yards I set off after her. I kept gaining a little, but not enough, and she kept looking back at me and laughing. I was grinning to myself because I was playing a joke on her, really. The rails of the stockyard were up. I had put 'em up myself the evening before. She'd have to stop and let 'em down to get into the yard. I'd catch her before she could do that—I thought. But I didn't know your mother's spirit. Those rails were five feet six high, and at sight of 'em she gathered her horse together and sent him straight over the top! That, after a hard night's fun, dancing! I remember I gave her a cameo brooch as a remembrance—I was that proud of her."

Jim felt silent awhile. His story had recalled to memory where he had last seen that brooch—pinning the robes about her as she lay ready for burial!

"What sort of a boy were you, Dad?"

"Huh? Oh, just an ordinary young rascal, I suppose!"

"But what did you do?"

"I don't recollect doing anything that I could get out of. There was such a crowd of us youngsters—six boys and three girls; and there was such a lot of things happening to one or the other of us all the time that at this distance youngsters and events seem to get mixed—I think poor mother was bewildered half her time."

"And what became of you all, Dad? Uncle Joe died in South Africa, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was killed when the Australians fought at Elandslaagte. Poor Joe! Although I've heard of men coming to worse ends than that."

There was quiet for a little after that, because each was conscious of the photograph of the young Light Horseman that was watching them from its place on the wall. He, too, was one of those who will never grow old. In the Great War he had fought and fallen under Chauvel in Palestine. Then Dad would continue hurriedly, as if he were passing a place of shadows:

"Then there was Harry. He went to West Australia in the gold rush—got a business in Kalgoorlie now. And Alex got a sheep station out beyond Barcaldine, in Queensland. Walter—he's still droving in the north—must be getting pretty old for that business now—perhaps Wally hasn't done too well, he doesn't say much when he writes."

Then there were the three sisters; their names and careers to be mentioned; two had married farmers and lived at opposite ends of the Commonwealth. The third was a matron of a mission hospital in the far north-west.

"And what became of Jack, Dad?"

The girl's eyes would watch her father with a deeper intensity as she asked the question. Jack was the one whose career was under a cloud.

"Yes, there was Jack! He was the"—Dad would seem to cast around for a word—"the—the adventurous one of the family. Haven't heard from Jack for years. Not since mother died."

Doris often wondered about Jack. He must have been, she thought, a bit wild. He got into scrapes. In the end he must have done something terrible and had to run away. She used to mourn over him a little.

"Yes," Brunton would say, when the evening came to a close, "I don't think we owe the country much. We've done our share of the graft for two generations—we're still doing it."

That night, when she had gone to bed—and also during after-days—the girl would think over all that her father had told. These were her people; her link with the past; the key of her own relationship to the present. Every time that Dad told her of them, different anecdotes came to light. These she recited to herself until they were the highlights and the shadows in the composite image that represented her people and her country.

No matter how much one holds to the past, one does not live in it. It is just a background.

Doris came into the homestead one day from a visit to some friends, riding Playboy, a horse that Dad had bred and Andy had broken for her. He was a handsome chestnut with a bailey face and three white socks. In addition he was almost thoroughbred, and, besides having the virtue of being her own horse, he had the heart of a lion and the gentleness of a lamb.

"My word, Andy," she cried as she dismounted, "Playboy can jump!"

Andy looked up from his task of greasing the wheels of a dray, and, before answering, he could not forbear to allow his eyes to rest a moment on the girl. She was in boots, breeches, and tailored coat, and the severe masculinity of her clothes but served to accentuate her femininity. She was brsced and flushed from her ride.

"Yes, he looks as if he could. Plenty of length from hip to hock. Why, have you been doing some steeplechasing?"

"You know those big logs lying near Jackson's gate. Well, I had him over those."

Andy looked doubtful. Those logs had been piled for burning. They were high, and Playboy—well, he was a good little horse, but he was just a girl's hack.

"I'll show you," she said, seeing the expression of his face. She mounted again. "Put two of the rails up!"

When Andy had done as he was bidden, she jumped Playboy out of the yard and then back in again.

"Now put another one up!"

That, too, was negotiated successfully. Then she cleared it a third time, so placing herself outside the yard, where she could go farther back and give the horse a fair run at the jump.

"Now put the top one up!"

"Aw, no!" Andy shook his head. She was trying too much.

"Andy!"

But Andy stood his ground. "That's six feet," he objected, "and the rail is fixed."

"No matter. Put it up!"

"No!" He shook his head. "Your horse is tired. Wait till some other day."

"If you don't put it up, I shall just have to get down and put it up myself!" This was both a plea and an ultimatum.

Reluctantly Andy put one end of the rail in position; then, nursing the other end in his arms, he made a last resistance. "You know, if you fall and bust your neck, I shall get the blame for it—being here."

"Are you trying to frighten me?"

With a resentful glance at her face, which was a little pale, he slammed the rail into position and stepped aside.

She rode the horse slowly up to the rail and showed him its height. Then she trotted back about fifty yards. When she turned again to face the rails, Playboy showed none of that nervousness very proper in a horse who is being asked to extend himself. Andy was on the point of jumping on to the rails and sitting there till she came to her senses. It was too late!

She came forward at a swift canter. Her hand on the rein was lighter than a feather, and her faculties were keyed for the leap; but there was no sympathy between horse and rider. The chestnut took off too soon and jumped without effort. The rail gave back a dull clump to the clout of his hoofs. He pitched to the ground on his shoulder, with the dead bump of a falling log, and the girl shot from the saddle, sprawling in the dust.

With his heart in his mouth Andy rushed and picked her up. She was badly shaken. Her coat was torn, and the dust of the yard was in her hair and smeared along one side of her face.

"Are you hurt?"

"No, of course I'm not," she answered between a sob and a laugh, as soon as she was able—and that was not for some seconds. Andy's arms were still supporting her.

"I'm all right now, thank you, Andy."

At the cool politeness of her voice Andy's arms automatically fell away. She walked over to the rails and started tugging at them.

"What are you going to do?"

"I want to lead my horse out of the yard. I'm going to make Playboy jump these rails!"

For a moment Andy hesitated. His duty, he felt, was to prevent her from trying. Poor Andy; he had so lately held her in his arms that he could not harden himself to become the object of her wrath. In troubled silence he shouldered her aside, and, while she went and caught Playboy, he took the rails down.

She had mounted and was riding out of the yard when an idea seized him.

"Doris!"

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"Yes!"

"Let me put him over for you." His tone was pleading.

Her answer was a look of reproach and scorn. It was born of pride of race and breeding. Andy understood! He put up the rails and stood aside.

Again she showed Playboy the top of the rail. He stretched his head to it as a jumper should, and as she trotted him back to the beginning of the run his steps were light and quick—he was nervously eager. She wheeled him swiftly; and when he raced for the rails she was riding on the bit. As he finished the stride from which he took off, her hand eased, and she went forward in the saddle. He rose to it like a hunted stag. He topped the rails with his forelegs bent neatly to his chest and his hind legs gathering behind him. For a moment that seemed an eternity he appeared to hang poised above the jump—then his descent to the ground was with the lightness of a cat.

She had not pulled him to a halt before a wrathful voice filled the air. Jim Brunton, her father, had come around the corner of the barn in time to see the jump. The scare that had clutched his heart turned to anger when he saw her safely land. His eye fell on Andy, and in fulfilment of that young man's prophecy he charged him, with unaccustomed profanity, as the culprit.

IT was Show Week. Doris had entered Playboy for the ladies' high jump. She had had a tug-of-war with Dad before he would give his consent to her riding the horse. Enter Playboy, by all means, if she and Andy thought he had a chance of winning; but he, Dad, would arrange for a professional rider to take the horse into the ring.

When this amendment was made to her proposal, the rebellious surge of Doris' feelings almost carried her beyond the bounds of filial respect.

Of what use was it to have been born and raised among horses, to be the daughter of two generations of horsemen, to have gloried in their prowess, if, when it came to the pinch, she must surrender rein and stirrup to another! Was she of softer flesh than they?

Of course, in the end, her pride prevailed. It was agreed that she should ride Playboy—to victory or defeat. After he had given way on the matter, Jim reflected that it was still possible to deter her from riding the horse by a confession of his fears, a little appeal to daughterly sympathies—but he, too, had his pride.

At the first opportunity he took Andy aside. "We've got to make sure that horse can jump, Andy."

"Righto," agreed Andy, wondering what was proposed.

"After she has gone back to the city we'll build a jump, show-ground fashion, and you'll have to train him and jump him until there's no doubt about what he can do."

"Righto."

This they did. When, in the course of his training, the horse found that the rails were loose on the pegs, he became careless about striking them as he jumped. Placing his own safety with the gods, Andy tied the rails to the posts. A couple of spills created a doubt in Playboy's mind concerning the looseness of those rails, and thereafter he jumped cleanly.

A week before Show, when Doris came back to Ridgelands to get seat and hand into practice, Playboy could carry Andy over seven feet. He was a safe horse.

IT was the day of the event. Doris, Andy, Dad, and Mr. Cleghorn, a mate whom Jim had not seen for years, were walking towards the stables.

"You don't know how excited I am," the girl said, turning to Andy.

"Excited! What about?"

"All this," she answered with a wave of her hand. "Everything! All these people! This is the time the bush comes to town, Andy. Look at the thousands of people. It's at us that they've come to look. They go on all the year thinking that we're nothing at all. They even forget we exist; then in Show Week we come down and let them see what the bush contains, and they all pay to get in here and have a look."

They entered the stables. When the door of Playboy's loose-box was opened and the chestnut turned to look at them, his bright coat gleaming in the half light, Mr. Cleghorn nodded.

"Yes, I noticed this fellow yesterday. Magnificent shoulders this horse has got, Jim." His eye had gone straight to Playboy's outstanding quality.

"There's your chief opponent, Miss Brunton," Mr. Cleghorn said presently. He nodded towards a female figure in riding costume who was walking up and down the alley between the row of loose-boxes. "Ella Barclay—or rather Mrs. Maddison, now—used to be a Barclay. You might have noticed the horse she's riding in your event; that big brown gelding in the end box. He eats high timber, that fellow, just eats it!"

"He'll get a run for his money out of Playboy."

Mr. Cleghorn smiled his appreciation of the spunky retort.

"I don't doubt that," he said. "You should remember the Barclays, Jim," he added, turning to Brunton.

"Believe I do, now you speak of them."

"Rare old identities. The original old man Barclay was one of the first free settlers in this country, I think."

As Mr. Cleghorn's remarks caught her attention, Doris moved up to the front of the stall, and from between the pickets watched with interest the person who was so widely connected with Australian history.

She saw a woman of thirty-five or so, very shapely, slender, and erect. She carried her riding costume well, although, with a woman's quick eye for these details, Doris noted that one a little less the worse for wear would have become her better. The light was better in the alley than in the boxes, and, as Mrs. Maddison passed up and down, the girl could see her face plainly. It was a fine face.

Mr. Cleghorn was still talking. He was quite garrulous on the subject of the Barclays.

"Funny thing! Though they made money, they were never able to hang on to it. Not this end of the family, anyway. Old Tom Barclay, Mrs. Maddison's father, got a start in the drought of '02. Bought in when things were at their worse; he was a good gambler. When the drought broke, he was away with a flying start. I believe he thought he would never be poor again. This girl!"—indicating the woman outside—"was brought up a lady. You understand. Motor cars and ladies' college—mixing it with the best when they came to town. She was a great bushwoman, too. She married a station manager—she wasn't snobbish, for all her old man's money—neither was old Tom for that matter. She went off with this Maddison 'way up into the Gulf country. He turned out no good, I understand. Drank—and one thing and another. She had a bad time. Her two children were born up there. Lord knows who looked after her at the time. A chap who was up there told me about her. He said Maddison used to be away for weeks at a time on a buster in some shanty. She stuck on the place and ran it to the satisfaction of the company. She must have spent half her time out with the men in the bush. She stuck to Maddison, too—hoped to pull him together, I suppose. Anyway, in the end, he was killed by a half-caste blackboy after one of his sprees.

"Her dad had dropped his pile in the meantime—the '15 drought — she came back here afterwards. She's keeping house for her two brothers now; they've got a little farm and a big mortgage out near Bently somewhere.

"She's had her share of tough luck, that girl; though she carries it well; I'll say that for her."

As the party left the stables, Mrs. Maddison passed them, or rather, Doris made it her business to pass close to the other woman. She felt as if she would like to speak to her, to touch her. She looked into her face as she went by, but there was no answering look. She saw only faded beauty, fineness of feature, and a quiet reserve.

She found that for the time the fun had gone out of the Show. She did not wish to talk to Andy nor yet to listen to Dad and Mr. Cleghorn. Her imagination had been stirred, and she found her thoughts absorbing. Throughout lunch she was quiet, and, while changing her dress in readiness for the event, she was living over the life that Mr. Cleghorn had briefly described—living it vividly and fully, filling in from her own knowledge of life and the bush and things he had omitted.

WITH the flick of swift hoofs and the shimmer of silken jackets the trotting-sulkies had turned from the track to the centre of the green, there to receive their ribbons. The white barrier swung open, and they, the competitors in the ladies' high jump, trotted out into the ring. Dad and Andy had bidden her "Good luck."

These two were standing at the barrier now, Andy lighting a cigarette, Jim with his empty pipe gripped between his teeth and his eyes on his slip of a girl riding into the public arena.

Grandstands and ramps were full; it was a popular event. The eyes of twenty thousand people were on this little group circling their horses near the judge's seat.

The first rider went to the jumps. She showed her horse the rail, rode him back almost to the sod wall, and then wheeled and let him race at it; he went too fast, Doris thought. He cleared it, but it was low yet. In swift succession four more riders took their horses over it. It was her turn. She felt a little stab of nervousness then—the one moving figure on which forty thousand eyes were centred. Playboy behaved as quietly as if he were in his own paddock, and cleared the jump without effort.

A rail was added to the height.

One competitor was eliminated in the next round. Her horse, a cowardly brute, raced at his fence, and his rider, pulling hard on the bit, had not the strength to hold him. He took off too soon, and the rail flew from

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the pegs as he struck it; nor was he more successful in his second attempt.

Doris, watching the style of each competitor, realised that, barring accidents, there were only three of them in the event —Mrs. Maddison, herself, and a girl on a tall grey horse.

Her interest centred upon Mrs. Maddison, almost to the exclusion of her own chances. Watching the way she handled the brown horse—he was very fidgety and inclined to take off too late—she was gripped by the contrast of this woman's experiences. Ella Barclay the daughter of wealth and luxury —Mrs. Maddison fighting her lonely battle in the bush—Mrs. Maddison riding in the Show for the pleasure of thousands—and for the earning of a five-pound note.

Noticing again that rather shabby costume, she was stung by a sense of her own unworthiness. She felt like a recruit in the immaculate trappings of peace, shamed by the ragged glory of a veteran from the wars. It suddenly came upon her that she did not want to win the event. She wanted to prevent anyone winning it except Mrs. Maddison. If she were to win it herself, the memory would be a reproach.

THE rails were over six feet high now. Three competitors had dropped out. One girl had a nasty fall, but, to the applause of the spectators, she had mounted her horse and ridden off.

Another rail was added. She watched eagerly as the girl on the grey horse rode out. She must not let this one beat her. Leaning forward, she spoke to Playboy, her eyes, the while, fixed on the grey. His rider showed him the rails—they were dangerously high now. As she trotted him back towards the sod wall he was reaching at the bit, he was over-anxious, he was close to his limit. The girl could ride, and she held him hard until he was almost at the jump. He took off splendidly. It was a fine attempt, but he failed. He came down, bringing two rails with him. The sensation-seeking crowd was thrilled by the sight of the riderless grey careering about with trailing reins and by the limp figure of the girl being carried from the ring.

Mrs. Maddison was next. Her horse cleared the rails beautifully, and, it seemed, without effort. Playboy followed him. The bright chestnut and the girl who rode him had taken the fancy of the crowd. The youthfulness of both were apparent even at the spectators' distance. As Playboy landed neatly on the turf a ripple of applause broke out.

Another rail was put up. Doris, watching closely, saw that her opponent gave the brown horse ample time to gauge the height of the jump. Mrs. Maddison's manner was that of a perfect horsewoman; her attention was neither for the crowd nor for her rival, but for her mount. Her lips were moving as she rode him back; she was assuring him of his powers. He moved swiftly to the jump, took off correctly to a second, and, with a mighty effort, got over. His hind hoofs had touched the rail; it teetered a moment, but it did not fall.

Now it was Doris' turn. While trotting Playboy up to the jump, she was conscious of a dozen swift impressions. She was conscious, although she could not see them, of Dad standing at the barrier, his teeth clamped on that empty pipe; of Andy, in an attitude of affected indifference, watching her with catlike intensity. She felt, like the surge of a wave, the watching crowd. It was obvious, from the way the rail had teetered after the brown horse's jump, that he was almost at his limit. He might fall when the next rail was added. They were at the apex of the conflict.

As she turned Playboy from the rails, she shot a swift look at her opponent.

Mrs. Maddison had reined her horse to a standstill. She sat very erect and still. Doris could almost feel the calm watchfulness of her gaze. It seemed to warm her. She was running neck and neck with the champion—she and her woman of the bush, whose tragic story had fired every warm impulse in her blood.

While she wheeled Playboy for his approach to the jump, a resolution that had been developing in her mind throughout the contest hardened to a determination. As Playboy aped forward over the grass her face paled. She was riding with a firm pressure on the bit. They were between the wings of the jump. She felt him gather himself for the leap, but her hands did not go forward to ease him. He sprang upward, game and eager, but the weight of those strong young arms was too much. He crashed into the rails, three of them clattered to the ground, and horse and rider fell with them.

There! She had done it! She had thrown away the race! She did not hear the short gasp of disappointment from the tensed crowd. Even among the seasoned group of men round the judge's box there were some who flinched at the blundering crash. They ran to her assistance.

"No! No!" she heard herself saying as she scrambled to her feet; "I'm all right; where's my horse?" There was a sickening pain in her shoulder. Someone brought Playboy, none the worse for his tumble. She mounted him to a crescendo of hand-clapping from the spectators.

Now they stood in a row before the judge's seat, to have the place-ribbons tied to their horses—Mrs. Maddison, herself, and the girl on the grey. The man who was fixing the ribbons, a sharp-eyed fellow, paused a second when he came to Playboy. He patted the chestnut's neck. "Game little horse!" he murmured. There was an implied rebuke for the rider. She winced. It had appeared to them, then, as if her nerve had failed at the last. Her lips tightened. The appearances, she reflected, were unavoidable.

IT was the morning of the following day. Leaving Dad and Mr. Cleghorn, she went down to the stables to bid Playboy good morning. Andy was off by himself somewhere. Dad, unquestioning, had been content with second place and his girl safe back to him; but Andy, who had handled and made Playboy, was less easily satisfied. He was saying nothing, eloquently. Andy had his doubts.

While Doris was talking to Playboy, a voice in the doorway of the loose-box said:

"Good morning. Can I come in and see your horse?"

Doris turned sharply. It was Mrs. Maddison. Without waiting for permission the older woman entered and extended her hand. Her clasp was cool and firm.

"I'm almost sorry that my mount defeated yours yesterday," she said, smiling. "I believe this is your own horse, isn't it?"

"I am glad that you won," the girl said, looking full into the other's eyes. "More glad than if I had won myself."

"Are you! Mrs. Maddison exclaimed, with a laugh, while her look for a moment became very penetrating.

"That's very generous of you."

"Well, I am!" the girl reasserted, turning to stroke Playboy.

They stood for a short time, discussing various topics, then Mrs. Maddison turned to go. She offered her hand again.

"We do show them something at times, don't we?" she asked. "We bushwomen!"

"Yes!" The girl's reply was quick, her smile eagerly responsive, flashing and boyish.

After Mrs. Maddison had gone Doris stood for a moment in contemplation. "We bushwomen!" So her heroine was of those who understood. That, of course, compensated for everything.

IT was evening, after tea. Jim Brunton and his daughter were seated in the dining-room. The lamp was lit and they were reading.

At last, having been forced to the conclusion that one moment was no better than the one before, Doris closed her book deliberately.

"Dad!"

Brunton raised his eyes and looked at his daughter through the upper lenses of his spectacles.

"Yes!"

"I'm not going back to live with Uncle Bob again!" She enunciated each word slowly and distinctly—that was a warning that she was prepared for a lengthy tussle.

For the sake of better vision, her father lowered his head and looked at her over the top of his spectacles. He was well aware of the meaning of these signs and portents. Thirty years ago he had been happy in having a wife of Doris' age. She had been Doris' mother, and Jim's memory was more enduring than his eyesight.

"You're not going back to your Uncle Bob and Aunt Betty?" he repeated.

"No!" She shook her head, and then her eyes fell to her lap. That gesture, unpremeditated, signified that, while she did not wish to cause distress to his feelings, she had reached the conclusion that it was necessary for her to make a stand.

Brunton turned again to his paper, and apparently was continuing his reading. The truth was that, though his eyes followed the printed lines, they took no cognisance of the meaning—his thoughts were quite elsewhere.

From the time Doris was fourteen, Jim had seen to it that she spent a part of the year with relatives in the city, in order to give her a social experience which she could not get on the farm. It had cost him an effort to see her go, but he had paid the price as a tribute to his dead wife.

At the girl's declaration of her intention to remain with him, he was conscious of a feeling of guilty joy. He would not have been the first to propose that she should discontinue her visits to the city. Loyalty to the memory that had endured with the years would prevent that—but, seeing that she herself had made a stand in the matter . . . ! Still, he reflected, from the altitude of his fifty-five years, twenty years was still a child.

Again he looked at her over the top of his glasses. His examination was deliberate and quite disregardful of the fact that she was impatiently waiting for an answer.

He saw a young woman of medium height, slender but strong, of pleasing regularity of features, and sweet though spirited expression. She was full-throated, clear-skinned and, without any loss of softness, virile.

His eyes returned to the paper. Within a few years, a very few years perhaps,

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she would leave his house for that of some other man. Surely, in view of that event, he was entitled to something in the meantime. As always, he placed that little problem before the memory which had ever been his adjudicator in these matters. It seemed to him then that Mary acquiesced in his wish to have the girl by him. He looked at her again.

"Well," he said, with a smile creeping out of the cheek edge of his beard, "there's no reason why you should, if you don't want to!"

She jumped to her feet in surprise. Was that all? Was it as easy as that? And she had anticipated a struggle! Hurrying round, she stood behind him and stretched her arms wide to their fullest extent. A moment later they were clamped round his chest, and, bending down, she snuggled her cheek into the bristles of his beard.

"You're a wonderful old Dad," she said softly. "I like to be with you." She pressed her cheek closer to his.

Jim Brunton sat quite still, his eyes twinkling. To have a daughter to make love to you was one of the compensations of advancing years.

When she had released him, and had returned to her seat in the armchair, he tilted back and felt about in his pockets for his pipe. While he blew through it and searched in other pockets for tobacco, he was looking up at the top of the wall.

"What are you laughing at, Dad?"

"Nothing! Nothing! I'm not laughing!" He bent his head to the careful rite of packing his pipe-bowl. As he said, he was not laughing, but he was feeling so pleased that his features radiated a laughter which was soundless.

Pleasant days were promising.

Doris laid aside the book she had picked up, and leaning back in the chair, gave herself up to reverie. She had done with those periods of exile. Exiled was just how she had felt when she said good-bye to her own room, to Bert and Andy and Playboy and the dogs and all the things that made life at Ridgelands such an absorbing affair.

She had more than once cried anathema upon the accident of sex. It was a terrible infliction to be driven from home and forced to spend months and months in the city because Dad said he wanted to "give his girl a chance." She had never got over a small-girlish contempt for young men who called a horse's hocks its "back knees."

It was very pleasant to look forward to spending so much time with Dad and Bert and Andy. The days would be crowded with a multitude of worth-while things to do—everything from the serious business of setting a hen on a clutch of eggs to being present when a towering old man of the bush was cut down for the posts and rails that his trunk would yield.

The shearing would be coming on soon. She could help in that. She liked going out with Andy to bring the sheep in from the paddock—the smell of them and their continual calling to each other as they moved along. She and Bert, the boy, would force them up into the catching-pen in the shed, where Dad and Andy, stripped to their undershirts, each bent above a sheep and guided the cuffers, while the grey fleeces peeled back, revealing their inner color of creamy-yellow.

It would be hot and dusty, and the voices of the sheep, tight-packed and lost from each other in the confusion of the yard, would have at times the deafening monotony of cicadas in the hush of a summer's afternoon. But there would be the sustaining knowledge that she was assisting at what she considered one of the really important jobs of the world.

They would not let her work too hard—Dad or Andy. If either of them saw her over-heated, he would raise his voice above the putter-putter of the engine and shout at her to knock off for a while. She liked being shouted at to knock off, in masculine tones. It was much nicer than the most sweetly sympathetic feminine voice.

And at "smoko," when Bert fetched scones and a billy of tea from the house, Andy would shut off the engine and they would sit down for a few minutes in the door of the shed, enjoying the comparative quiet.

When the food was finished and the tea-leaves shaken from the empty billy, Dad would have a whiff or two at his pipe, and Andy would light a cigarette, sucking the first gulp or two into his chest and expelling it in two jets from his nostrils.

She wondered sometimes if she accepted too much from Andy. That intuitive sense that is given to girls—even the youngest of them—told her that Andy was in love with her—as far as he dared let his feelings carry him in that direction. She had turned once or twice suddenly, to find his eyes resting on her with an expression there was no mistaking. It had vanished in a flash, of course, but the memory of it remained with her. She was sure that she did not feel that way towards Andy—not yet. Possibly she would, after a while; but at present she just wanted to be young and happy—and rejoice in her freedom. Andy was to her now what he had been during the whole of the time covered by her recollections of home—a very gentle and gallant cavalier. The feeling that she was receiving from him much more than she was able to give in return produced in her a sense of humbleness that was not unwholesome.

THERE was one thing about Andy: in spite of his feelings towards her he was not abject.

A day or two ago, it being a Sunday morning, they had gone for a ride to The Crag. This was a stony, walled plateau, crowning one of the highest ridges at the back of the paddocks. It could be seen from the back door of Ridgelands, and was one of the features which lent character to their place.

At one end of the plateau there was a huge rock, with a shaded spot beneath it where one could look down on the green earth, farm and homestead, lying outspread below. One could sit there, while the saddle horses nibbled the tussocks in the timber behind.

It was here that she and Andy had sat two mornings ago, and Andy, turning to her suddenly, had said: "You know, I often wonder who my parents were."

"Do you, Andy?" She looked at him curiously. She had been cautioned, when she was quite a little girl, about speaking of Andy's parentage. "Andy," she had been told, "had lost his father and mother when he was a baby. She must be careful not to make him sad by trying to talk to him about them." The warning had carried through the years until the literal truth of the words had revealed itself to her.

"Have you never written to—to—the orphanage to find out?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," he answered, "but all they could tell me was that—" He stopped there, and, his gaze returning from the horizon, he picked up a twig and began snapping it in little pieces.

"Was what, Andy?"

"Well, just that I had been left there by a girl; and that she said my father's name was John Andrews."

"Was that all?"

"Yes; except that I had been registered in that name."

"John Andrews!" The girl was conscious of a little shock. He had always been just "Andy" to her, although, she reflected, her father would know his full name.

"You know—" he commenced abruptly, and then halted. He was not looking at her, but she felt that he was trying to unburden himself of something—something that he would not tell to anyone else. She would have liked to help him, but she did not know how. She would just wait, looking at him as he sat with head bent over the twig he was breaking.

He looked up suddenly, and into her eyes. It was a very searching look—the sort of look she thought he would have if he were about to fight someone. She was able to meet it and hold it. He looked down again.

"You know," he commenced again, "my father and mother couldn't have been such a bad sort of people, could they?" She did not answer. She had always thought that people who could give a baby over to an institution and never come back to it must be very bad indeed.

Andy mistook her silence to mean that she did not fully understand the drift of his question.

"What I mean, Doris," he said, "you know, I'm not such a bad sort of fellow, am I? You know——" He looked up to see if she understood.

She did.

Andy flushed and looked down. He had not meant to ask for that. He felt himself guilty of a betrayal.

He was trying to say that, if he was a reasonably good type of a man, then it argued, as a matter of heredity, that his parents must have been so too. As regards the goodness or badness of their act in abandoning him, he had not questioned it—that is, not until recently. He had always been sufficient unto himself, and, when he felt that he needed kindred, the Bruntons had been a very good substitute. But since the girl beside him had awakened his love, he had begun to feel the need of something more. The almost prison-life of the institution which was his earliest recollection seemed a bleak and insufficient thing. He wanted to go back beyond that and find his origin.

"Perhaps, some day, someone will come for you, Andy." It had come to her that, under that mask of tempered manhood, Andy was just a boy who felt the need of someone to belong to, something and someone for him to indicate, saying, "This and these are mine."

"I've thought a lot about it," he said. "There are lots of things that might explain how I came to be left there. Things like you read in books. I've thought one or two of them out."

"What do you think might be the explanation, Andy?" She asked the question softly, almost breathlessly, leaning towards him. It was a day of revelations. Andy, her hard-fisted son of the bush, had woven a little romance about himself She did not know why, but for a moment she had a longing to take him in her arms and croon over him as a mother would over a little boy.

"Oh, there are one or two things," he said, nodding his head as if he were conning some practical points.

She got no more out of him. He had

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FOREVER MORNING

gone to the extreme limit of his confidences that day. Later, as she rode beside him down the ridges, she experienced an exaltation; she felt that she had been given a glimpse of the strange country of a man's heart.

One evening, about a week later, Andy was on the station platform when the late train pulled into Laffin's Creek. Heads, grinning in anticipatory delight, were thrust from every carriage window as the guard stepped from the van and hurried to the door of one of the compartments. His manner was that of a man who hastens to greet the end of his troubles. He unlocked the door, and, flinging it open, peered inside.

"Now, then, you flamin' old noosance!" he shouted. "This is your station Out you come"

There was a scuffle, and an old telescope basket shot out on to the platform, discharging half its contents through its burst sides. A shrill squeal, and then a woman followed the basket.

"She's been carryin' on ever since I took over the train," the guard said to the station onlookers, as if in apology for his roughness.

The woman got dizzily to her feet. She stood there rocking drunkenly. Her roan hair hung in streaks around her soiled and dissipated face.

A little knot of male loungers had drifted round. A belligerent gleam came to her eye, and, turning abruptly on her heels, she staggered along the platform, her dragging skirt flapping at her heels. The first person she met was Stanard, the postmaster. Offended by what he had observed, and not wishing to be drawn into the scene which, he felt to be impending, he had turned his back on it. For his pains, she knocked his hat off as she passed.

Suddenly she stopped. Somebody had whistled for Constable Burke

"Oh!" she cried, as the policeman came on the platform.

Burke looked around, and his eye fell on Andy. "You might help me, Andy," he said.

Andy knew that a request for assistance from the law was something of a command. He seized the woman's other arm, and Burke and he dragged her off towards the lock-up, followed by such of the spectators as found that sort of thing entertaining They bundled her into the cell, and Constable Burke locked the door.

As he and Bert turned into their bunks that night, Andy, all unconscious that he had any personal connection with the woman of the railway station, related what had occurred. Andy's version of anything, illuminated with original touches, was always worthy of an audience, and Bert was a good listener.

"What d'you reckon'll happen to her, Andy?"

"The J.P. will fine her five bob in the morning and turn her loose, I suppose."

"What'd she come to Laffin's Creek for, Andy?"

"Now, how would I know, Bert?"

"No, that's right, Andy," Bert answered.

"She's touring the country perhaps," Andy suggested.

This was entirely to Bert's liking, and sent him off into a series of chuckles.

Andy turned over, and settled himself for sleep. The image of the woman came before him in another aspect. He saw her as a pitiable wreck, a creature of decayed faculties, the product of years of drink and dissipation. "That's what happens to people that haven't any self-respect," he said, feeling that their soulless mirth merited a moral and philosophic termination.

It was the end of the following day. The sun was down, and tea was over. Brunton and his daughter were seated on the verandah enjoying the mildness of the early evening, when a woman appeared suddenly at the end of the verandah, draggled and dirty. She asked in a high-pitched tone if this was where Mr. Andrews lived, and having asked, worked her features into an ingratiating simper, and remained so.

Doris leaned forward in astonishment, and Jim was startled to his feet. "What was it you wanted?"

"Mr. Andrews—John Anddews," The words were emitted with a dribble.

Doris was the first to recover herself. "It's Andy she wants, Dad," she said.

"Yes; yes, Andy, of course—Mr. Andrews!" Jim advanced towards her. "If you'll just come this way I'll show——"

"He's my boy!" the woman interrupted with a giggle.

"He's what?"

"My boy—my son."

A muffled sound came from Jim's beard. He vacillated a moment from foot to foot; then he realised that there was nothing for it but to bring the two persons together. He led the way to the quarters, his manner a strange mixture of horrified repugnance and deference to the being who claimed to be Andy's mother.

He knocked at the door of the humpy. "Someone to see you, Andy," he said, as soon as Andy appeared; then he fled, forgetting even to offer the convenience of a room in the house in which to talk, as his instincts would certainly have suggested had he been less perturbed.

His eyes accustomed to the lamplight in the humpy, Andy peered uncertainly at the figure outside the door. He saw it was a woman.

"Er—come in," he said.

She followed him in.

"Will you sit down?" He indicated one of the plain chairs that was part of the room's furniture. She did so, thanking him in a sigh, and splitting an oglish glance at him with one of sharp scrutiny at the other occupant of the humpy, Bert.

Andy was standing facing her, lost between amusement and wonderment. He recognised her as the woman of the train.

"Are you John Andrews?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, after a pause.

"You couldn't guess who I am?" She put her head on one side, drew in her chin, and smirked. Her manner was that of a rather foolish elderly person concealing a sugar-stick from a child.

"No. I'm sure I couldn't!" Andy shook his head gently. He had formed the conclusion that he had a poor old crazy woman on his hands. He was wondering if he had better call Doris or Mrs. Parkes to his aid.

"I'm your mother!" she gurgled.

Andy's face blanched.

"Your mother, John!"

Andy was about to speak, when he collected himself. He turned to Bert, who was staring open-mouthed across a book he had been reading.

"Bert, do you think you could go and read in the house awhile. They wouldn't mind. You could light up in the kitchen."

When Bert's reluctant footsteps had died away, Andy closed the door. "What's this about being my—my mother?" he asked. He had taken a seat near the table, facing her.

"I'm your mother, John," she reiterated in a whisper. The smirk had vanished; she was a little frightened by the repressed emotion in Andy's voice.

Andy lighted a cigarette before replying. As he applied the match, he saw that for the first time in his life his hand was trembling.

"A lot of people could come here and say that," he said. He added, almost angrily, "And just drop that 'John,' will you? I feel more like myself when people call me Andy."

"Yes, John—Andy!"

He remained silent, a protective instinct warning him that the burden of proof lay with the person sitting opposite him. His silence eventually drove her to speech.

"Aven't you nothing to say to your poor old mother, Andy?" she whined. "Your poor old mother, what's tramped all these weary miles to see you!" She paused and looked at him appealingly, her lips trembling. "Just like it is in the story-books, ain't it, Andy?" she asked.

She dropped on her knees beside his chair, and clutched at his sleeve. "Your poor old mother!" she whimpered. She wagged her head from side to side, and peered into his face, while a tear of self-pity appeared in the dingy corner of each eye.

"Here, here! knock off!" Andy scrambled to his feet, kicking over the chair and shaking loose her grasp.

He stood for a minute looking down at her, while his feelings fought, one with another, for supremacy. Her arms were uplifted, her face beseeching; then, very slowly, her head dropped. It was admirably done!

"Will you get up, please?" Andy stooped, and, taking her by the arm, helped her to her feet and placed her back in her chair.

Very deliberately he righted the chair he had knocked over. He ground his heel on the cigarette he had dropped, and, with meticulous attention to detail, lighted another. His thoughts were flowing in a fast-tumbling stream; but he had his feelings in hand. As he resumed his seat, he was conscious of a return of grip that was gratifying.

"Have you any proof that you are what you say?" he suggested.

The woman had been watching him in suspense. With the shrewdness of her sort, she realised that her crisis was over. She knew that she had but to establish her identity before this stern-eyed boy and she would be free to leech him of the last ounce of his substance.

"Yes, indeed," she said, and fumbled for a while in a handbag. Then she produced a small notebook bound in black oilcloth—the sort that can be bought for threepence or so at a stationer's. "I've carried this all these years, Andy, just to give it to you!"

"Have you!" As he took the book, Andy looked sharply at her. He stepped with the book towards the light then, as if struck suddenly by a new thought, he turned to her again. "What is your name?" he asked, accentuating the possessive pronoun.

There was another little simper—a hesitation—then the announcement of her name, followed by a rush of explanatory gabble: "Elizabeth Brookes. Your father an' I were to 'ave bin married, only there wasn't time, and so—" her voice trailed off into nothing. Andy had turned to the book!

That it was a fairly old book he saw at a glance on opening it—the edges of the paper were yellowed. It appeared to have been used as a diary. The back pages were blank, but on the earlier pages there were

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some entries in pencil—very faint. Holding one page close to the light, he made out the words: "May 29." "Mess orderly to-day—better than guard duty. Parade for rifle practice to-morrow."

And below it: "May 30. Scored within ten of possible to-day. Wonder when we will get ordered away. Sick of camp."

A soldier's diary! Andy turned the book uncertainly between his fingers! A soldier's diary! He was puzzled for a minute. The South African War! That gave him a strange feeling! He had worn khaki himself—the last months of the Great War—when he was eighteen. He turned from page to page, straining his eyes to read the pencil lines. Most of the notes referred to military matters, but here and there was reference to relatives, and once to the writer's home—in Wilcannia. The handwriting was strikingly like his own. As he handled the book, Andy was thinking over and over to himself that the man who had written these lines was his father. Somehow he could not accustom himself to the idea. In a subconscious way, with probably a subconscious hope of establishing a feeling of reality, he was trying to fit a physical form to that shadow of a man who was their author. Something like himself, he would have been, but heavier, with greying hair and shaggy brows.

HE came last of all to the inside of the front cover—and he almost dropped the book at sight of the likeness that stared at him from a photograph pasted there. It was that of a boy! Fully two years younger than himself! It was signed "Jack Andrews—N.S.W. Lancers."

"Is this—is this——?" He turned towards the woman, unable to formulate his question fully.

She nodded and smirked. "A very 'andsome boy, your father was, Andy. 'E called me Bessie."

Andy stared at her with scarcely-seeing eyes. Slowly he turned again to the photo in the book.

"'E was made a sergeant afterwards, an' I seen in the papers that 'e was killed after that," said the voice behind him. "I calls 'im my 'Ero."

"Shut up!" Andy whirled savagely around. For some reason which he did not understand, he could joyfully have taken the woman by her dirty neck and squeezed the life out of her. He felt in that moment that he knew why men can commit murder and walk to the gallows unrepentant.

The complacent look vanished before the cold fury of his eyes, and was succeeded by one of submissive patience.

Dropping the book, Andy sprang to his feet and walked rapidly from one part of the room to the other. He tramped into the darkness of the bunk-room at the back and out again like a newly-caged beast in and out of its den. He scarcely knew that he moved, but the surge of his feeling demanded physical outlet.

Turning to the table, he picked up the book, and after a cursory glance at the photo turned to the last page of entries.

"June 9. Ordered to the Front. Expect short leave before embarkation.

"June 10. Two days' leave granted. Leave for city in morning. Due back at camp night of 12th."

That was the last entry.

Andy dropped the book, and stood for a while looking steadily and thoughtfully at Elizabeth Brookes. His gumption, aided by his experience of khaki days, was piecing the thing together. He tried to see the woman before him as she must have appeared twenty odd years ago. Young, common, and not bad-looking. Badly spoken, silly, too much powder, too much scent, too many frills—vulgar. Still, young and rather pretty. He thought of the soldier. Two days' leave, and his home hundreds of miles away! The story of the impending marriage he neither believed nor disbelieved. A silly young thing desperately in pursuit of romance—and a soldier. A soldier under orders for active service!

Andy removed his gaze from the woman before him and, crossing the room, stood looking into the black empty hearth. There was a long silence. A silence of which the only interruption was the uneasy shifting of a foot or a scarcely breathed sigh from the other side of the room.

Why hadn't she kept herself decent? He found himself asking that question with a feeling of bitter resentment against this woman who claimed to be his mother. He could overlook much else. She was dirty, drink-sodden, and decayed in all her faculties. Why hadn't she kept herself clean and decent? She owed him that much.

At long last Andy spoke. "Just wait here, will you?" he said, and left the room. He went to the house, and, dispensing with the formality of calling anyone to the entrance, he marched straight to the door of the living-room and knocked. Two voices simultaneously bade him enter.

Doris and her father were ostensibly reading, but the faces they raised to his as he appeared in the doorway were those of people who had spent an hour wondering deeply.

Andy offered no explanation. "I'd like the loan of the buggy, Mr. Brunton," was all he said.

"Certainly, Andy, certainly!" said Jim, getting to his feet. "I'll give you a hand to catch the horses and harness up."

As they turned to go, Doris spoke:

"Andy!"

"Yes!"

"You could take my sulky. It would be more convenient."

Andy hesitated, then shook his head. "I'd sooner take the buggy, thanks," he said. He did not explain that he did not wish to profane that other vehicle.

For a moment before he left the room his eyes and those of the girl met and held.

When Andy came out of the house Jim had already disappeared in the darkness of the small paddock where the buggy horses grazed; and Bert, he saw through the window of the humpy, was pulling on his coat with wondering looks.

Andy, who prided himself on doing small jobs in drill time, was still fumbling with the sliprails when Jim brought the horses, snorting and suspicious, down from the paddock. Together, in silence and in semi-blackness, they harnessed and hooked up. Bert stood at the horses' heads, and Jim waited by the buggy while Andy went to the humpy. He returned with the woman beside him. Before helping her to her seat he said:

"This is my boss, Mr. Brunton. Mr. Brunton, this is my mother."

"Honored to meet you, madam," came Jim's voice, without hesitation.

His answer was a self-conscious titter from the darkness.

They took their seats—Bert at the back—and without further ado drove off. A quarter of a mile along the track he drew up for Bert to open the front gates. Reaching under the seat, he pulled out a square rug, and placed it in his mother's lap. "You might find the night a bit chilly," he commented.

Out on the road he whipped up the horses to their best trot—there was no paddock room for a slug at Ridgelands. Elizabeth Brookes was not insensible to the steady push of the cushions against her back, or to the expeditious briskness of the horses' hoofs. They spelled out money—not wealth, but solid substance and comfort. Nor had the regard for Andy, as expressed in Mr. Brunton's salutation, escaped her. Andy was in good standing with those who were "holding well." For herself, a roseate future dawned!

Three-quarters of an hour later they swept through the main street of Laffin's Creek, and, trotting smartly to the lighted verandas in front of Finnigan's Mountain View Hotel, came to a halt.

Andy gave the reins over to Bert, and, descending, helped the woman down after him. They entered the hall between the bar and the dining-room.

"Where's Pat?" Andy asked a girl who came out of one of the rooms.

"I'll find him for you, Andy," she said, and, after a puzzled glance at his companion, hurried off.

"Pat, I want a room for this lady for the night," Andy explained, when the publican had come to them.

"Sure thing, Andy!" He led the way to the back door, and, pausing there a moment to switch on the light, led them along to the end of the back verandah. There he threw open a door and stood back. "How about that, Andy?" he said, with an inquiring look.

ANDY knew that room. It was a wooden box containing a minimum of furniture of a maximum durability—a cubby hole for bushmen sleeping off a party. He hesitated for a moment.

"This is Mr. Finnigan," he explained; "and Pat this is my mother."

His first start of surprise overcome, Pat bent his portly bulk: "Pleased to meet you, Mrs—"

"Andrews," supplied Andy.

Pat touched Andy on the shoulder. "This way, me boy! If you'll follow us, Mrs. Andrews!"

He led the way indoors again, up the stairs, and along a passage, explaining jovially that he had just remembered having an elegant room at the front of the house. He threw open a door and stepped back. "Would this be more suitable?" he asked, smiling.

The woman entered the room, followed by Andy. She looked round the room, whose appointments, comfortable and cleanly, doubtless appeared to her the height of luxury. She screwed her features into an expression of delight. "Lovely!" she exclaimed.

After Pat had gone, Andy walked across the room and stood looking out of the window; then he turned and looked at Elizabeth Brookes.

"I told Mr. Finnigan, just now, that your name was Mrs. Andrews. Could you remember that? It would be more comfortable for us both if you could."

"Yes, Andy," she replied, placatingly.

He continued to look at her. What a small, filthy, shambling ruin of a woman she was. She was over on both heels; he noticed that particularly.

"Have you any money?" he asked presently.

She rummaged hurriedly in the little bag, and brought to light a few notes and some silver. With this in her extended hand she hastened towards him. "There you are, Andy!" she cried.

"I don't want it!" he said, half-angrily. He glanced at the relics of her finery. "I think," he said, as if fearful of giving offeng

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FOREVER MORNING

by venturing on strictly feminine and very personal grounds, "it would be best if you bought some new clothes in the morning. There is a store—Harper's—across the street. My name is good there."

"Whatever you say, Andy." She nodded acquiescence.

"Well, I think it would be best," he said.

He crossed the room and opened the door, she turned to face him like a stray cat somewhat suspicious of a passing dog. He was holding the door open, and stood looking down at the carpet as if deep in thought. At last, he raised his head abruptly, and looked at her. It seemed for a moment as if he struggled with his vocal powers. Then he spoke: "Good-night," he said, and closed the door behind him.

TO Andy, when he awoke the following morning, it seemed as if the happenings of the previous night were only a dream.

Andy slipped out of bed and went in search of the little book. He found it where he had put it last night, and, as he took it in his hand, he realised that what had occurred was only too bitterly true. Sleep and doubt vanished together from his face, leaving it cold and set.

He would need to go into Laffin's Creek that morning and arrange a place for her to live. That is just as the thought occurred to him; for although she was his mother, he could not think of her as such; neither was she, to him, Elizabeth Brookes; he had recourse therefore to "her" and "she."

He rode out from Ridgelands immediately after breakfast. Mr. Brunton had saved him the necessity of asking for the day off by assuming that he would take it. It had been a very quiet breakfast table. Jim had made one or two conversational attempts to which no one apparently had the heart to respond. Andy noticed that they avoided looking at him, and he was glad when the meal was finished.

As he got nearer to the town, he suffered the pangs of self-consciousness in its acutest form. His unwillingness to meet the eyes of the townsfolk amounted almost to dread.

It would be necessary for him to ignore utterly the circumstances of her arrival at Laffin's Creek; to overlook the fact of her degradation; to treat her, if he could, in exactly the same manner as any other man would treat a mother who had come to live in his town. By the strength of his own spirit he must raise her, if she could be raised, and if his world would permit it, to the level of simple decent folk. Under an outward shell of callousness Andy was sensitive, and his soul turned faint at the task before it; but he shut his teeth on his resolution and rode on.

As he came to the first scattering of houses he squared his shoulders and urged his horse to a smarter pace. For curious eyes must not read in his demeanor the shame and sickness at his heart! He rode into the town as a man might ride to the strains of martial music.

Elizabeth Brookes was waiting in the hall when he dismounted in front of Finnigan's Hotel and slipped the reins onto the hitching-rack. She came forward to greet him, her face twisted into a simper, which was ready to remain or to vanish according to his mood. That she had learned in their short acquaintance to fear him a little, was obvious. The point did not escape him. He saluted her gravely, raising his hat.

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, Andy," she beamed. "And you see I've been over to your friends the 'Arpers, and bought the new clo'es you said I was to 'ave."

"I see you have." He glanced over her swiftly and then looked down the road. He refrained from telling her that in her new and ill-chosen raiment she looked like an ancient rosella parrot that had escaped from its cage and fluttered into the street—but he thought so vehemently.

"Well, the first thing is to get you a place of your own to live in, I suppose. Is that what you'd like?"

"Andy!"

"We'd better go down and see Williams. Come with me."

They set off side by side, he accommodating his stride to her gait. There was the usual thin trickle of pedestrians in the street. One or two strangers stared with honest curiosity; one or two business men with whom Andy had a nodding acquaintance raised their hats as they passed; one or two shopkeepers, friends of Andy's, who were standing in the doors of their premises, went inside when they saw the couple approaching. Andy understood their motive.

Williams' was at the opposite end of the main street from Finnigan's, and midway between the two was Kenefake's Hotel—a difficult point in their progress. In front of the hotel was the usual crowd of men holding down a bench—bushmen mostly, loafing between jobs, and also a couple of the town's permanent wasters. These people made no bones about showing their curiosity concerning the approaching couple.

Andy saw their heads craned forward while he was still a block away. He was very conscious of the concentrated battery of their eyes as he and the woman approached them. It was with considerable difficulty that he avoided seeing them until they were almost at his left hand; then he looked at them collectively, and included them all in a nod of greeting.

When Andy and his mother had gone about fifty yards, a shrill whistle rang out behind them. Almost, Andy turned in his stride, but he caught himself in time and walked on. He knew the meaning of that whistle. It was a blast of derision directed at him and his mother, jointly.

The last person encountered before they came to Williams' was old Mrs. Robjohns. Mrs. Robjohns went about in search of good works to perform. To her, all men were good until they were proved evil—and even then she wasn't sure. She had a large family, of whom she was immensely proud, all grown up and living in the district. She thought the world could be a better place than it is, and, as far as lay within her power, she endeavored to make it so. She was the sort of elderly woman young women regard with affection, and to whom all men accord respect.

Andy greeted her with a sense of a lightening of his troubles—she was that sort of person. He would have passed on, but he saw by the glance that she divided between him and his mother that she had been apprised of their relationship—had doubtless heard the full story of Elizabeth Brookes' arrival in Laffin's Creek—and he saw also that she desired to be introduced. He halted and performed this ceremony, smiling, conscious again of a loosening of his shoulders.

Utterly ignoring the sordid tale that was told in every detail of Elizabeth's person, Mrs. Robjohns offered her hand. "I heard that you had come up to see Andy. You come from the city, don't you? Were you thinking of staying?"

Andy, to his own surprise, heard himself explaining with an easy casualness that his mother intended living at Laffin's Creek, and that they were even now on their way to make the arrangements.

Mrs. Robjohns appeared delighted. "That should be very nice for both of you," she commented. "You know we all think a great deal of your Andy, Mrs. Andrews," she said; "and I'm sure we shall all welcome anybody belonging to him."

Andy, watching Mrs. Robjohns, saw that the old lady was under no delusion regarding the sort of person she was welcoming. Her shrewd old eyes had penetrated to the depths! She was, however, in these matters, a chronic optimist.

"I'm coming round to call on you as soon as you're settled—and I'll see that you get to know some of my friends. We have some nice people in Laffin's Creek, haven't we, Andy?" she asked.

During their conversation, Elizabeth Brookes, to her credit, refrained from either simpering or grimacing. In common with most people, she was impressed with the friendliness and wholesomeness of Mrs. Robjohns.

The house, a neat little three-roomed cottage, was rented and furnished. Andy's mother, for probably the first time in her life, found herself the possessor of all the comforts, decencies, and necessities of life. There was even a bathroom in the house. Andy had drawn her attention to this. It was ten o'clock at night before everything was in order for her occupation. He had stayed and helped. They had even had some discussion as to where various things were to go. The sight of so many of the substantialities of decent living had roused in the woman a latent home-making instinct. She bustled almost fiercely about the task of setting the furniture in its place, and Andy was pathetically eager in his efforts to encourage her. Before night came he had schooled himself to call her "mother" without feeling that he had to put his tongue through a preliminary exercise.

IN the two days that passed before he again rode into Laffin's Creek, Andy found that the presence of Elizabeth Brookes in the district made a difference to him. He could not be himself, even with those who knew and liked him best. He felt continually on the defensive. He had nothing to say to Bert. The boy, he realised, was struggling in a boyish way to reconcile the two opposed facts of Andy and the disreputable creature that was Andy's mother. The feeling of being an object of curious wonderment does not aid naturalness; therefore, Andy remained silent. With Jim it was almost as bad. Jim affected a perfect normality, but there crept into his manner from time to time a marked kindness that touched Andy to the quick.

Doris tried to establish an understanding between herself and Andy. Out of sheer loyalty she was prepared to stand by him. She detained him a moment after breakfast, and, with all the naturalness she could assume, inquired after his doings in Laffin's Creek the previous day. She was hoping that Andy would unburden himself and ask for her help and sympathy. Her attempt was not a success.

Her father had business in Laffin's Creek on the second day, and at night, after he returned, she appealed to him. "Did you see Andy's mother?" she asked.

"I did!" he answered shortly.

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She interpreted the grim silence that followed to signify that what he had seen had caused him no pleasure.

"What—what was she doing, Dad?"

Jim blew a sigh before he answered. "Well, it wasn't that she was doing anything very much," he said at last. "Just misbehaving herself in small ways. It seems that Andy has bought her some decent clothes and set her up in the cottage the Greens used to have. He seems to be trying to do the right thing by her. I don't know what sort of a woman she is, but her good luck seems to have gone to her head. She's spending her time prancing up and down the main street, in and out of the stores, giving herself all sorts of absurd airs and grimacing and smirking at everybody. I don't suppose she's doing anything very wrong." Jim paused here and scratched his head doubtfully. "I like to see a woman show a little dignity—and this woman hasn't got any."

Doris shook her head. "Poor Andy!" she murmured.

During the next week, each time that Andy visited Laffin's Creek his mother was on her best behaviour. It was not a very good best. She was absurd when sober, and repulsive when drunk. Luckily Andy saw only her absurdities. That was bad enough. It ate into Andy's pride to come up behind her at a moment when she was exciting the derisive mirth of the least admirable elements in the town. But, choking down the mortification he felt, he would address her and accompany her on whatever her errand might be. She seemed during the time he was at her side to borrow a dignity and decency that were not her own.

IT was the night of a dance in the local School of Arts. Andy was present, not from inclination, but because he felt that his absence would have been noticed and very likely construed as an admission that he felt himself too much disgraced to expect a welcome among decent people.

On entering the hall he noticed to his surprise that his mother was there. He had not thought that she would be attracted to an event of this kind. He saw, with instant disapproval, the group to which she had attached herself—the rough element of the place. She was evidently enjoying her company immensely; but the moment Andy spoke to her, her look of pleasure vanished and was succeeded by the air of submissive expectancy which she customarily wore when with him. Andy realised that, if he separated her from her chosen cronies, he had to find other companions to whom she would be acceptable! He turned to look round the hall.

There was a sudden movement, and Mrs. Robjohns detached herself from a group in one corner and crossed the hall—the only moving figure. She came towards Andy and his mother, coloring a little, but smiling. She greeted Mrs. Andrews in friendship, and when they had spoken awhile she said, "Now you come with me, will you, Mrs. Andrews? I've some friends who'd like to meet you." She left Andy with a nod and a smile which seemed to say, "It's all right. Just leave it to me."

As she returned across the room to her group with her companion in tow, there were some in that hall—the more reflective people—who would have liked to applaud her act, had the conventions permitted. To Andy, as he drew a deep breath, there came the knowledge that there was in Laffin's Creek an elderly woman who was a very great friend of his indeed! In the emotion of the moment he could not forbear making a comparison between his mother and the woman who had come to his need out of pure goodness of heart.

The dance passed off easily enough for Andy. Any restraint that was present came from within himself. People are sometimes careless, and sometimes, out of engrossment in their own affairs, even callous, but not many are guilty of conscious cruelty.

THAT night Doris met Andy's mother. Doris had ridden into Laffin's Creek early in the afternoon for tennis, and had come late to the dance. Her feeling towards Elizabeth Brookes had in the first moment of meeting been submerged in her initial curiosity. She had contrived to say something pleasant and of a welcoming nature, and, then, out of consideration for Andy, had forced a short conversation which was repugnant to her.

It was after midnight, and the old people were departing, when Doris went to Andy. "I should like to go home now, Andy," she said, "if you are ready?"

She might have had half a dozen escorts eager for the privilege of riding with her to her gate, but she knew that Andy was alone, and she wished to perform some act that would show people that Andy was, to the Bruntons, the same Andy as he had always been. What better than for them to leave the hall together? She had a hope, also, that during the ride home she would be able to touch to life again the Andy that would not be above letting her carry a share of his burden.

Andy got instantly to his feet. "All right, Doris; I'm ready when you are."

"I'll go and change. I won't be long."

She went to the ladies' room, and returned in a very short time. The dance frock had been removed and was done up in a strap ready to tie on the saddle.

Andy smiled when she reappeared. She was one of those girls who can wear breeches and boots with an air, and her skirted coat fitted neatly.

"I'd better ask my mother if I can see her home first, hadn't I?" Andy asked.

"Yes, do, Andy. I'll walk with you."

Together they went to Elizabeth Brookes.

"I'm going home with Miss Brunton now, mother. Can I see you indoors before I go?"

"'Oo, me?" she exclaimed, turning from her companion. "No; I ain't goin' 'ome. I'm 'aving an awful good time."

Andy noticed then that she was again edging towards the wrong end of the hall. He recollected also that Mrs. Robjohns had left a few minutes ago.

"It's getting rather late," he said.

"Oh, it ain't late yet, Andy," she said. She put her head on one side and ogled him. This was a new development. Andy wondered if anyone had been giving her drink.

"I think you'd better come," he persisted.

"No, I won't!" her voice rose in a shrill pipe, and instantly conversation in the hall ceased. Andy could feel the silence. He noticed Doris shift uneasily beside him.

"I don't like to go home and leave you here!" He spoke very quietly, but managed to insert a determined ring into his tone.

"Well, I ain't goin'!" she declared. "My friend 'ere, Mr. 'Arding, 'll see me 'ome." Mr. Harding grinned self-consciously at the mention of his name. Andy ignored him.

Andy saw that he was beaten. Beaten, not only in this instance, but for all time. The woman standing before him would never be other than she was now. He experienced a physical sinking, and a sense of utter tiredness. He was facing a fact before which he was helpless. He turned to the girl who stood beside him. "Let us go," he said.

Doris gave Elizabeth Brookes a slight bow, gravely and wonderingly, as a well-trained child might extend politeness to a badly-behaved adult. As the two moved down the hall to the exit, every eye followed them. Andy could feel their stare beating against his consciousness. He did not care.

They rode home in silence.

In the yard, at Ridgelands, after they had off-saddled and cared for the horses, Andy turned to the girl. She was standing close beside him.

"I'm sorry to be so glum," he said, and forced a grin which he was glad the darkness hid.

"It's all right, Andy," she answered, and for the briefest moment her hand rested on his arm.

EARLY in the afternoon of the following day a man riding out from Laffin's Creek called into Brunton's on his way home. "You'd better tell Andy to get into town," he said. "His mother's drunk and tearing things loose. The police have taken her home a couple of times, but she won't stay there."

Andy was sent for, and a few minutes later, still in his working clothes, he rode swiftly out from Ridgelands. In less than an hour he dismounted from his panting horse in front of the police station. The sergeant came out to meet him.

"I can't do anything with her, Andy," he said. "I'm glad you've come in. I don't want to lock her up."

"Where is she?"

"Come on! I'll go with you and find her."

The two set off together, and they had not gone a hundred yards before she came towards them out of a side road. She was followed by a small knot of jeering boys.

She was within twenty yards of Andy and his uniformed companion before she saw them.

White of face, Andy hurried to her. He caught her by the left arm. "You come with me, Mother!" he begged. "Come along with me now and be quiet. It's Andy."

With vicious energy she struck him on the face and turned and fled into the side road. At that moment a man on a motor cycle was coming out of it. They met! An instant later the man was scrambling out from under his overturned machine and a crowd of excited people were rushing to where Andy's mother lay.

The sergeant stooped and attempted to raise her. Her head rolled back between her shoulder blades. He laid her down again, hastily. "She's dead!" he said. "Broken her neck!"

Andy passed his hand across his forehead. He looked at his mother, and round at the gaping crowd. He seemed to see them through a red mist. For the first time in his life he felt the clutch of hysteria. He wanted to laugh. It was the sergeant who saved him—he asked him for a cigarette.

THE inquest and the funeral were over. The latter had been a very quiet affair. Only Andy and Jim and Doris had attended.

Andy was leaving for Queensland. On the day following Elizabeth Brookes' burial he had gone out to work as usual. He and Bert were cutting rails for repairing a yard. At mid-morning he had come in and, putting away his tools, gone to lie on his bunk.

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FOREVER MORNING

For the next two or three days he pottered aimlessly about, too disturbed to rest or to take interest in anything. Once, on Doris' suggestion, he had taken a ride with her to The Crag. The trip had not been a success. Andy had sat with his arms round his drawn-up knees and his hat pulled over his eyes, his gaze fixed moodily on the little cluster of the township roofs in the distance.

On the morning of the third day he got up from the breakfast table and lounged out in the early morning sunshine.

From bunkroom to barn, and from barn to orchard, his feet led him that morning, listless and uninterested, until at last he found himself in the harness-room. Here he pottered about, turning up saddle-flaps and inspecting linings, as a horseman will, at idle times—until he came to his pack-saddle. It was an old military saddle, the sort built on numnah panels, and he had adapted it to carry a light pack. He had used it on his last overland trip.

Reaching down, he dragged the saddle and wallets from the dark and dusty corner in which they lay. He propped them up on a box and wiped off the thickest dirt with an empty bag. They were in need of attention. He started to clean and grease them, and as he worked he felt his interest returning. Within an hour he knew where he was going—north into Queensland—and he knew also what he was going to think as to all that had happened. He knew first that his pride had been stolen, and because of that he was twice as proud. He knew also that, with one or two exceptions he hated the sight of every man and woman in Laffin's Creek. They had witnessed his shaming, and it would be long before he could forgive them. He knew also that he had, deep within him, a secret loathing of himself. At the very time when he had first awakened to the need of decent parentage a trick of mocking fate had held up the truth for all to see. His lips tightened, and his hands moved more swiftly about his task.

At that moment Doris came into the room to get a bridle. Her eye lighted on the pack-saddle and she looked at Andy, startled. "What are you doing, Andy?"

Andy looked up. He read rightly the fear and pain in her eyes. "I'm going away, Doris," he said gently. "I feel I've got to go away for a while." His eyes dropped again to his work. Without speaking, the girl left the room.

Andy knew that he had hurt her. He knew the loyalty she had felt towards him during the last two weeks—knew that it would be there always. Because of that, more than anything else, he felt he must go—go somewhere, away into the distance—somewhere where he could cleanse himself and find his pride anew. Just now, it seemed to him that he could not hold her in his thoughts without a sense of soiling her.

JIM came into the humpy that night. Bert had gone to bed, and Andy was sitting solitarily before the fire, which he had lighted.

"I hear you're going away, Andy," he said.

"Yes, I think I'll go for a while!"

"Huh! Huh! Well, I don't blame you."

Jim took up a stand before the fire, sometimes with his back to it, and his hands behind him, then turning to face it with hands outspread to the blaze. Beyond an occasional commonplace remark at long intervals he said nothing. Andy's replies were monosyllabic, but he understood Jim's intentions.

The old man was offering a sort of silent sympathy. He would go away shortly, having said little. He was of the kind who talk least when their feelings are greatest.

"I bought Caldwell's place the other day," remarked Jim Brunton casually, as if he made the statement partly for the information it would convey, and partly to divert the other's thoughts.

Despite his absorption in his own affairs, Andy looked up with a start of surprise. Caldwell's was the property adjoining Ridgelands. It was a fine place, and the two combined would make as showy a little grazing property as might be found in the country. It had been in the market some time, and Andy knew that it had occupied a prominent place in Brunton's thoughts. He had, however, made up his mind that Jim would consider it a bit too much to undertake.

"I put a blister on Ridgelands to do it," said Brunton. "But I think everything will be all right."

"You've got a great property now, anyway," said Andy.

. . . . . .

The next morning Andy completed his arrangements for going. He sorted out the stuff he would take, and locked the rest in his box. Bert got in his horses.

There was a little cattle pup to be provided for in his absence. As one begging a favor, he asked Doris to care for it. "I gave Harry Baker fifty bob for it," he said, as he passed the little woolly creature to her eager hands. "It's a god 'un. I thought perhaps you'd look after it for me, while I'm away."

The girl held the little thing and promised, with shining eyes. What better than this living reminder of Andy to love and care for.

"I'd thought of asking Bert," said Andy, "but the pup'll need good handling soon, and you understand these things." That was like the touch of the king's sword upon her shoulder.

HACK and packhorse saddled and packed, were waiting. An old dog, wise to the road, and who had trotted many miles at their heels, lay in the dust at the horses' feet, patiently eager.

"So long, Bert!"

"So long, Andy!" The boy felt his hand gripped in Andy's long brown fingers, and he tried to steady his voice as he replied.

Andy picked up the reins of his hack and walked down the path between the orchard and the house, the dog bringing the packhorse behind him. He had taken leave of Mrs. Parkes in the kitchen. Jim had said good-bye before leaving on business beyond Laffin's Creek that morning.

"Good-bye, Andy!" Doris stepped from the verandah and extended her hand. In one arm she held the pup.

Andy took off his hat as he grasped her hand.

"Good-bye, Doris!"

Their eyes met, and for a moment their feelings were revealed, each to the other. Andy might, just then, have taken her in his arms; but he felt more than ever the need to go forth and cleanse himself. Releasing her hand, he replaced his hat and led his horses through the gate.

Doris stepped on to the verandah. She watched Andy gather the reins and, placing his foot in the stirrup, slide into the saddle with the instinctive grace of a bushman as his horse moved forward.

"So long!" she said.

"So long!"

Then he was riding down the hill toward the front gate, his grey packhorse and his dog following.

At the gate, where he let himself through without dismounting, he looked up at the house and waved to her. She waved back. Then he rode on, along the track, and she stood watching while he and his horses grew smaller in the distance.

When Jim Brunton returned to Ridgelands, late in the day, he was in an unwontedly thoughtful mood. He remained silent throughout the evening meal. Doris, her own thoughts busy with the fact of Andy's absence, made no attempt to arouse him.

He was, in fact, disturbed by an incident that had occurred during the day. He had been accosted in Laffin's Creek by a friend of Andy's, a certain Tom Jefferson. He had a nodding acquaintance with Jefferson, who had a small selection some distance from the town. To Jefferson, he, Brunton, was one of the "silvertails."

"I've been wanting to see you," Andy's friend had said. "I've been wanting to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

Jefferson paused a moment before replying, as though wishing that due weight might be given to what he was about to say. "It's this—do you think that old woman who was killed the other day was really Andy's mother?"

Jim Brunton was taken aback. The same thought had flitted faintly across his own mind more than once. At hearing it given concrete form in speech he was startled.

"Andy thought so," he said.

"Andy's a good-natured bloke, and wouldn't be too hard to fool in a matter like that. Especially if it was put on him suddenly."

The two men looked into each other's eyes for a moment as two men do when both are speculating with the same idea.

"I'll tell you what started me thinking," said Jefferson.

"Yes?"

"I've never yet seen a brindle scrub cow with a pure-bred calf at foot. Have you?"

The force of the simile was not lost on Jim Brunton. Throughout the remainder of the day, in the intervals of attending to his own affairs, he steadily revolved the subject of Elizabeth Brookes and its attending circumstances before his mind's eye.

Arrived back at Ridgelands, he decided not to broach the subject to his daughter.

After tea, he went to his writing-desk.

ANDY had been on the road a month or more and had put several hundred miles behind him. Hearing in Roma that a bangtail muster was to take place at Mirramilla, he scented a job, and pushed northward for two days until he came to the station. It happened that Black, the manager, was at the homestead. Their parley was short, and a few minutes after his arrival Andy was again on his way, headed for the out-station where the round-up was beginning.

Things were in full swing when Andy got to the out-station. As he rode towards the slab and iron building that he judged to be the bunkroom, the dust was swirling in yellow sun-shot clouds above the yards, and from the almost obscured arena below came the bellowing and scuffling of harried stock and the occasional yapping of human voices.

Dismounting, Andy hung his reins on the ground, and approached the hut. He found the cook within, and when he had announced himself, explaining that he had been taken on as an extra hand, the cook came as far as the door and directed him to a paddock where there was feed and water for his horses. While he was receiving directions Andy slipped the saddles off,

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and, as he turned to lead his horses away, the cook called after him, "Come back when you've finished, and I'll give you a feed."

When Andy got back to the bunkroom, a plate of cold corned beef and hot boiled pumpkin was ready for him on the table, flanked by damper, jam, tinned butter, and a pint of tea.

"Livin' rather rough while we're away from the homestead," the cook said, in affected apology, as Andy tucked his legs under the table and fell to. The implication was that Andy was, perhaps, a dainty feeder—or that the cooking, possibly, was not "to the queen's taste."

"It's all right," replied Andy, in mock reassurance, as he speared a piece of pumpkin. "Didn't expect to find a feed waiting for me at all when I heard you were campin' out. Dead in luck, I am. A great meal."

"Anyway, you can't cook without colorin'," said the cook, resorting to classic humor.

Thus was criticism invited, side-stepped, and diverted to the mirthless realm of stale jokes.

"Come far?" asked the cook.

"New South Wales."

"What part?"

"Laffin's Creek."

"Never 'eard of it." Cook's manner of saying he had never heard of a place practically banished it from human consideration.

"Near Mandaberra," said Andy, trying again.

"Never 'eard of it."—with increased emphasis.

Andy finished his meal and pushed back his plate.

"S'pose you'll have a spell this afternoon, after travellin' so far?" suggested the cook. "There's a spare bunk in there."

Andy detected in the query more than reached the ear.

"Chaps pretty busy?" he asked, as he rolled a cigarette.

"You'd think so, to hear 'em talking."

"I'll go and lend a hand." Saying which, Andy pulled his legs from beneath the table and removed his spurs. Then, lighting his smoke, he walked up to the yard to report to the stockman. A few minutes later he was chest-deep among the dusty, weaving backs that filled the yard from rail to rail.

A NEW man on a cattle station, like a new boy at school, if he is wise, keeps his mouth shut and his ears open. The old adage, "action speaks louder than words," is operative there as elsewhere, and no one was more keenly aware of this than Andy. During his first day or two at the out station he had little to say, and that little was uttered with circumspection. He was marking his men quietly—as they were marking him.

Bourke and Hall showed their approval of his personal habits by suggesting that he should occupy the third bunk at their end of the hut.

Splinter Henderson, Andy found, was the station rowdy. He was charged with boisterous mirth. Whether singing or arguing—and he did both to excess—his normal tone was a shout; opposition in discussion made him shout louder—but always good-naturedly. He was short, blonde, bull-necked, and burly. He hailed his mates joyously by unprintable names, and was delighted when they were goaded to retaliation. He thought a good deal of himself, did Splinter. His attitude to the world was one of good-tempered truculence.

Once or twice Andy caught Splinter's eye resting on himself with a speculative gleam. He thought: "That fellow will hand me a try-on presently." The prospect did not perturb him.

Whopper Rollis was the buffoon of the crowd. A kindly enough fellow, but with an inborn dread of violence. If a cow charged in the yard, Whopper was always first man on the top rail. If it just made a pretence of charging, Whopper would be the only man on the top rail. Long practice had made him expert at passing off the laugh of which he was the butt, and he could join in it as heartily as the others.

Dan Willis was another outstanding character. Topping a supple and athletic frame he had a bald and shiny head of professorial dimensions. His features were the most solemn that ever man wore. He said little, and he never smiled. Under dire provocation he would laugh; his mouth would open, a short, raspy cackle would issue forth. Then his features would resume their normal solemnity.

But Dan wasn't so bad as he seemed. He had a habit, without giving notice of his intentions, of executing seven or eight steps of a buck-and-wing dance, and then ceasing as suddenly as he began. He always employed the same steps—probably he knew no others. One was left to suppose that his terpsichorean demonstration was the articulation of a passing moment of lightheartedness.

The other men on Mirramilla, with the exception of a couple of half-castes, were just easygoing, hard-riding bushmen.

ON the morning after his arrival, Andy was allotted half a dozen horses. Naturally he got the culls. As a latecomer he expected that. He looked over his six and decided to take a roan gelding out first. As he dropped the saddle across its back, the head stockman looked up from fitting the bit to his own horse's mouth and spoke: "He roots a bit, that horse."

His tone was casual. To have said more, or even to have spoken in a warning manner would have been to cast implied doubt on the other man's abilities as a rider. Under which circumstances the other man might have felt justified in answering with some innuendo, returning the implication. Bushmen are notoriously touchy in these matters.

Andy was fastening his girth. He grunted in reply—and took the straps up another hole. There is an element of hazard in mounting a horse that "roots a bit"; the term is capable of such a wide interpretation. He gathered the reins and the horse's near ear into his left hand, bent the animal's head round and swung into the saddle.

For the next thirty seconds the stockmen, grinning over the backs of their horses, were treated to as pretty a display of buck-jumping as they could hope to witness on a working morning. The roan gelding was wicked in his intentions, though he lacked the brains of an accomplished outlaw. He packed the whole of his five-year-old energy into the thirty-odd rapid fire evolutions by which he intended to dislodge his rider. That failing, he subsided. That was his character.

Andy rode him out of the smother of dust and paced him swiftly around the yard.

Splinter, who had been watching the bucking in great hopes, caught Andy's eye. He grinned his friendliest grin, and nodded.

The bangtail muster went steadily forward. Each morning, saddling up at break of day, the men rode out to muster the stock. Sometimes they were away over night. They went up to where the creeks headed in the ranges, and there, turning about, they deployed across the valley and drove the stock before them, back to the yards at the out-station. The main body of driven stock were kept to the creek, and the men singly and in couples, scouted along the ridges, picking up small mobs and turning them down to the main herd.

It was hard work, but pleasant. It had just that suggestion of the grand circus which appeals to the small boy who never altogether dies in the grown man.

A rivalry that had sprung up between Andy and Splinter persisted. For all that it was camouflaged by a show of indifference it was none the less keen. There was frequent call for swift and daring riding among the steep, stony ridges. The cattle were timid of the presence of men. Often a little mob camped on some spur would be no sooner seen than they would be afoot and racing through the timber for safety. With hats jambed on their heads and knuckles pressed to the horses' withers the two men would be after them at a pace outside the bounds of reason.

A man riding alone might turn aside from a fallen tree littered with a dangerous tangle of branches, but when he knew that if he did the man behind would race straight at it out of sheer bravado, then he held to his course, trusting to his luck and to the horse beneath him.

Andy found himself holding his own with Splinter, although at times the other's audacity in the face of danger made even him hold his breath. Whatever Splinter's faults he was no coward. He would skite until one wondered how a man could go to such length of self-praise without sounding foolish in his own ears. Yet, when the occasion called it did not find Splinter wanting.

On one occasion Splinter and Andy came very close to blows. It was, in a way, Andy's fault. He interfered in a row that Splinter was having with Whopper.

After a day spent in bangtailing a mob in the yards, the three were washing up outside the bunkroom. Andy had his own soap, but Splinter and Whopper had a piece between them. It did not belong to either—just a bit of anybody's soap that had been lying on the wash-bench. Splinter was in possession and was lathering his hands. Whopper, having filled his tin with water, asked for the soap. Splinter, because he was in a vexatious mood, refused to give it to him. "What's the matter with you," he asked, "can't you wait your turn? Be a gentleman!"

"You're done with it, ain't you?" Whopper demanded, his voice rising to a squeak, as it always did under stress of emotion.

"I'll be done with it when I give it to you; not before!" Splinter announced sententiously.

Having rinsed his hands, he laid the soap on the bench, and turned to empty the water. "Just leave that there!" he commanded, nodding at the soap, and dipped himself some clean water for his face.

While he was doing so, Whopper stood eyeing the soap as a dog in a butcher's door might eye a string of sausages dangling over the counter, but he stood patiently while Splinter, with unusual thoroughness, lathered his face and neck; then he spoke.

"Now, what about that soap?" he asked, speaking as one who felt that his right could not now be reasonably denied.

Splinter turned his lathered face towards Whopper and extended the soap to him. As Whopper, with a scowl, reached for it, the other's fingers closed tightly. Under

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pressure, the soap shot up out of Splinter's hand and hit Whopper in the chest; then it fell in the dirt. Splinter, considering the incident closed, bent above his tin of water.

Whopper picked up the soap and looked at it. His outraged feelings overcame his sense of caution. He rushed at Splinter and bumped into him from behind, causing him to fall forward and bang his head against the wall, and, stumbling against the rather flimsy wash-bench, to upset the tin of water down his trousers.

Whopper bolted, and Splinter dashed after him. There was no pretence about the fear of the one or the consuming wrath of the other. Instead of taking to the bush, Whopper ran into the humpy.

It may have been accident that Andy, who was wiping himself, stepped in Splinter's way as the latter rushed at the door in pursuit of Whopper. Splinter drew back and attempted to pass on the other side, Andy stepped in front of him again. That his action was deliberate was now apparent.

Splinter stepped back a pace. "What's the matter with you, Cornstalk!" he challenged.

Andy continued to wipe himself, but he met Splinter's eyes steadily. "Why don't you leave the man alone?" he said.

For a moment it looked as though trouble would ensue. Splinter sullenly turned back to his wash-bowl, and Andy, having finished wiping, stepped indoors.

For the rest of that evening Splinter maintained a silence. The noise of his shouting and laughter was noticeably missing in the humpy. For a day or two he avoided Andy. His silence was so marked that Andy began to wonder just what revenge the other man was brooding on. He, having come out a little ahead in the encounter, had no desire to foment the quarrel; he was, indeed, prepared to extend the olive branch. He refrained from doing so because of a feeling that the branch might, figuratively, be struck from his hand. That would be a direct challenge to combat—and, after all, the matter was hardly worth it.

The truth was that Andy, in thinking that Splinter planned vengeance, did the other man a wrong. With all his faults, Splinter was a poor hater. His surliness vanished before long, and he felt a bit sheepish with regard to the incident. He had been in the wrong.

To Whopper he signified the softening of his heart by giving him a friendly slap on the back—that nearly knocked him off his feet. He would gladly have made some overture to Andy, but could not think of any acceptable way that would not border on sloppiness.

Splinter had a sneaking liking for Andy. Like many a good man cast in a rough mould, he had a respect for personal fineness, even while he could not or would not cultivate it in himself. Andy, he realised, although a free enough mixer, and one who did not put on side, lived to some extent in a world of his own. He had thoughts that he found incommunicable and held to points of view that Splinter respected but refused to accept.

Andy found life on Mirrimilla well to his liking. There was a masculine savor about it that appealed strongly to his palate. He, for all his twenty-three years, and the hardening experiences of his life, delighted to shoulder around with the oldest and toughest and roughest of his fellows, thinking to himself, "I'm as good a man as you."

This rough and tumble life, where it was deemed proper for a man to affect a callousness which he perhaps did not always feel towards his own hurts, came as a tonic shock to Andy after the spiritual debilitation produced by his emotional experiences at Laffin's Creek.

They were not an unlikeable lot, those bushmen of the west with whom Andy lived and worked.

The night before they shifted from the out-station to the homestead a sing-song took place. The wick of the last candle had curled up and expired in a puddle of grease, and the card-players had finished their hand by the light of matches. Then there followed one of those silences that come when the current of life seems suddenly to cease flowing. The firelight danced and sent long black shadows flickering across the rafters.

From a bunk at the end of the humpy there was a rustle as of someone delving among his spare clothes; then, a moment later, that wailing tone, familiar in the Australian bush from the Cape to the Leeuwin, filled the room. The inevitable musician had produced his mouth-organ.

Kipling has sung the song of the banjo; but, at least as far as outback Australia is concerned, the song of the mouth-organ would have been more appropriate. In shearing-sheds and wayside shanties, in cattle-camps, and at bush dances, it is the melodist with his mouth-organ who enlivens the passing hour. He mostly plays by ear; his repertoire is astonishing both in length and variety; and somehow the wailing reeds and the throbbing vamp which the musician knows how to draw from his instrument fit the Australian scene exactly.

The men, one by one, gathered around the fire on logs and boxes, and under the influence of the reeds the spirit of good fellowship prevailed. The musician's solo came to a close.

"What about 'The Old Keg of Rum,' Joe?" someone called. Joe obligingly sounded forth the well-known tune. It is one of those rough-hewn old chanties that speak the spirit of the men who sing it far better than any classic ballad ever could.

Petty animosities were buried in the thunder of that chorus. Jack forgot that Jim had borrowed his saddle-cloth—and then left it out in the rain all night. Harry forgot that Tom had said the Moonee River horsemen were the best in the world. And that half-crown bet which he and Bill were in dispute about didn't seem to Joe to matter at all.

Some of the songs were new to Andy—jazz had inundated Laffin's Creek—but he liked the taste of the old bush doggerel, and he managed to make his voice sound with the rest.

"HELLO!"

Doris was looking into the window of one of the stores in the main street of Laffin's Creek. She was in the contemplative stage of the purchase or possible construction, of a new frock. A new frock, like a good story or a good drink, has a beginning and an ending, and the beginning is something to be deliberated over. All three, good stories, good drinks, and new frocks are things to be slowly palated with due appreciation.

The voice that spoke behind her was full and low in tone; and it was friendly. It broke through the intentness with which she was viewing the contents of the window and struck an instantly responsive chord of memory—although she had heard it but once before. She knew to whom it belonged before she looked up and saw Mrs. Maddison, her showground acquaintance, in the mirror which hung in the window-back. She turned with pleasurable excitement to return the greeting. Surprise at the encounter was mutual—the pleasure, also.

"What brings you to Laffin's Creek?"

"I've come here to live. And you?"

"I've always lived here."

Whereat both laughed as though something amusing had been said.

Friendship between these two needed no preliminaries. Although their acquaintance had been brief, they met like two who have shared some ancient bond. Each recognised an affinity in the other. It may have been that the older woman saw something of the girl that once she was, and the younger one caught a glimpse of the woman she yet might be. The tie of understanding was there; and there was an impulse on both sides to take the usual approaches to intimacy as having already happened.

The woman of the showground was not in riding dress this morning. In deference to the warmth of the day she was wearing a light dress and a wide sun-hat. She carried a basket containing a few small packages. It was evident that she was a housekeeper doing her morning shopping.

SHE was looking better, Doris thought, than when she had first seen her. That suggestion of being driven by some compelling need was gone. She looked as if life was being kinder to her.

"Will you come up to my place? I'm on my way home."

"Yes."

Together they walked slowly up the street. Doris' curiosity was not satisfied.

"But what brings you to live at Laffin's Creek, Mrs. Maddison? It is Mrs. Maddison, isn't it?"

"It was," said the other. "I'm Mrs. Tinsdale, now."

"Tinsdale?" Doris repeated the name wonderingly. It was a very familiar one. "Not our Inspector Tinsdale?" she asked.

She was referring to Sub-Inspector Tinsdale, of whose district Laffin's Creek was the centre, and whose office was at the local police station. The people of Laffin's Creek, as in most small towns, spoke of their governmental officials in the possessive case. Hence the suggestion of proprietorship in Doris' question.

"Yes, Inspector Tinsdale."

There was a pause. Doris knew Tinsdale. He was a fairly frequent caller at Ridgelands. He and her father liked talking together. He was a military-looking man, with a curly yellow moustache and fair hair, slightly greyish. She was surprised. She liked him, and he was the sort of middle-aged man that girls of her age think of as a "perfect dear" but she had never thought of him as some woman's possible husband. He was a bachelor; and she had surmised that bachelorhood was the natural condition of certain men, of whom he was one.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed suddenly. "We all like Mr. Tinsdale."

Mrs. Tinsdale laughed. "That's nice to know."

That pause, while Doris thought, had been an anxious little moment for her. She had submitted to the consideration of a friend a matter of intimate and tender regard.

Mrs. Tinsdale had addressed Doris by name.

"How did you know my name?" Doris asked. "I don't remember that I told you."

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"I consulted my programme."

Oh! That was nice. She had often thought since of the woman for whom she had "thrown the jump."

By the time they had reached the gate of the cottage which the Tinsdales had taken, promises of an interchange of visits had been made. They went up the path together and into the hall, where the basket was deposited while both went into the bedroom to remove their hats and invoke the restorative aid of a touch of face powder.

Doris was on the scent of a romance.

"You knew Mr. Tinsdale before?" she suggested, not without some ambiguity.

Ella Tinsdale looked at her. "You want to know all about it, do you?" she asked, smiling.

Doris would not confess to an impolite degree of curiosity. "You see, we've known Mr. Tinsdale quite a long time," she said in explanation. "And then, you—of all people——"

ELLA TINSDALE seemed to consider a moment. She slipped an arm around Doris. "Come out into the kitchen. We'll make a cup of tea and I'll tell you everything."

Doris took a chair by the table while her friend rattled the stove into activity and put on fresh fuel. Mrs. Tinsdale's brisk movements as she set out the tea things were a reflex of the pleasant excitement which she felt. She was no less anxious to tell of the happy episode of her marriage with Peter Tinsdale than the other was to hear of it. It was only while she searched her mind for a point at which to begin that she realised that it was a story with an unhappy beginning. Also it was not, in its essence, a pleasant story. Her movements became slower. She turned to Doris.

"I'm afraid that I've nothing very nice to tell you," she said. Her expression had completely changed.

"I'm sorry I asked."

The other made no immediate reply. "I've belonged to two men," she said at last. "And no woman—at least of my sort and yours—can say that, and also say that she has been happy."

Doris had no reply, but, taking the opinion as applying to herself, she knew it was true.

They were both seated, with tea between them, before Mrs. Tinsdale spoke again. She spoke reluctantly, and yet as if in response to an inward force—as if some instinct demanded that she should explain the thing as she saw it to at least one other creature.

"Peter was just a trooper when I first knew him. Not that that mattered to me—but it did to him. I was about twenty, and he was four or five years older. The way I came to meet him—I was out on a young horse, a tall leggy thing with high withers and a long neck; and one side of the reins—they were the sort that buckle together in the middle—came undone and slipped out of my hand. It was dangling from the bit to the ground, and when I leaned over to reach for it the horse took fright and bolted; I kept trying to get it, but couldn't quite reach. I didn't dare pull on the single rein for fear of throwing him down. We were on a bush track, winding through trees, and I didn't know what minute we would run into something. You can imagine what it was like. I saw Peter in the distance—I didn't know who it was—just a man on a horse. He was coming in from a side track. I threw up one arm to let him know something was wrong. He broke into a canter and turned into the track I was on, and rode on ahead of me. As soon as my horse overtook his, mine steadied down to a canter and ran alongside of him. He picked up the rein and handed it to me.

"That was the beginning of things. I was sick with fright. I got off and sat on a log waiting to get my nerve back, and Peter stood by and held the horses.

"We got talking together. Peter was good-looking—and an awfully nice fellow—and, I suppose, any girl likes talking to a man of that sort." She paused, and Doris nodded in confirmation.

"I was the daughter of well-to-do people and Peter had nothing. It would have been better for him had he not come to my help."

Doris' expression froze. She knew another case of a girl whose people were well-to-do and of a young man who had nothing. She wondered whether this story would have any application to herself.

For the first time she was struck with real force by the fact that there was a difference between Andy and herself. She had, of course, known that Andy had little and that her father had much; but she had always had a feeling that in their case ordinary facts did not apply. She listened from then onwards as if she feared that she might discover in the unfolding story some premonition of events to be.

"I put myself in Peter's way after that. I shouldn't have done so. I hope you won't think I was too wicked?" Doris shook her head.

"We were 'silvertails,' and ordinarily my path and Peter's did not cross, but I liked him, and I used to go to places where I knew he would be—local dances and race picnics, and things like that. I was wild, I'm afraid. I might have known that it would end in trouble; but I didn't realise the consequences. I don't think that I had studied the word 'consequences' in those days. I've studied it since.

"I wasn't in love with Peter. I liked him immensely, and liked to be where he was. I didn't intend to be in love with him—or with anyone. I reckoned that I had lots of time for that sort of thing.

"I suppose if Peter had been one of our crowd and had wanted to marry me I would have done so; but he wasn't. He knew he wasn't, and he tried to be sensible. I know that I behaved hatefully, but I paid for it before everything was over.

"Never once did he put himself in my way. And never once did he attempt any familiarity. I think I got myself talked about a bit; and I know that Peter used to have to put up with a bit of chaff from the other men at the police station.

"It was just a jolly good lark as far as I was concerned, and to the best of my belief—or my thoughtlessness—it was a lark to Peter. I suppose you're thinking awful things about me?"

"I feel sorry for Peter."

"Yes. Can you understand that I didn't do it on purpose? I wasn't trying to hurt Peter. I didn't know that what was playing on my part was becoming deadly serious on his side. I think that if he had explained things to me I would have run away with him to undo what I had done. But that was not Peter's style.

"The finish came one day when I met him riding some distance from my home. I asked him if he would ride part of the way back with me. We were sitting on our horses facing each other. He said, 'Ella, can't you let a poor "bobby" alone?' His voice made me look into his eyes, and away at the back I could see something in pain. Have you seen eyes look that way? I didn't see him again after that.

"After I had married, and was living in Queensland, I wrote to him. It was—well—the sort of letter that anyone would write under the circumstances. I told him that I was sorry, and tried to explain. I got a letter back from him. I have it yet. I wouldn't show it to you. There are things in it that I wouldn't show to anyone. He ended by saying that he understood and didn't blame be. It was just one of those unfortunate things that sometimes happen. He said, too, that if he couldn't have me he wouldn't have anyone. And he hasn't. There are not many men like that—or women, either. But there are a few, and Peter Tinsdale is one of them."

"I've heard something of your life in Queensland," Doris volunteered. "Mr. Cleghorn, a friend of Dad's, told us about it that time at the show."

"Yes; a lot of people knew about it. You heard about the drinking?"

"Yes."

Ella Tinsdale paused to think for a moment. She wanted the girl to get the right idea of the man who had been her husband, or to correct a possible wrong one. "Don't think that he was no good," she said. "I am not the sort to choose a rotter. He couldn't help it. It came from others. It seemed as if there was always one in his family who went that way. In this generation it happened to be him. He wasn't always drinking. And I'd go through it with him again."

"The anxiety burnt me up. I never knew when it would happen. They'd bring him home raving. I used sometimes to think of Peter. I daresay I shouldn't have; but to think of him used to help me—as steady as the hills. You know how it ended?"

Doris nodded again. Throughout the recital her eyes had been fixed steadily on the other's face. Ella Tinsdale had spoken with a searching relentlessness, as if she were at the confessional. The girl had been filled with a sort of vague alarm. Was this the ground over which she must tread? Was this life? This thing that gave and took—and gave and took! Could there be no giving without taking?

Ella Tinsdale's features relaxed. She smiled. "We're coming to pleasanter things now," she said.

"AFTER I brought the two children back from Queensland, I went to live with my brothers, who had a place near Bently. We no longer had money—I mean, the family. In fact we were pretty hard up; but in other respects circumstances were pleasant.

"You're wondering where Peter came in again. Well, after everything was over, I did not think of him. I felt that I had no right to. I had made my bed, and it was for me to lie in it. I did not even know whether he knew what had happened to me after that exchange of letters. I knew, from a chance remark of one of my brothers, what had become of him.

"About six weeks ago I had to go to the city. I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel on the afternoon after I arrived there. I happened to glance up, and I saw Peter standing looking at me! It was fourteen years since I had seen him, but he looked just the same Peter. And—well, that is all!" She stopped as if everything that mattered had been said.

Like many before her, Ella Tinsdale had started to tell one story, and found that it was quite another that needed to be told. She had intended to speak only of the small happy events of the weeks preceding her wedding with Peter Tinsdale, and she found that it was the story of the years that were gone that demanded utterance.

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"I think Peter was wonderful!" said Doris. She was aware that the remark, as it stood, implied some measure of criticism of her friend, if merely by the absence of comment. She regretted this, but chose to remain true to herself.

Ella Tinsdale showed no resentment. "Well, now you know," she said. "I had to tell someone."

They turned from this to speak of lighter matters, and make social plans for the future. While Doris talked, her mind was holding in contemplation the opposed figures of the young woman who had been Ella Barclay, and Peter Tinsdale, the young man who had spoken of himself as "a poor bobby." She had that feeling of sudden chill which one experiences on a not very warm day in spring or autumn when a cloud drifts across the face of the sun.

THE muster was finished. The following Saturday Splinter Henderson rode into Injune—a cluster of corrugated iron roofs at the railhead, fifteen miles or so from the homestead. He returned towards sundown, hiccoughing a little and talking to himself. Judging by the knowing look in his eyes, and the frequency with which he chuckled, he found the conversation both entertaining and inspiring.

Almost all the men were in the humpy when Splinter entered. Some were lying in their bunks reading; a couple, at one end of the table, were playing cards; one, at the door, was rinsing out a shirt, and others were disposed about the place in various occupations. Splinter heeded none of them, and quite ignored their greetings. He had in his head a great plan. He also had in his head the strong fumes of rum-and-port shandies.

He fell into a seat, leaned across the table, and, extending his arm, waggled his forefinger at Andy, who was reading in his bunk opposite.

"Here, Cornstalk!"

Becoming, for the first time, aware of Splinter's return, Andy laid down his paper and turned to him—grinning when he observed his elevated condition.

"What is it?"

Splinter did not answer at once. He continued to wag his forefinger—or perhaps the forefinger wagged in spite of him. He stared at Andy with a grin whose friendliness failed in its intention to conceal the tipsy cunning in his eyes.

"You think you can ride, don't you?" he demanded at last, still smiling.

"Oh, I don't know," Andy temporised. He did think so, as a matter of fact; but there is a world of difference between thinking so and saying so.

Splinter was not to be put off like that. His plan depended on making his man commit himself.

"You think you can ride; now, don't you, Cornstalk?"

Splinter was becoming impatient. He put his head on one side and stopped smiling.

"What are you afraid of, Cornstalk?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" said Andy, also ceasing to smile. He spoke the truth.

"Ain't afraid of nothing on two legs?" suggested Splinter.

"No."

"Nor yet on four?"

"Nor yet on four."

"Well, look!" Splinter, compromising on Andy's inferred admission that he would tackle any horse, became smiling and cunning again. "I was talking to some of the blokes from Myall Downs in at Injune to-day. I was tellin' 'em about you riding Mustard last Sunday. You know, Cornstalk"—here Splinter screwed up one side of his face—"I was crackin' you up sky-high. Tol' 'em you was the best rider in Australia—an' all that!"

Here someone laughed—not at the statement regarding Andy's abilities, but at the idea of Andy being innocently at Mirramilla while Splinter skited shamelessly in his name at Injune.

"Well, what about it?" Andy spoke sharply.

"Don't get narked! Well, anyway, they ses—there was five of 'em—that they've got a horse on Myall Downs that they bet you can't ride." Splinter stopped and looked at Andy impressively.

"Well, what about it?" said Andy.

"Ain't you gonna ride it?" Splinter exclaimed in pretended astonishment.

"I don't see why I should. They might have a dozen horses I can't ride. It's none of my business."

Splinter's plan had gone wrong. He became angry. "You're afraid!" he sneered.

Andy half rose from his bunk. "Say that again and I'll run you outside!" he said.

Splinter waived the point. He got up and stumbled round the room, complaining in his disappointment, "I get you a horse to ride and then you won't ride 'im!"

Harry, a man who had previously worked on Myall Downs, spoke up. "I don't blame you, Andy. I know that horse. Blue Demon they call him, and a blue demon he is. He's everything that's wicked. There ain't anythin' in buckin' he don't know, and on top of that he's a man-eater. When he throws a man, he'll turn round and savage 'im. I saw one poor beggar dragged outa the yard with his thigh half torn off. They oughta shoot that horse instead of kiddin' men to ride 'im. Take my tip and keep away from him."

The man spoke with conviction. Andy twisted round to look at Splinter.

Just then, Splinter, struggling splendidly with the fumes of rum, remembered that he had, up to now, forgotten the most deep-laid part of his scheme. He went over and sat on Andy's bunk, putting his hands on Andy's shoulders. "Look 'ere, Cornstalk. When them blokes was sayin' you couldn't ride their horse, I up and bet 'em three munce wages you could. You see I got six munce wages comin' to me. When we fixed that up one bloke, a big flash cove, ses he'd bet me another three munce you wouldn't be game even to get on the horse after hearing what Harry here would tell you. So I took 'em up on that, too!" Splinter looked at Andy with truthful but wavering gaze.

"When do they want me to ride him?" Andy asked. The idea of Splinter, eagerly planning his downfall, and at the same time wagering hard-earned money against it, appealed to Andy. That, and the almost irresistible temptation to pit his skill before an audience of his fellows against the savagery of the horse that no man could ride! Andy had his streak of vanity, but it was wholesome in that he valued no plume that was not well and truly earned.

"To-morrow morning," said Splinter, in answer to his question.

"Good!"

"You'll ride 'im?"

"Yes."

"Good man!" Splinter struck him on both shoulders. The fact that his plan had originally been to take Andy down a peg, was forgotten in the fact that he had provided a champion in the dispute, Mirramilla versus Myall Downs.

The next morning every man on Mirramilla, and as many horses and half again as many dogs, set out for Myall Downs. Harry, the man who knew the horse, Blue Demon, appeared with a rifle. He explained that he intended to shoot the horse before it could savage Andy after it had thrown him.

Andy told him to put the weapon away. "They're not going to give us the jolly 'Ha! Ha!' as soon as we come in sight of the place," he said. The other men concurred in this; so Harry was obliged to return the rifle to the bunkroom.

At mid-morning the Mirramilla cavalcade swaggered dustily up to the yards of Myall Downs and dismounted. The men of Myall Downs came forth from the bunkroom to meet them, and greetings, cheery and profane, were hurled playfully back and forth. The hosts were agog with curiosity regarding the man who was going to tame their pet outlaw. As Andy off-saddled he could feel their curious eyes boring into his back. Fragments of questions and answers reached his ears.

"Which is the bloke?"

"The long feller."

"'S that the flash kid!"

"Yeh, the one with the soldier 'at."

"Huh!"

"Kin he ride?"

"Well, he ain't a squib, anyway!"

"Noo South, ain't he?"

"Yeh."

"Huh!"

The semi-hostile attitude of the Myall Downs crowd distressed Andy not at all. Its effect was tonic. He had the sympathy and moral support of his own mates, whose honor was in his keeping. If he were successful in riding the horse he would pass from the narrow domain of a station rider into the wider realm of a district rider. The very men who now were a little resentful of his audacity would fall in behind him. Travelling to other parts, their brag would begin, "We've got a man up where I come from——"

THE fact of holding the centre of the ring was a fillip to naturally tightened nerves—he was the challenge champion stripping for gladiatorial combat; the object of muttered comment; the centre of eyes thirsty for excitement; the man of the hour. Andy had no false modesty; he liked it.

Andy hung the bridle on his shoulder and took the saddle on his arm. "Where's your horse?" he asked.

The crowd moved along to an octagonal horse-yard—a five-rail construction and over six feet high. In the middle of the yard, watching them with intelligent and suspicious eye as they approached, was a tail iron-grey, or a blue-roan, gelding. He held his head high, sniffing at the air, the skin quivering a little along his flanks—the very picture of wildness and distrust. As the men drew up to the rails, he trotted twice round the yard and then halted, turning to face them. A magnificent untamed beast!

The men scattered around the outside of the yard, selecting places of vantage. Andy hung his saddle on a lower rail.

The sight of the saddle-flap hanging within the yard infuriated the horse. He bared long yellow teeth and rushed at it. Andy snatched the saddle away just in time. A couple of men sniggered, and a Myall Downs man called out, "You've something to deal with now, mate!"

Andy made no reply. Picking up a short

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length of sapling, part of a broken roping-pole, he climbed the rails and dropped into the yard. He met with the same reception as had his saddle-flap. A savage horse is a rare thing, but, when seen, it is the incarnation of demoniacal fury. With ears laid back, and yellow fangs bared to the gums, the beast came at Andy. He struck with the club and caught it across the head. The horse rushed him against the rails, and, as he ducked to escape along its flank, it wheeled its hindquarters to jamb him against the bars, and reached for him with its teeth. With a quickness of thought which he remembered ever afterwards with a curious sense of unreality, Andy dropped and dived under it. He crossed the yard in a flash as the horse turned with a squeal of rage, and springing for the top rail, he dropped to the outside—the horse's teeth meeting with a snap a hand's breadth behind him.

It was a frightening experience, and Andy saw men peering across at him to see how he had taken it—faces, he noticed, that were a little pale. It was the first time Andy had been forced to bolt from a horse! His reaction to the spasm of fear was anger. The personal element entered into the issue between him and the horse.

"Better look out for that feller," someone cautioned. "He isn't a horse, he's a murderer!"

"Get your rope!" Andy answered. "I'll soon find out what he is!"

In a very little time, with the aid of a roping-pole, the horse was roped and pulled tight up to a post. He was blindfolded, and one of the men held a forefoot up to keep him from throwing himself about. All the while, the noose was tight round his throat; his sides heaved and the breath rattled through his nostrils.

SPLINTER, who was helping, was for taking advantage of the tightened noose. "Don't hurry, Andy," he whispered; don't hurry; choke him as long as you can."

Andy was for speed. He knew that those men watching between the rails were assessing every move in the game. He did not wish, when the ride was finished, for them to say: "Oh, yes, he rode him all right; but he choked him half to death first!"

Crupper, girth, surcingle, and bit he adjusted with swift practised hands. "Right! Drop his leg!" The spectators were now mounted on the top rail.

Andy gathered the reins and the horse's wither lock in his left hand. His right hand was across the saddle, gripping the flap just above the off pommel. His foot was in the stirrup. "Give him a bit of slack!" The rope was loosened and the horse breathed more easily. He stood perfectly still, waiting. He knew he was helpless with a swathe of sacking round his eye, and he could feel a man's hand getting ready to remove it.

"Are you ready?" asked Andy quietly.

"You'd better get into the saddle."

"I don't want you to ride him for me! Let him go!"

Under the sting of Andy's words, rope and cloth vanished in a flash.

The horse made a mighty bound forward, and the rider went with him. He glided to the saddle as though drawn into it, and it seemed as if the offside stirrup sought his foot.

That first leap ended in a jolt, with the horse's head between his knees. In the split second that passed before the horse leaped into the air and twisted like a cat, Andy's face settled in hard lines, tensed to endure.

A swift series of forward bucks ended in a back buck of surprising suddenness. The eye had scarcely time to mark the movement when the horse was high in the air, his nose between his fore hoofs. He landed with a terrific jolt and shot up again, as if made of resilient steel.

Again and again he came back to the ground, each time with a twist and a thump that wrenched and pounded his rider's vital organs. He bucked from side to side, and then, with a rapid change in tactics, bucked in circles. He reared on his hind legs and ran forward, leaping from the ground and bucking in mid-air. He rushed at the rails in an endeavor to break his rider's leg.

Andy sat like a man of stone. His body swayed to the horse's body, his eyes were glued to its ears. His seat depended on anticipating its movements by shaved seconds.

There was no sound but the stertorous breath of the beast the grunt as it flung its energy into each leap, and the thudding of its hoofs in the dust. The man, frail by comparison, was straddling a whirlwind of infuriated explosive animal energy. His strength was inadequate to the task, but his brain was a shade quicker than the animal's muscles, his nervous reaction to thought a shade more perfect than the beast's.

The horse had the man's flesh at his mercy but in the swift flash between thought and action he was laboring, fearfully, tremendously, but ineffectually, a fraction behind the man.

The ring of men had vanished from Andy's mind. The wide universe had centred down to a fear-and- rage-crazy horse, plunging and swerving wildly beneath him. Andy's face was set and immobile.

Up and forward. Up and back. Straight up and down, with all four legs braced and back humped; something to tear at a man's entrails and jar his body and deaden his brain. A trickle of red ran from Andy's nostrils down his upper lip. Up and a leap sideways, to fling him from the saddle; then a swift low leap to the other side before he had time to recover himself; up and a violent twist, turning nearly end for end; then swiftly round and round, completing the circle in three bucks.

There was no mean, devilish trick known to outlawry but the horse knew it. Rearing, he rushed backwards, crashing into the rails. He leaped forwards, bashing the rider's legs against a post. The sweat poured from him, his nostrils showed red and his eyes were bloodshot with the swift violence of his efforts.

Then, as suddenly as he began, he stopped. The whole thing had lasted less than sixty seconds. The course of a bucking contest is not measured in terms of minutes, but in terms of swift explosions of energy, each one making enormous inroads on animal strength. To the man on top, matching the frailty of his body against the strength of a horse, steeling himself against the protest of organs suffering violent abuse, and fighting the numbness threatening his brain, a minute stretches into infinity.

The horse stood with limbs outspread, head hanging, sides heaving, and sweat dripping.

From the men clinging to the rails, applause was stilled to a murmur. They looked from horse to rider, surprise mingled with admiration. "Spare me days! Beaten at last!"

Andy drew the blood from his lips and dismounted. He moved stiffly. He was much shaken—but his heart was light.

They walked up to the bunkroom in response to the cook's invitation. During the meal the talk naturally was of nothing but buckjumping. Every man present had an instance to relate, and every man had his turn. Each was a tale of some phenomenal horse and some extraordinary rider; but in every case the company was given to understand, by subtle means, that the story was by no means a comparison with what they had witnessed that morning.

The victor had earned his laurels. Bushmen are governed by a fine sense of courtesy in these matters.

GRAVE trouble had come to Ridgelands. Unaware of the shadow that within the hour had fallen across the homestead, Doris Brunton was returning on Playboy from an afternoon at tennis in Laffin's Creek. The horse moved at a brisk walk, head and neck nodding to each quick step. The girl, though her thoughts were elsewhere, sat him with the grace of one to whom the saddle was a second home. She was in a happy mood, and in the familiar sights of the roadside, approaching and passing to the pace of Playboy's eager hoofs, she saw a physical beauty reflecting her sense of well-being.

The green and gold lights of late afternoon bathed the broad land.

The girl drank in every detail with color-loving eyes, extracting from the beauty of her surroundings a happiness to add to that which welled within.

Andy had been sending her long letters. This was contrary to her expectations. She recalled that morning, four months ago—it seemed much longer than that—when she had stood on the verandah of the homestead and watched him riding away down the track that led towards the blue horizon. Her love had gone out to him. He was alone and in trouble, and his heart was clouded with wrath against men. It had been a great effort to keep the tears from her eyes lest the blinding drops should cheat her of that last view of him.

She had expected to hear little from him until the tide of life bore him back to Ridgelands—he was a poor letter-writer. It had seemed that the veil of distance would drop between them like a muffling azure curtain, shutting off his world from hers. The most she had expected was a few words, disjointed and fragmentary, assuring her that he still lived and moved. But Andy, the incalculable, had surprised her by sending her, week by week, an eight-page bulletin of his doings. Knowing, as she did, that the sight of pen and paper filled him with dislike, she had a delightful image of him getting writing paper from his kit once a week and, with vast determination, "squaring off" to the job.

From his letters she knew all about his life at Mirramilla Station. She had a vicarious acquaintanceship with Splinter and Whopper and Dan Willis, and could form a very accurate mental picture of the scenes amid which he lived. He was fencing now—on contract, he and Splinter.

Doris arrived at the gate which gave access to the Ridgelands' paddocks and passed through without dismounting, closing the gate after her. The deft performance of this and other minor feats of horsemanship were the token of one's fellowship among the brethren of the bush. Doris was punctilious in her observance of these matters. She touched Playboy with the spur and cantered up to the homestead.

Clattering into the yard, she dropped from the saddle, and was loosening the surcingle when she heard footsteps approaching in agitated haste. She turned to see Mrs. Parkes hurrying towards her from the house. The old lady was obviously under extreme emotional pressure. "You've come back!"

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she gasped, as soon as she was within speaking distance. "It's your father! He's ill!"

The picture of her father, bearded, hale, and vigorous, rose before Doris' mind. "Ill! Father!" She felt an inclination to smile at such an absurdity, but a glance at Mrs. Parkes' face showed her that something had happened. "What do you mean—ill?" she asked, with a touch of sharpness born of sudden fear.

"Bert brought him in about an hour ago. He was hardly able to walk. He's had a stroke or something. He wouldn't say anything—just went straight to his room."

Doris turned again to Playboy. Without haste she undid the buckles of his girth and removed the saddle. She was conscious of Mrs. Parkes standing there astonished at such apparent indifference to calamity. The sense of reality had not penetrated the girl's mind. No one was ill at Ridgelands—ever!

Then suddenly Doris was infected with the older woman's distress. Her movements hastened. With shaking hands she dropped the sliprails and turned the horse into the paddock. She threw the bridle hurriedly into the shed.

"Is he very bad?" she asked, with a quick glance at the window of her father's room. She was feeling afraid of what lay before her.

"It was as much as the boy could do to help him in from the paddock."

At a gesture from Doris both turned towards the house, the old woman hobbling in her haste, the girl walking at her heels, white-faced, and resentful of the excited trembling of her limbs. It was ridiculous to think that anything had really happened!

Mrs. Parkes stood in the kitchen and watched the girl go up the passage to Jim Brunton's room. Doris paused at the door, then knocked and entered.

Her father lay at full length on the bed, in a listless attitude which suggested that he had not moved since he had first dropped there. Hearing the door opened, he turned. She was startled at the unusual pallor of his face.

"What has happened, Dad?" She spoke lightly, and advanced to his bedside smiling, tremulously anxious to have her fears allayed.

Jim Brunton twisted himself into a less helpless posture. "Nothing very much," he answered. His voice was unusually low. "I came over a bit queer, that was all, and Bert had to help me in. I'll be all right, soon."

Doris sat down on the edge of his bed. "You don't want a doctor?"

He shook his head and made a little grimace understood by both.

She smiled dutifully, but she was looking at the black puffiness that had appeared beneath his eyes and at the dampness of his forehead. She was a little bewildered; she could not, in a moment, accustom herself to the sight of the strong man stricken. "I hope it's not serious, Dad," she said. Her eyes sought a truthful answer in his.

Under the tender anxiety of that look Jim's gaze wavered. He gave himself another little hitch up on the pillow. "Oh, no," he answered her; "I gave myself a bit of a strain the other day. Felt it across here," indicating his chest, "just for a minute or two. It passed away quickly and I thought no more about it. But I see I'll have to be a bit more careful." He smiled quizzically. "The old man doesn't get any younger."

She made a superficial response to his jocularity, but she was unconvinced. He was by no means old—he was barely to be called elderly. He had all the outward indications of physical vigor unimpaired.

"I mustn't frighten you"—his tone was full of remorse—"I'll get up. I'm pretty right now." He made a motion to rise, but Doris prevented him. Under the gentle pressure of her hands he sank back on the pillow.

"You lie there and rest, Dad," she said. "I'll go and get you tea and something to eat."

As the door closed behind his daughter a mask seemed to settle on Jim Brunton's features. This was not the first occasion within recent months that he had "come over a bit queer." There had been strictures of the chest and a painful shortness of breath compelling him to deal gently with his body for some hours afterward. With a healthy man's healthy dislike of admitting a physical weakness, he had ascribed these unpleasant occurrences to "too much tea and tobacco."

The bad spells had gradually increased in frequency and severity, and the subsequent weakness had become greater and more prolonged. This afternoon's attack had been the first that had occurred in the presence of another person, and it was the severest yet experienced.

As he lay on his pillow, his gaze wandered from one part of the room to another, resting only for a second or two on any one thing. Even so his thoughts were moving swiftly from place to place, striving to evade the necessity of facing a certain dreadful possibility. He was glad when Doris returned carrying the tea tray.

DORIS had changed into indoor clothing, and had thoughtfully brought in her own tea so that she might eat with him. As they ate she recounted to him the trifles that had made up her day in Laffin's Creek. He displayed such inordinate interest that she realised that he was making a gallant effort to dispel her fears.

She was by no means easy in her mind. She introduced the question of sending for Andy, but Jim negatived the proposal. "Not but what I'd like to have him come back," he confessed, "but Andy's got a life of his own to live. We don't know how he feels about what happened before he left. It'll take him a while to get over it, or I'm mistaken—besides, it isn't necessary."

Doris persisted. "I should think he'd come, just the same, if we asked him."

"Yes, he would; but it would be selfish on our part. You said that he's mentioned something about making a start in Queensland. It doesn't do to unsettle a young man at a time like that." Jim looked at his daughter, expected an affirmative response. She did not answer. "Andy owes us nothing," he added.

"Oh, no!" Doris shook her head vehemently. That was a point of pride in her thought of Andy. He had been more to them than a hireling.

Just to prove to everyone—himself included, if possible—that there was no cause for alarm, Jim got up as soon as the evening lamp was lit in the living-room. His appearance of normal health had returned with surprising rapidity. He read and smoked and was apparently his usual self. Doris made a pretence of reading, but, covertly, her attention was on her father. For the first time it had been brought sharply home to her that the stout pillar which supported the circumstances of her existence was not of ageless stone, but of frail flesh, yielding hour by hour to the ceaseless erosion of time. The tragedy of endless change that neither gold nor love could hinder smote and frightened her.

Her "Good-night," when he retired early on his own suggestion that a night's sleep would do him a lot of good, was more than ordinarily affectionate. A hint of her feelings reached Jim's understanding, and he put his arm around her shoulders and held her close. "Don't think the old man's crocking up," he said whimsically, and then looked at her for a moment seriously.

"All right, Dad," she promised.

THE contract for fencing the new boundary of Mirramilla station was pushing forward. Andy and Splinter, shifting their tents as the work progressed, were camped at a waterhole on Bluey Creek. In a nearby patch of sandalwood they had cut enough posts for the section they were working on. Splinter, with horses and dray, was carting them to the surveyed line; Andy, with shovel and spud-bar, was "setting 'em up."

Andy was undecided about returning to Ridgelands. There were many reasons why; chief among them was a doubt concerning his welcome. Sweating freely beneath the Queensland sun, he stabbed away at the stubborn clay, and all the while, as his muscles labored, his mind was seeking a guide to his future course of action.

During the tumultuous days of cattle-mustering there had been little time for thought. That had been for the best. The circumstances under which he had fled from Laffin's Creek had been, for a while, too painful to think of; but he had reached a point where he could take a more or less detached view of the matter.

Having driven the post-hole to the prescribed twenty inches, he stuck bar and shovel in the ground, and, picking up the post, set it in the hole. His mind still preoccupied with the question of his return to Ridgelands, he "sighted" the post, raised it to the level height of those he had just erected, and began to tumble the dirt in around it again. That had been the order of his working hours for two weeks past; while his sinews applied themselves with mechanical but unflagging zeal to the prosecution of the job, his mind struggled to find, amid a complexity of facts, the dominant one by which to guide himself.

There were many things to be considered, and each, as it came before his mind, was accompanied by its particular emotional reaction.

Andy imagined himself returning to Ridgelands. Jim would not say anything. Since the days when he had first gone there, a raw kid, Jim had set his stamp on him; they were two of a kind; words would be a waste. Jim would just look at him with a mildly contemptuous gleam in his grey eyes, and that look would say, "Well, Andy, come back in search of a soft thing, have you?" Andy knew that his self-esteem would wilt before that wordless message. He would leave Ridgelands for a second time then, with a bitterness and shame that he would carry to his dying day.

It was strange that the figure which occupied the seat of judgment before which he stood self-arraigned was Jim Brunton—not Brunton's daughter. And the thing that mattered vitally was—What would Brunton think? Not what would his daughter think?

Andy therefore decided that he would put everything behind him. He had had his boyish dream of love. He was a man now! He would deal two-handedly with the world as it is—not fuddle about with the world as the world might be! He would work out a new destiny for himself along rational lines! He would put the memory of Doris Brunton behind him forever! But could he?

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At this point in his wrestling with circumstances, and at this point only, Andy's obedient muscles would cease their automatic labors and, standing mayhap with legs spreadeagled across the post-hole he was digging, he would halt with the spud-bar gripped and poised for the stroke. His eyes, looking down into the post-hole, would take on that look peculiar to eyes that stare at something far in the distance. Below him, against the cool clay, he would see a face. It was one stamped indelibly on his recollection. A face that smiled up at him, one whose expression hinted no thought other than kindliness and affection. It had its full share of beauty and, transcending that, a quality of spirit that touched a man to fire and yet awoke a mighty tenderness.

Often it would be Splinter coming back with the empty dray who would rouse Andy from his orgy of toil. Splinter, after standing grinning in that impish delight which the sight of one human laboring strenuously seems to provoke in another idling, would call out, "Trying to put a gilt edge on it, Cornstalk?" His reference was to the cheque they would receive on completing the job. Its relation to the number of days worked would be according to the speed with which the work progressed.

IT was generally managed that, whatever tasks they were on, Andy and Splinter had their midday meal together. They ate sitting in the shade, their backs resting against a log; and when they had eaten, they lolled comfortably, yarning and smoking until it was time to "buck in" again.

There came a day when Splinter, who had been some distance along the line laying posts, returned with news. "Some of the new settlers are moving in already," he said. "There's a family camped at the next waterhole. I seen their camp and I went down and had a yarn for a little while."

"What are they like?"

"Very nice people. They want us to go along and have dinner with 'em nex' Sunday."

"Pretty fast worker, aren't you!" Andy spoke with a smile and the familiar insolence possible only between good mates.

"It'll be a change from seeing your dial opposite me every mealtime," said Splinter, retorting in kind.

"How many are there of them?"

"Old man, old lady, three sons about your size—only more intelligent."

"That all?" Andy knew his Splinter.

"No, there's a bonzer little girl."

Andy grinned.

ON the morning of the day after that on which he had been forced to return home from his work, Jim Brunton declared himself completely recovered. He had regained every appearance of normal health. He went off to work in the best of spirits, his mind completely freed from the depressing fears of the previous evening. He thought, moreover, by a display of abundant vitality to allay his daughter's anxiety.

It took two or three days, however, for the recollection of her father's listlessness and pallor as he lay on the bed to fade away. There were moments when it came before her with vivid clearness, causing her heart to leap in fright. At such moments she could not help going to the door, if she were inside, and scanning the environs of the homestead for a sight of him. And always at midday and evening she breathed an unconscious sigh of relief when she heard his footsteps approaching.

With the passing of the days her mind grew easier; then, one afternoon, when she was working in the garden, she heard Mrs. Parkes call her name in a way that means only one thing. Dropping her tools, she ran to the back of the house, and, looking in the direction in which the old lady pointed, she saw Jim and Bert coming down the ridge, her father leaning heavily on the boy. She went up the hill at a flying pace, though it seemed to her that her feet were leaden. Saying nothing, she cast her father's free arm around her shoulder and took a share of his weight. She had had a glimpse of the deathly whiteness of his face and the beads of moisture on his forehead.

They had progressed a few paces when Jim suggested that he had better sit down a while. With their assistance he lowered himself to the ground.

"Are you in pain, Dad?" Doris was stooping over him anxiously.

Jim shook his head slowly from side to side. "Not much," he murmured.

He bent his head back with closed eyes, clenched teeth, and parted lips. He had been in that posture for about a minute when he drew a deep sigh and began to breathe more easily. He opened his eyes and sat forward. "I'd do just as well if I stayed where I was working till it passed off," he said; "but when I come over like this I feel I want to get home."

Doris sat down beside him. The fears of a week ago revived in her. "Are you sure it's nothing serious, Dad?" In her own mind she was certain it must be.

"I don't know," said Jim. Like any man in similar circumstances, he hated to admit the possibility that he was in a dangerous condition.

With the assistance of Bert and Doris he got to his feet. He was shaky, and walked with hands resting on the shoulders of his companions. Reaching his room, he sank on the bed with a sigh of great thankfulness and closed his eyes.

Doris sat down beside him, watching his face. Her brow was furrowed with anxiety. Spasms of fear shot through her. She resented and repressed them. Fear was a selfish regard for her own safety and welfare. If her father was facing a serious illness, he would need that part of her which was most selfless.

After some minutes, having gained strength from lying completely at ease, Jim opened his eyes.

"You'll have to see a doctor, Dad," she said. She was bent on extracting a promise from him while his weakness made him complaisant.

"Perhaps I'd better," he said.

"You must!" Though the words were dictatorial, the tone was pleading.

Jim looked into the anxious depths of her eyes and saw that he had a duty in the matter, apart from his inclinations.

"I will," he said, and added, "I had a bit of a twinge yesterday, as a matter of fact."

"Would you like some tea?"

"I think I would, in a few minutes."

Doris got up and left the room. After she had closed the door, she stood for a moment. She had an almost overpowering desire to sink to the floor and abandon herself to weakness and weeping. She was shocked and terrified with the conviction that her feet had started along the track to a great grief.

Two days later Jim and Doris left Laffin's Creek for the city to consult a specialist. Bert would be in charge of the place during Jim's absence, and was in consequence full of importance and good resolutions. Doris, who was ready first, went out to the yard where he waited with the horses harnessed.

"You'll do the best you can, Bert, won't you?"

"Yes," the boy promised.

"We're very much dependent on you now." Her unspoken thought was, "We haven't Andy here to fall back on."

"I'll look after things," he assured her, and gave her a glance full of personal loyalty.

Jim drove from Ridgelands to Laffin's Creek, and after he and Doris had removed their traps at the station, he turned the reins over to Bert.

Bert climbed to the seat and bade them "Good-bye." "I hope you'll come back all right, Mr. Brunton," he said, feeling that some expression of goodwill was due from him.

"I hope so, Bert."

Bert collected his horses and drove off. Jim and Doris, from the platform, watched him tool his way down the main street; the set of his back was expressive of his newly-acquired dignity. He rounded the corner neatly and disappeared. Father and daughter turned to each other with a smile of amusement.

"He's a good kid," said Jim.

It was surprising how the little things of life go on, even under the threatening shadow of calamity. The young sapling, upspringing, has little heed for the tree decaying back to its elements.

JIM BRUNTON, at the conclusion of the specialist's examination, was readjusting his clothing. "How do I stand?" he asked.

The surgeon gave him a detailed answer, couched in anatomical terms of which the gist was apparent to Jim.

"How long do you give me?" Jim's hands moved quite steadily, buttoning his vest. He might have been inquiring the result of a horse race.

"This week, perhaps—six months from now—any time. With extreme care you might last out a year."

Jim took leave of the surgeon and passed into the anteroom where Doris waited. She asked no questions—just looked penetratingly at his face. She read nothing there. They walked back to the hotel in silence. Jim's mind was confronted with the necessity of telling the truth to Doris. He shrank from it. He would have preferred the tortures of the rack to the need of telling the girl that he had received his sentence.

He told her as soon as they had reached the privacy of their sitting-room. To prolong her suspense would have been doubly cruel. They stood facing each other as he spoke, and when he had finished there was a pause. Doris felt herself inadequate in the face of the fact. The fact itself was not immediately realisable. It came to her that this was something that her father would have to face alone. All that was good in her turned towards him. There was but one thing open to her. During the days to come her life must be a continual exercise in the abnegation of self. She must walk with him, as far as life would permit her to accompany him, along the road to meet his hour.

She went and put her arms around his neck, laying her cheek to his. "Poor old Dad," she said.

They clung to each other for a minute, for each was all that the other had. A remembrance of Mary came before Jim's mind. The girl's exhibition of strength was reminiscent of her mother. "You left a

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FOREVER MORNING

woman to take your place in the world," was his thought—and there was satisfaction in that.

They returned to Ridgelands without delay. On the journey back, Jim employed himself with pipe and newspapers quite as if the doctor had told him that he was good for another twenty years.

Ridgelands was reached without mishap, but the journey had been trying and a few hours after his arrival home Brunton was in bed, after a bad turn.

Having ministered to him as far as she was able, Doris left him, weak but at rest in his room. She was weak herself, for she had a nature that suffered with others. Dusk had come and the house was in semi-darkness. She went outside, where the afterglow of sunset still lit the sky. She stood by the door. The air was warm and the evening very quiet. The horses had wandered up near the back of the barn. She could hear them steadily cropping the grass, and the occasional loud snort of one clearing his nostrils. Faint clucking came from the shed where the fowls were settling themselves for the night, and from high on the ridges there came down to her the thin bleat of a sheep. These familiar sounds were messages of warmth and life.

Just now she found herself in need of a confidant, and here, in the outdoor world sinking quietly to sleep under the soft coverlet of night, she found one. If she listened intently she could almost hear the world breathing. She looked up at the first stars waxing above the ragged bulk of The Crag, and they looked down at her, twinkling sympathy and encouragement. Many things had altered during the last few hours; many erstwhile delights had forsaken her; but here, in the world that rolled away from the back door, she found an old friend to whom she could turn.

Footsteps which she recognised as Bert's came softly over the grass. She heard him get through the slip-rails, and then the louder sound of his boots on the hard surface of the yard. He was going to the humpy. His footsteps ceased, and she knew that he had seen her. He came hesitantly across and sat down beside her—a mute offer of sympathy.

"Where have you been, Bert?" She spoke without looking up.

"I saw the track of a fox down the creek this morning. I've been laying a bait for him."

After a period of silence Bert ventured timidly: "Is the boss pretty bad, Miss Brunton?"

"He's dying, Bert."

Bert looked at the girl's bent figure and cast around for an adequate reply. "Cripes," he said; "I wish Andy was here."

"So do I," she answered hurriedly, while yet she could control her voice. Then the hot tears trickled between her fingers.

LIFE held one compensation for Doris in the days that followed the return to Ridgelands, and that was the near presence of Ella Tinsdale. Doris never left the homestead, except in her father's company—the fear that the event which was expected would happen while she was away kept her there. Depressed in mind through anxiety, she would have suffered in health, were it not for Ella's frequent visits.

There was a tonic effect in the sight of the Tinsdale's sulky coming up the track. It meant a day of enjoyable companionship and a nice long talk about everything that was happening round about. Ella never discussed sickness, and, after the first inquiry, "How's your Daddy?" as she removed her gloves, she made no further reference to the matter.

THE presence of the new settlers—their name was Hilford—provided Splinter and Andy with many pleasant breaks in the monotony of their days. They visited their camp every Sunday, and two or three evenings of each week, during the time they were working in the vicinity. Both were made welcome; but the old people, and the girl of whom Splinter had spoken, had taken a particular liking for Andy. They learned early in the acquaintanceship that he had some notion of taking up land for himself, and hardly a visit passed but either Hilford or his wife mentioned the matter.

The old man's interest was a very obvious one. He was full of enthusiasm over his own prospects and had a natural desire to see neighbors gathering around to engage in activities similar to his own. Mrs. Hilford's motive was more subtle.

Bill, one of the sons, was a performer on the accordion, and to the tunes that he would drag and push from his wheezing instrument the young people held impromptu dances. A huge fire was their light and a piece of tramped ground their dancing floor. Two of the young men would step together, one would dance with Rose, and the spare man would trip it lightly with a forked sapling. The brothers, in their magnanimity contented themselves with each other, and the stick, allowing Andy and Splinter to divide honors with Rose.

Mrs. Hilford, sitting on a box by the fire in contemplative enjoyment of the rude festivities, was quick to notice the expression that passed across her daughter's face when dancing with Andy. Mrs. Hilford approved of Rose's feeling for Andy. There was something very attractive to a mother in the idea of a daughter being settled near by. Andy had much to recommend him.

Andy was just enjoying himself. He had not made even the most mildly flirtatious advances towards the girl, although she often left the way open for him.

It was true that his thoughts were turning seriously to taking up a selection. To consider the matter was a relief to him in his unsettled condition of mind. He knew that the state of indecision in which he found himself would very soon become unbearable, and that he would then irrevocably commit himself to one course of action or another.

He and Splinter were now fencing along the boundary of a selection suited to his purpose. Even Splinter, who scorned the idea of becoming a small landowner, had spoken of its obvious merits. "Great bit of ground, Andy. Light timber, no undergrowth, no speargrass, and plenty of water." They were fencing the ridge, and they paused awhile, looking down into the valley. "There's the place to build," Splinter continued, having viewed the land with strategical eye. "Down by that clump of apple trees, near the little lagoon—fence off the flat for a fattening paddock."

Andy nodded, and turned again to his work. Here was an opportunity to begin under circumstances similar to those under which Jim Brunton had begun at his age—and with the pleasing prospect of attaining similar success as the years passed. He was a son of the soil—the land was his calling.

As the days passed the idea of selecting, from being a matter of vague speculation, took definite shape in his mind, and coupled with it was the idea of getting married. He had reached a point in life where the conditions of marriage had ceased to be a target for the shafts of adolescent wit; he wanted to be mated.

The economic aspect called for forethought equally with the question of who the woman should be that would share his hopes and his struggles. With regard to the latter, the figure of Doris Brunton occupied the foreground of his mind. "I've enough cash to make a start," his thoughts ran; "nothing flash, but we'd have everything necessary. I'd get the place fenced and the homestead fixed up. It'd be a bit of a battle for the first few years. I'd buy a good big mob of yearlings and put 'em on the place. Then I could make a living getting contracts round about—and I'd get a shed or two in the shearing. There wouldn't be much more than bare tucker in it for a while; but there'd be the sight of the young cattle growing into money all the time. That'd put heart into a man. And we'd have a place of our own!"

The problematical point came up when he turned to consider Doris Brunton—whether or not he could count upon having her to share the life he marked out for himself. It seemed unlikely. In fact, when he considered it seriously, it seemed preposterous, and he was angry with himself for canvassing the idea as a possibility. She had money and comfort and position. Was it reasonable that she would give up these things for him? Was it not a shameful thing that he should think of asking her?

It was becoming increasingly clear that, if he decided to settle in Queensland, he had best put the past and all that belonged to it completely from his mind.

MRS. HILFORD was doing much to smooth the path to a matrimonial alliance between Andy and Rose. There was nothing distasteful in her actions. Just a mother's ordinary assistance of her daughter toward an end which she herself thoroughly approved. Life on a new selection is a very busy one for women as well as men, but there was a perfect understanding between mother and daughter concerning the inordinate amount of time Rose now devoted to her personal appearance.

Andy was too wide-awake to be unaware of what was happening, but that did not entirely destroy its effect. Though there was something amusing in the machinations of mother and daughter, there was nothing ridiculous in the result. Two incidents, however, had grated on Andy's sensibilities. He had been yarning with Rose in the kitchen of their humpy one Sunday afternoon when brother Aleck put his head in the door. "Rose! Peg's busted her way outa the paddick. Dad says you gotta go and get her back"

Looking after Peg, the milch cow, was Rose's work, but at this moment she was deep in her talk with Andy. "Aw, tell 'im to go to pot!" she cried angrily.

To say that Andy was shocked would be putting it much too strongly; but there was something in the swift transition from smiles and soft glances to harsh anger vulgarly expressed that rang a tiny note of warning. There were other ways of expressing annoyance.

The second incident occurred on the evening of the following Sunday. Andy had obliged by bringing Peg into the yard, and was leaning over the rails watching Rose milking. Youngest brother Bob chanced

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along, and, moved by a desire to "show off" in front of Andy, gathered some chips and began tossing them one at a time on to the cow's back. The animal fidgetted, switching her tail and shifting her legs. Rose endured it good naturedly until an extra sharp movement of the cow slopped the milk over her knees. She got up, and setting the bucket aside, seized the shovel. She scraped some filth up off the yard and advanced on Bob threateningly.

"Get out!" she cried; "I'll throw this at yer!" The boy retired in disorder, and Rose returned to her milking, smiling with triumph and self-satisfaction.

As a tactical manoeuvre her action was amusing and singularly effective; as an indication of maidenly delicacy it left something to be desired.

THAT night, when he and Splinter had left Hilford's and were picking their way through the bush towards their camp, Splinter, as if impelled by the duty of one man to another, stated a fact which had been obvious to Andy for some time. "Th' old lady's baiting a trap for you, Andy."

Andy did not answer at once, and, when he did speak, it was obvious that his thoughts had meanwhile covered much intervening ground. As a matter of fact, he was feeling a bit depressed. In each of two letters that he had recently received from Doris there had been a curious but very noticeable restraint. He did not, of course, know that the usual bright, newsy letter was not a thing to be expected from her at the present juncture. Neither did he know that Jim's forbidding her to mention his illness drove her to an unnatural formality at a time when it would have eased her to pour forth her troubles. Andy ascribed it to quite other causes.

Of her father she had said no more than that he had been unwell lately. That, in the healthful lexicon of Andy, was defined as meaning that Jim was "a bit crook." To be "crook" meant a headache or a cold or a slight colic, ailments generally referred to as "a touch of the collywobbles." One explained the symptoms to Mrs. Parkes. That lady, with the authoritative manner of one now called to her true sphere of action, delved among an array of bottles on the upper shelf of the kitchen cupboard. She prepared a potion which one swallowed preconvinced of its efficacy, while she stood by with the austere benevolence of one having dominion over sickness and health.

Splinter was beginning to think that his remark had offended Andy, and was regretting his interference, when Andy answered him. "Rose is a nice enough little girl," he said.

Splinter answered with relief and emphasis: "Aw, my oath!"

Andy trudged along. His mood induced in him a gentle tolerance of all mankind. He thought of Rose, over-strenuous in her pursuit of beauty, a shade too saccharine in her sweetness, a little common—and just a bit barefaced. He shrugged mental shoulders.

AS time passed, Jim Brunton's life underwent modifications. The cold certainty of the doctor's words left no room for doubt in his mind. He had to adjust himself to the idea of extinction—certain and soon. His moods and his outlook varied, each being a reflex of a varying physical condition.

At times he was rebellious. He had, all his life, been aware of a feeling of growth, of increasing his mental and spiritual dimensions. He wished to continue in that process. He had been obedient to the laws of life, and now, illogically, he was to be struck down. He wanted to go on; he wanted it passionately. Only now did he realise what an absorbing thing life had been, and what it still promised. The most commonplace activities took on an exalted significance. He felt no fear of the death that was imminent. Good men had gone that way before him. But to be standing like a vigorous tree, with roots far spread in the soil of life, and to know that the lightning—blind, senseless, and destroying—would strike at any moment!

He made a few visits to old friends, but did not mention to them that it was a farewell. It had been arranged at Ridgelands that nothing was to be said about his illness. The Tinsdales alone knew anything of the matter. He did not wish to make himself the subject of morbid speculation, and more especially he did not want to see any change of behavior towards him on the part of his more intimate associates. He felt that what was about to happen to him was strictly his own business. He felt, too, quite capable of going through it without requiring sympathy. They would hear sometime, and before long, that Jim Brunton was gone. They would be surprised, and, he supposed, a bit grieved. They would remember Jim Brunton as he would wish himself remembered. Most of all, he did not want any of them to feel sorry for him while he was alive.

Coming back one day from one of his rides, and finding that he was a little ahead of the hour fixed for his return, he dismounted on the shoulder of the ridge behind the homestead, and, turning his horse loose to graze, stretched himself at length on the grass.

The declining sun was pleasantly warm. The homestead, and a good portion of the world that was his, lay spread at his feet, dozing in the late afternoon. He saw Doris come out of the house to shake a tablecloth, and noticed that she looked round the paddocks, as though expecting his return. He saw her wave, and knew that she had seen him. He waved back, and then, lest she should think that he was in difficulties, he lit his pipe and puffed vigorously for a second or two. The ascending smoke-puffs reassured her, and she waved again before going indoors.

A great peace came over Brunton as he lay there. Even as the physical tokens of his life were outspread before his eyes, it seemed that the events of previous years were grouped before the inward vision—his mother and father, the home in which he had been brought up and the brothers and sisters of his boyhood.

When he remembered it first, the country around Laffin's Creek was all thick bush, and there was a blacks' camp about half a mile out of the township.

So lost had he become in his thoughts that he did not notice that the sun had gone down. The soft dusk had settled on the landscape. The homestead was but two pin-points of light below him.

He was aroused by footsteps ascending the ridge, and he saw the glimmer of a white dress. It was Doris. She stopped and called softly and anxiously.

"Dad!"

"Yes." He got slowly to his feet as she came hurrying towards him. He realised that she was distressed.

"Bowler came down to the gate by himself. I saw him there and I was terribly frightened."

He put his arm round her and felt that she was shaking. She had been afraid of what she might find.

"I won't frighten you again," he promised, gently. They went down the hill together.

A DANCE had been arranged at Hilford's. It happened that the completion of the building of the barn, a slab structure with a corrugated iron roof, coincided with the close approach of Rose's birthday. The barn had a floor of sawn boards. This was a luxury. Earthen floors in the barns were good enough for most of the new settlers; but during recent months the Hilford boys had made a bit out of possum snaring, and, looking around for some means of rewarding themselves for their extra efforts, they had decided that it would be a great idea to put a floor in the barn so that parties and dances could be held in it. It would make their place a sort of social centre at their end of the settlement. Mrs. Hilford had given her support, and Hilford, yielding to the suggestion that it would be "something to help keep the boys at home," had approved. So cypress-pine saplings were cut and adzed to form joists, and a few hundred feet of sawn timber brought from the mill on the other side of Injune. The work was carried through with vast industry and enthusiasm—and some help from Andy and Splinter and various fellows from round about.

As is frequently the case with functions of this nature, plans for the party were elaborated and improved upon as the days passed. The Hilford boys sent to Roma for a keg of beer. "We'll have a good bust up, while we're at it!" Invitations were given to all the neighbors, many of whom were newcomers to the settlement and known only by name to the Hilfords. But, as was said, "This'll be a good chance to get everybody to know everybody."

Old man Hilford fell into line with the family wishes. He thought that the party and the necessary preparations were a regrettable distraction from work, and he had no interest himself in "darncin' and love-makin';" but still he recognised, although he did not so phrase it, that there would be about the affair a certain amount of pomp and glory that would not reflect badly upon the name of Hilford.

From the point of view of Mrs. Hilford and Rose, the living centre of the occasion was a new dress for Rose which had been ordered from Brisbane. The boys, in the fullness of their pockets and the largeness of their brotherly hearts, had decided to "shout" Rose to a new outfit from head to toe. This was a repayment for shirts mended, socks darned, and "brownies" baked. By means of tactful questioning Mrs. Hilford learned from the boys their estimate of what they thought the promised gifts should cost them. She and Rose then went into earnest conclave over a number of illustrated catalogues issued by the big mail-order stores in the city. The making of a choice from the many frocks depicted had been pleasurably exciting. Decision fell upon a creation of rose-pink georgette, and silver brocade shoes. By virtue of a few shillings which Rose had by her, and a few more which Mrs. Hilford decided that she could scrape off the housekeeping allowance, a girdle of brilliants was added. These, together with a thin gold chain necklet with a heart-shaped pendant which Rose already owned, would, it was felt, make a very effective ensemble. There was no need to bother with anything for her hair.

During the time that the choice of a dress was under consideration, Mrs. Hilford reflected that, if it did not assist in what, to her, was its primary purpose—the ensnaring of Andy—it would at least serve to introduce Rose favorably to the youth of the dis-

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trict, now about to be gathered into one large assembly for the first time. If the shot failed to hit the target at which it was aimed, it would not fail to make an impressive hole in the surrounding scenery.

The party was arranged to be held on the Saturday night, "so that people would have Sunday to get over it in!" The dress was due at the station at Injune on Saturday. This was cutting it rather fine, but unavoidably so, through the mail-order house being at the time of ordering out of stock in that particular line. A frenzied letter, stating in frank detail the reason why the frock must arrive not later than Saturday, had been sent to the mail-order people.

A reply had been received, reiterating the urgent reasons named by the customer and assuring her that the matter of seeing the frock into the mail in sufficient time would receive "our closest attention!" and with this assurance mother and daughter had to rest content.

Andy offered to go into Injune and bring out the dress. Too close application to work had made him a bit stale, and, as Splinter was feeling the same way, they decided to have a break until after the party. He left Hilford's on Friday, using a mare belonging to Splinter. He intended to stay at the township overnight, pick up the dress when it came in by train at eleven o'clock the following morning, and jog comfortably home again in time for all the gaiety.

THAT night it rained. Western Queensland's weather is, as a rule, dependable, but once in a while it decides to do the other thing. And, generally, it does so with enthusiasm. Five or six inches of rain in a couple of hours is not out of the way, and eight or ten inches at a single sitting is not a record. When it rains in Queensland, the heavens open and a deluge ensues.

Next morning it was still raining, and when eleven o'clock came it did not bring the Roma train with it. A telephone message came through to say that it was held up by floods lower down the line. If the rain abated, the train might get through later in the day. There was nothing for it but to wait. Andy walked across to Injune Creek and had a look at the flood water. That creek, like all in Western Queensland, was a huge drain scored through the ground by torrential rains. It was, perhaps, sixty or seventy feet wide and twenty-five or thirty deep—quite empty of water in dry weather, but now churning from bank to bank with a rushing yellow flood. To get back to Hilford's, if and when the frock arrived, he would have to cross the White Horse Creek, which was considerably bigger than Injune Creek, and Emu Plains would also be flooded. As he trudged back across the squelchy ground to the station, he hoped that he would have daylight for the journey.

The rain ceased at midday. At three o'clock word came along the wire that the train had started. Andy settled himself down on one of the hard seats in the waiting-room for a three-hour wait until the train would chug its way into the station.

By a traveller who had left Injune just before midday he had sent word to the Camerons, who were going to the dance, explaining the situation, and asking them to assure Hilfords that he would get there, provided that the train arrived with the dress. The Camerons lived close up to the range, above the head of White Horse Creek. Given time, it would have been possible for him to get to Hilford's by that route. But it was clear, with the train running late, that he would not have the time at his disposal.

Andy was not quite sure why he had committed himself to such a risky journey. This little adventure which he now faced was an incident in hard living.

He would get through—most likely. Getting the dress to Hilford's in time for the party was what really mattered! He would hold that fact in the forefront of his mind.

He was not doing this to gain favor with Rose, although there was no denying that any fellow found it pleasant to stand well in any girl's estimation. But what he wanted to make clear in his own mind was that there was no special significance to be attached to the affair.

In conversation with the stationmaster concerning the arrival of the train Andy had disclosed his intentions. The stationmaster had naturally mentioned it to others; when, a couple of minutes after train arrival, Andy crossed from the station to the yard at the back of the store, where the mare stood ready saddled, a small knot of men and a couple of women followed him, and, as he stood hastily wrapping the package in the waterproof and strapping it to his saddle, there was a run of comment.

"He'll never get there!"

"He might."

"Remember Joe Healy that was drowned in the White Horse year before last?"

"Joe 'ad been drinkin'."

"Aw! That's only what they say!"

"Bet you a level quid you don't make it, mate."

Andy looked up from pulling a strap tight. "How are you going to collect if I lose?" he asked.

"Wish you luck, anyway," said another.

"We're off!" said Andy, and swung into the saddle.

The animal, impatient with long standing, plunged forward, and, followed by a chorus of "Good luck!" and "So-long!" the horse and rider clattered out on to the road.

The mare was fresh, and, with the road before her, she fought for her head. Andy pulled his hat on tight and let her have it.

"You'll have enough before you've finished to-night," he muttered.

Waiting in the station, contemplating the exploit before him, his nerves had become a bit frayed. But with the mare moving freely, the mud splashing away from her swift hoofs, the saddle leather creaking, and with an increased blood circulation, his spirits revived.

Already the daylight was fading. Though the rain had ceased, the clouds were not yet gone. He was hoping that they would disappear as night advanced. The moon was in its second quarter, and her light would materially help him.

As he passed Wilson's, they looked up from the milking to watch him go by, wondering between themselves where he was bent.

At Bluey Creek he did not draw rein. It was running twelve feet wide and six feet deep. When the mare would have baulked, he drove home the spurs. She leaped and was half way across before she knew she would have to swim. She kicked out vigorously, and in a few seconds was scrambling up the opposite bank, still startled at the suddenness of it.

He sent her forward into a swift canter. She was moving strong and free, lighter than thistledown.

He leaned forward and stroked her neck beneath the wind-fluttered mane. One mile was behind them.

In the next mile the Bluey Creek had to be crossed again. The sudden immersion, up to the thighs, was a foretaste of what was to come. At the thought, his face settled in hard lines. White Horse Creek would be forty yards wide and anything up to thirty feet deep. The banks were tree-lined and overhanging. Emu Plain would be a treacherous lake in weather like this, with a sticky, clinging bottom, where a horse might flounder and drown. He hoped fervently for moonlight.

Five miles from Injune the road left the open country and turned into the scrub. It was a narrow track now, threading its way between high dark walls of brigalow and belah. The ground was too soft for the pace he was making, so he reined the mare down to a jog-trot.

THE last of the farms was behind him. It was almost night. The high timber excluded the little light that remained in the sky. He could see only a few feet in front of the mare's head, as it nodded up and down in rhythm with the quick "slosh, slosh" of her hoofs. Somewhere away to the right a dingo raised a doleful howl. The sound emphasised the solitude of the big scrub.

As the vision became restricted to the few feet of the track ahead and the tree-boles that flitted by on either hand, so his sense of being withdrew within that circumscribed area. All that quickened and moved was a man and a horse, pressing forward on a hazardous mission.

The fellowship of the strong life between his knees was a comfort. He patted the mare's neck again for the feeling of comradeship she gave him. She threw up her head a couple of times as though in response.

The mare travelled with her ears pricked forward. It required the concentration of even an animal's supersenses to keep to the road in the blackness.

There was a sense of unreality, up on that high ridge, riding through a night as black as the darkness before Creation. Only the beat of the mare's hoofs gave assurance that they still travelled the solid earth.

By the fall of the ground or a sharp turn of the track Andy gauged the distance they had come. Even at that, he was at times uncertain. They were close to the range! In a few minutes they would be in Womblebank Gap! That would be half the distance behind him. Presently a sharp up-grade told him that the Gap was reached.

Andy pulled the mare to a walk. The heavy rains in the hills had caused washouts across the track, and any pace faster than a walk would have caused a fall.

The mare paused frequently to lower her head and sniff suspiciously at the ground. Each time it was at the edge of a washout. She negotiated these with cautious hoofs. That she realised the danger was evidenced by the nervous quickening of her steps as she scrambled out of them. Andy was giving her a free head, but his fingers were tight about the reins, ready to help if she stumbled.

As he emerged from Womblebank Gap the clouds were perceptibly thinning, and light filtered through. The black masses were driving before a fast wind in the higher regions of the air. The same wind was tearing them apart. Here and there they had stretched to a silvery vapor, and away in the east the darkness of the sky was stabbed by a shaft of moonlight.

Eight miles were passed. Andy judged that the time was about a quarter past seven. The track was now mostly downhill towards Hilford's. Given a safe crossing at the creek, and good luck at Emu Plain, he thought he could get there in time.

The mare was cantering again. The downward slope was gentle. At the foot of it lay the White Horse. He had been hold-

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ing off any thought of White Horse Creek. He had not wanted to scare himself. When the moment came to take the plunge into the water, he knew he was going to need all the nerve he could muster.

AT Hilford's, the guests would have all gathered by now. Those who had come from a distance had no doubt reached there before nightfall. The barn, with its decorations of greenery, would be a blaze of light. Outside, many buckboards, carts, and sulkies would be leaning on their shafts, and dozens of horses would be tied to trees and to the rails of the yard.

The young men would be over at the barn, sampling the brew, or gathered in groups for a yarn. The girls would be in the house comparing frocks, news, and each other. New arrivals in the district would be feeling for their social feet among those already acquainted.

Meanwhile, with the longest part of his ride behind him, and the worst part in front, Andy was making all haste before the preliminary wheeze of Bill's accordion should mark the beginning of the first dance.

He was at the bottom of the hill; fifty yards across the narrow flat and he was at the White Horse. The creek was running a banker—a churning flood that mumbled like a leviathan asleep. He rode straight to the water's edge. The mare jibbed in a sudden panic, reared, plunged. She wheeled and bolted. Jambing his feet into the stirrups, Andy fell back on the reins and see-sawed the bit through her mouth. She fought, but he fought harder. He turned her head to the creek and brought her to a standstill. She was trembling with fear, but in the sharp tussle she had given him just the fillip he required.

With steady fingers he removed the dress from the saddle and gripped it by the strap, ready to hold it high above the water.

A black heap of cloud was moving across the moon; beyond it was a wide span of clear sky. Watching for the cloud to blow past, Andy waited. His heart was beating loud but steadily; his lips were compressed, and his breath came quickly.

The ridge on the far side of the creek leaped into vision as the moonlight covered it in the wake of swift flitting cloud-shadow. A minute more!

He spoke soothingly to the mare. The trees on the opposite bank were suddenly visible. Another second, and the scene was flooded with light. Now! He closed his legs and the mare went forward.

At the water's edge she baulked, snorting and trembling. She knew what she was being asked to face, as well as did the man on her back. She would have turned and bolted again, but Andy was prepared for that; with gentle pressure of rein and leg he kept her head to the water. He had ridden with the White Horse crossing in mind—here it was in reality! He glanced quickly around. Black shadows and white moonlight. Clarity and obscurity, confusingly spattered together. The flood, moonlit in midstream, rushing swiftly, and rumbling threateningly. It was up to him! His eyes came swiftly back to the mare. Step by step he urged her into the water. With one ear pricked forward toward the rumble of the flood, the other back toward the reassuring voice of her rider, she moved with hesitating hoofs. Andy was applying that blend of compulsion and persuasion which the practised horseman knows how to communicate to an unwilling horse.

He could feel the water swirling round his knees. Another step or two and she would be off the ground. He pricked her with the spur, and she stepped forward. The water rushed up to Andy's chest, and the mare was submerged to her throat latch. Then her buoyancy lifted her until the water was at her rider's waist.

She would have turned and made back to the nearer bank, but Andy kept her head across stream. Resigning herself to the will of the man who bestrode her, she struck out gallantly.

Hardly had they begun the passage when Andy realised the strength of the current. The trees that had been directly opposite slipped quickly upstream. He turned the mare's head downstream, so as to save her strength as much as possible by making a diagonal crossing; she was fighting hard to make headway. He could feel the vigorous action of her limbs, and the sound of her hard-drawn breath rose above the rumble of the flood.

There was an unpleasant firmness in his seat, and now and again the mare seemed to sink beneath him as though drawn down by some under-current. It sent a chill up his spine, although each time she somehow fought her way free of the hidden clutch.

The mare was failing. He could feel it in the desperate energy she was putting out.

A few more yards of headway and they would have crossed the centre. Could she do it? Unable to help, he could only keep his seat and wait while the animal spent her strength in what was a battle for life. Every time she was drawn down it took her longer to rise.

Half-a-mile below the spot where they had entered the water the creek swept round a bend with low beaches, and then plunged along between high prescipitous banks where there was no foothold for a beast to land. Andy remembers, while the mare was still struggling to cross the middle of the current, that time was an element in the battle, as well as the measure of his horse's strength.

Every muscle of his body was contracted in sympathy with the horse. With an anxious glance at the sky he saw that fresh clouds were sweeping up to obscure the light.

They had reached the middle of the stream! The mare seemed to realise it! A yard or two and they would get into slacker water. With the energy of fear she fought the forces that would drag her down. Andy felt the decreasing strength of the current.

The worst was over! It now remained with him to strike the balance between the speed of the water and the strength of the horse, to reach the opposite side before the creek turned at the bend, and to effect a landing.

At that moment the light was again obscured with a suddenness suggestive of the action of some omnipotent hand. The nearest bank was faintly visible in the gloom. The trees slipped swiftly by. The mare was lower in the water than she had been at starting. The game little head was not held so high, and frequently the water was bubbling round her nostrils. For the first time he pressed the spurs into her sides.

They were near in to the land. Andy was watching closely for a place to scramble out. The earth rose about three feet above the water's edge, and the bare roots of the trees jutted forwards. For a chain or more they drifted along close under the bank. The mare felt a shelf of earth under her forefeet. In a second she was on it and half out of the water. To aid her, Andy threw himself forward along her neck. The three-foot ledge was too high for her, with only the sodden submerged shelf under her feet.

He would have turned her back into the stream, but she was too quick for him. She made a terrific plunge, and, rearing her forefeet onto the bank, struggled frantically to climb out. Andy felt the wet earth give way beneath her. He flung the package containing the dress onto the bank. In the next instant both horse and rider fell backwards and sank beneath the flood.

They rose separately. Andy grasped a tree-root as he came to the surface. He looked for the mare, but, in the darkness, she was invisible. More agile than the animal, he quickly scrambled out of the water, and, picking up the dress, followed along the bank.

He reached the mare and grasped her bridle just as she, having found a landing-place, struggled out of the water.

For several minutes man and horse stood resting. Both were shaking a little from the strain of the ordeal. The water ran from them in rivulets. Andy patted the mare's wet warm neck; he felt the anger and regret which a horseman feels when he has put too much upon a good and courageous beast. For himself, he would have given the world for a smoke, but the necessary materials were a sodden mass in his pocket. The darkness had again dispersed, and moonlight flooded the earth. It seemed as if hours had passed since leaving the township.

The dress had survived its adventures remarkably well. Except for a little mud on the waterproof covering, it was as he had received it. He wiped the mud off on his wet clothes and again strapped the package to the saddle.

It was time to be moving again. He picked up the reins and led off, the mare following. It was half a mile over the ridge to Emu Plain, and his walking gave the mare a chance to recuperate. It was not long before, having crossed the hill and merged from the timber, they stood at the edge of the plain.

It was, in reality, a flat-bottomed valley something under a mile in width, and was covered in flood time to a depth of from two to four feet with the overflow from the creek. It lay before them now, a smooth sea of silver beneath a moon that shone from a clear and tranquil sky. There was no hint in the gleaming surface of the black oozy mud on the bottom, in which a horse might sink to the girth, or of the deep channels with which it was veined. With his hand resting on the mare's mane, Andy's imagination favored him with a vivid foretaste of the journey before them—the mare lurching and straining to drag her hoofs from the heavy clinging earth, and the constant anticipation of plunging into one of the hidden channels.

There was a way round the plain—a two-hour journey. It would delay him past all remedy as far as the delivery of Rose's dress in time for the party was concerned. Nevertheless he was of a mind, out of consideration for the mare, to take the longer route. Then he saw, what he had not noticed before, in the ridges beyond the plain, like a star low down on the horizon, the lights of Hilford's.

Still afoot, he led the way into the water. So that the mare should not be punished more than need compelled, he would wade as far as he could.

It was past the hour of eight at Hilford's, and the guests were standing and sitting about in groups talking. The preliminary exhilaration of spirits had died down. The possibilities of Andy's success or failure

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were being canvassed. Also, whether it was to be permitted to hold up the commencement of the dance.

The Camerons had on their arrival promptly spread the news of Andy's exploit.

"But perhaps the train didn't come, at all?" someone suggested.

This was corrected by members of the Rowan family. Their home, though some miles from the railway line, was on a hill which commanded a wide view of the surrounding country. Marking the distant plume of smoke to be seen as the train passed a certain point on its way up from Roma was one of the daily events at their place.

"But she was runnin' late. We seen it just as we was goin' to leave to come here. 'Bout a quarter past five."

Calculations were made. It was reckoned, allowing for bad going, and for crossing the creek and the plain, that Andy might have got there by eight o'clock.

Had it not been for Splinter and a couple of men from Mirramilla, who knew Andy, the general opinion would have been that he, on reaching the White Horse, would realise the foolhardiness of his enterprise, and abandon it.

"He's no cocktail!" said Burke, "he'll give it a burl."

What would happen in the event of his attempting the crossing and not succeeding, the minds of the company refused to hazard.

It was Splinter who, at last, ran to the barn, and putting his head in the door, yelled:

"Here he comes!"

Instantly there was a stampede from the barn. The crowd poured through the door and stood in the moonlight, listening, all eyes turned in the direction from which the rider was expected.

It was Splinter who thought to go down the path and lower the sliprails. He saw horse and rider come with labored speed through the moonlit bush. It was Splinter, standing by the rails, who said, "Good on you, boy!" as the mare stepped across the lowered rails.

Andy would have dismounted then, and handed the dress to Splinter or to any pair of hands ready to receive it. He had, somehow, failed to foresee the expectant crowd he saw waiting. Splinter anticipated Andy's intention.

"Go on!" he yelled. "They're waiting for yer!" And he brought his open palm down on the mare's rump with a whack that started her into a trot.

Andy cantered up the path and drew rein in the midst of the crowd. He was hatless, dishevelled, and mud-stained. He slipped from the mare's back and turned to unstrap the parcel.

"What about it, people?" cried the sort of voice belonging to he who always knows when self-conscious restraint is preventing the crowd from expressing its feelings. "Hip! Hip——"

And the calmness of the night was split with a mixture of yells, cat-calls, whistles, and hooraya that made the possums in the bush scuttle for their holes.

The ice was broken then. Everyone laughed and began crowding round Andy, asking questions, and joking.

"Whato, Andy!" called Burke from the outskirts of the crowd, and "Whato, Andy!" called another, each who knew him not unwilling to have others see their familiarity.

And Andy answered each of them with "Whato, there!"

"Where's Rose?"

"Here she is."

Rose was standing at the mare's head.

"Here you are, Rose," Andy handed her the dress.

"Thanks, Andy. Thanks, very much," and being at a loss for further words, Rose took the dress and hurried towards the house.

"Where's Splinter?" Andy had turned to loosen the mare's girth as he spoke.

"Here you are," spoke Splinter, at the same time giving Andy a thump between the shoulder blades.

"This is the best little thing that ever wore a bridle, Splinter!" Andy told him, as he lifted the saddle from the mare's back.

THE movement, then, was back to the barn. The M.C. was on his rostrum.

"Gentle-men, se-lect your partners f'the waltz!" Aside: "Let her go, Bill!"

And Bill, with foot beating time and body ecstatically swaying, began to pump from his instrument the strains of the "Merry Widow."

At Mrs. Hilford's invitation Andy went to the house for a change of dry clothing. Some thoughtful souls followed, carrying with them a billy full of tea, which they pressed upon him. Fatigue and strain had made him as "dry as a chip," and the billy was soon empty. While he changed, the others asked questions. Their imaginations were stirred. They wanted the ride in detail.

After their return to the barn there was still much curiosity to be gratified. In the intervals between dances little groups gathered round, joking and questioning.

"Where did you start to cross the White Horse?"

"Where did you git out again?"

"What was it like?"

"Did it seem far across?"

"Would you do it again?"

"What was it like crossin' the Plain?"

Shortly after midnight Andy came over very tired. The dance would continue until daylight, and he did not feel equal to keeping up. He had the offer of Bill's bed, so he quietly slipped away. Getting between the blankets, he closed his eyes. At once, before his vision, wind-driven clouds began to race and tree-trunks to dance past. Dark frothy water bubbled all around him, and out of the water laughing faces raised themselves to address him by name and ask all sorts of unanswerable questions.

He could hear the sound of Bill's accordion and the thump of many feet. The merry dance went on.

ON the day after the dance Andy decided that he would return to Hidgelands. His reasons were two. The first was that he knew that there would be no peace for him until he had learned from Doris Brunton herself whether she was willing to share his life. He had been wrong in thinking that Brunton's opinion was the thing that mattered. He would have to brave that, whatever it might be! he had no designs on Jim's goods. The issue was between himself and Doris.

His second reason had to do with Rose and Splinter. Splinter had been a good mate, and he was very likely, he thought, standing in Splinter's light. Up to the present he was not blameable in that regard. But there comes a time when a fact must be recognised and something done about it. His own fate was not at Hilford's. Rose was a nice little girl, but she was not his style.

No hint must escape him that he realised Splinter's feelings towards Rose. He, Andy, would be the "mug," the fellow who did not know a good thing when he saw it. Splinter would be sure to experience some secret joy as soon as he was told that he was leaving. Splinter would be sorry—with reservations. That was not hard to understand. Good mates could share hard luck, 'baccy, and the last drop of water—but a woman was something to be considered apart from every other thing in the world. They were close to where their tracks divided. During the next day or two some little incident was sure to occur which would afford him a suitable opportunity of making known his intentions—and acting on them.

THE progress of the fencing had carried the two men to a point where the distance to Hilford's was too great after a day's work, and so a couple of days passed before they called again. When they did, Andy brought with him a wallet containing some snapshots of Ridgelands.

Andy produced his wallet of pictures, and the family gathered round the lamp-lit table to see them. "That's a picture of the homestead, taken from the front. You can see The Crag rising at the back." Andy produced them one by one, and they passed from hand to hand. "That's Bert and me skylarking with an old pony mare we had. You could climb on over her tail if you wanted to."

"Who's that?" Rose indicated a white-clad female figure in a snapshot which was passing round.

"That's the boss' daughter."

Rose scrutinised the picture closely, but the detail was indistinct and the face shadowed beneath a wide hat. She passed the picture on and remained alert for one in which the girl would appear in the foreground.

The last snap started on its travels. Rose shot a lightning glance at the wallet. "What's that?" she said.

Andy's wallet was divided into two halves, one of which bulged to the strain of snapshots. The other, flat and smooth, was consecrated to a picture of Doris. Rose's quick eye had seen the white edge of the mount.

Half unwillingly Andy passed her the photo.

"Who is it?"

"The same girl."

Rose looked at the picture with the critical intentness of a wrestler studying the physique of a probable opponent. Andy was looking at Rose, his face expressionless.

Old man Hilford craned his neck for a look. He seemed to approve of what he saw. "That's a nice young girl," he remarked innocently and for the benefit of all.

Rose pursed her lips and elevated her eyebrows a little. "Not bad," she said, in a very non-committal tone. Then she opened her fingers, allowing the picture to drop to the table, and turned to her neighbor for the next snap.

Doris' portrait fell only about six inches, but to Andy it seemed to be thrown down about sixty feet and to land with a loud crash. He reached for it, but brother Bill was ahead of him. Bill examined it interestedly, and a fatuous smile of approval wreathed his lips. "Why boys leave mother, eh!" and with a fraternal wink he passed the picture back to Andy. Andy received it unwillingly from Bill's profane hands and

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returned it to its chaste cover within the wallet.

After he and splinter had returned to camp, Andy decided to consider that the little incident he had been expecting had occurred. He would make his own occasion, while they would be at breakfast, to tell Splinter that he was going to leave.

Splinter was vastly surprised to hear the news next morning. "What's the idea, Andy?" he asked.

"Well, I left there in a bit of trouble, Splinter, and I'm going back to straighten it out."

Splinter refrained from intrusive questioning. He grinned. "Hankerin' for the home paddock, eh?" he said. "When'll you go?"

"Soon as you can get a mate to come in with you."

"We can fix that up. Bill 'ud pay you for your share of the work that's finished—or I would. Then Bill could take over from now. I know it 'ud suit them to have one of the family earning something to help things along."

It was arranged that way.

Andy left Mirramilla next day. Splinter ran his horses in and helped him saddle and pack. He also used a lot of affectionate swear-words when they shook hands on parting.

"Won't be the same camp without you, Cornstalk."

"Wish you were coming too, Splinter."

Andy turned into Hilford's to say good-bye. Mrs. Hilford's surprise and regret at his departure were not unmixed with the chagrin of the shooter who spends good powder and shot—and sees the bird seek other altitudes.

From Rose's manner it was to be gathered that she was not unprepared for what was taking place.

It happened that the members of the family were all at home. Andy shook hands all round. Good wishes and hopes for a future meeting were exchanged. He turned in the saddle before their humpy was lost to view in the timber. Rose waved to him from the doorway. He answered, and then rode on. He was glad that he had foreseen the desirability of leaving and had not waited until the progress of events would have thrust him forth and there would have been some flavor of unpleasantness attached to his going. The significance of the figure of the young girl watching from the doorway of the bush home, waiting for what life might chance to send her, was not lost upon him.

HAVING set his face to the homeward track, Andy did not linger. He was still in doubt as to his reception, but as the days went by he found that his readiness to put matters to the test mounted space.

Not least surprising was the fact that, as the miles on the road home passed behind him, the force of the happenings that had caused him to go to Queensland seemed to diminish in importance. Elizabeth Brookes had come and gone like a grotesque shadow across the path of his life. Considering her as a fact in his existence, he was conscious of some resentment. She had been an unpleasantness attaching to him, a discreditable circumstance for which he was not blameworthy. He would have wished that something might have prevented her advent into the little world that was his, but the feeling of intimate relationship with her that had scorched his sensibilities had burnt itself out. He could dismiss the thought of her with a shrug of his shoulders. She belonged to the past; he, to the present. As for the public opinion of Laffin's Creek—he was wondering why he had taken it so much to heart.

Three weeks after leaving Mirramilla, his travel-worn nags were bearing him along on the last half-day of his journey. He would be at home about midday. His pulses quickened as he found himself on familiar roads. Coming over the crest of a hill, he saw the distant roofs of Laffin's Creek wavering in the sunshine. He gave the town no more than a few seconds' glance. The chord that the sight struck in him was made mostly of affection, with a following note of gentle derision. After all, it was the home town—sleepy little hole! He remembered some good fellows with whom he would again foregather as soon as attention had been given to more important affairs.

An hour out from Ridgelands, he was overtaken by an old acquaintance.

"I bet they'll be glad to have you back," said the other man, after their greeting had taken place and they were riding on side by side. "Tough luck about old Jim, isn't it?"

"What about him?" said Andy.

"He's dying I hear."

"He's what?"

"Dying. His heart's gone on him."

The other man saw the look of disbelief in Andy's face. "I'd have thought you'd have heard of that, Andy. I know they're writing to you, because the girl came down to the road with a letter for me to post, one day I was passing."

"Is he in bed?"

"He gets around just the same; but they say he's likely to go off at any time. He's been crook a good while, but only lately anyone guessed it was serious."

Andy did not believe it; or he at least suspended judgment. A bit of local gossip; a fact many times magnified! So preposterous did the idea seem, that Andy reversed the high opinion he had formerly held of his acquaintance. The man was a bit of a newsmonger!

Soon their ways separated. Andy was not sorry. He wished when he came within sight of Ridgelands to be free from conversational distractions. He had held the place in thought for many days, and he was eager now to see it again in reality. The road on which he was followed the boundary fence, but at present the bulge of the intervening hill hid the house from view. As he advanced the profile of the hill receded like a shutter drawn slowly back. The gate came into view. The track leading up to the house slowly drew out. He could see the edge of the orchard—then the whole of it. The speed of the shutter accelerated. The barn came into sight with the yards beside it and the ringbarked ridges behind; then the house and The Crag rising above. But Andy did not see The Crag; his eyes were on the house. Even the animals knew that the journey's end and the gates of the home paddock were within a few minutes of meeting. The horses quickened their pace and walked with heads turned inward; the dog wagged his tail and whined his delight.

At the gate, the joy of the horse which Andy rode got the better of him. He lifted his voice in a shrill whinny—and within a second it was answered from the horse-paddock. It was answered from the house too. There was a glimmer of white in the shadows of the front door, and Doris stepped on to the verandah. She ran along the verandah and down the path to the gate of the homestead enclosure. She flung it open and stood waiting for him, shading her eyes against the sunlight. An unworthy misgiving would have stayed his hand, but he overcame it, and waved his hat in greeting—a little thing for which he was for ever after glad.

To the end of his days Andy will never quite know what was in Doris' heart as she stood there waiting. Once again the jingle of dangling hobbles came up to her, this time in glad crescendo. It seemed to her that she was someone other than the girl who had watched him ride away.

From marionette dimensions down by the gate, the little cavalcade came up the track, swelling rapidly to life size, and the manner of its approach was typical. Andy led, sitting erect, with light hand and straight rein, his horse stepping freely. The grey packhorse jogged behind, and the dog, intent on delivering his trust to the last inch of the journey, trotted soberly at the packhorse's heels. Like master, like hound!

She saw the white gleam of Andy's smile before she saw his eyes, for the shadow of his hat cut his face obliquely across. Then she saw his eyes, eager and questioning. He drew rein, and she was in the midst of dust, the smell of warm horses, and the creak of leather.

ANDY dropped from the saddle and stood before her. She heard herself speaking his name and trying to still the glad tremor in her voice—for he was a man and she was a maid. She heard her own name spoken and felt her hand in his—a hand that closed over hers and seemed to tingle with life.

There was a moment of embarrassment, then, for them both. Doris turned her head. He was too real and vivid and overwhelming. Andy reached for his horse's reins, and they walked up the path to the yard together. It needed a second or two of silence for them to regain their composure and to strike the key of their behaviour towards each other.

Andy had begun to strip the gear from the horses when a wild "Whato!" from the paddocks announced that his presence had been observed by Bert. Andy stepped out and waved his hat in response; whereupon Bert threw his in the air and capered. Doris beckoned to him to join them. "It would be cruel to make him stay there," she said.

He came towards them with swift strides, his dungarees slapping round his long legs. They were amused to overhear his reiterated "By gosh!" while yet he was some distance off. Then he was with them, hopping from foot to foot and making guttural noises, like a young dog.

"I'll look after the horses, Andy." Bert took the job out of Andy's hands, although the latter, as a point of horsemanship, remained to see that the beasts were given their due.

Andy turned to Doris. In spite of the distractions of the moment he had noticed the quietness and gravity which had fallen on her like a garment as soon as the glad shock of their first meeting was spent. "You seem to have altered," he said bluntly.

"Perhaps I have, Andy—a little." She spoke almost timidly.

"It's not true about Mr. Brunton, is it?"

"Yes."

"He's dying?"

She nodded.

Andy was still a little incredulous. He looked into Doris' eyes. He saw complete sincerity there.

"I find it hard to believe," he said.

"You'll find it just as hard when you see him."

The horses having been attended to, the three turned toward the house. Mrs. Parkes met them at the back door. Her greeting was a table, set while they had lingered in the yard and furnished with the

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best the house could provide. The old lady was pleased to have a man, real and fully alive, on the premises again.

Andy sat down to eat. Jim had been asleep, but Doris thought he might now be awake, and went to see. Apparently he was, for the three in the kitchen heard his exclamation. "Who? Andy! Good heavens!"

Two in the kitchen smiled—and they wondered why the third maintained a reserved demeanor.

Jim, followed closely by Doris, entered the kitchen and advanced with extended hand.

"You're pretty sudden, Andy!" he cried

Andy rose from his chair to meet the outstretched hand. The greeting called for a response. Its heartiness embarrassed him, making him a little ashamed of his previous thoughts. It was in his mind to say something about Jim's health; but you can't fling the insult of ill-health in the face of a man whose only sign of sickness is the wearing of tweeds and slippers on a working day.

"I expect I felt a bit homesick, Mr. Brunton," he explained with a smile. And, although he colored a little in making the confession, it was perhaps a closer approximation to the truth than even he realised.

"I'm glad to hear it, Andy." With his free hand Jim patted the young man on the shoulder.

Andy sat down again to his meal, and the others disposed themselves about the room, asking questions and cracking home-made jokes, and watching him with expressions of pleasure and interest, just as if there was something both novel and gratifying in the sight of Andy taking nourishment.

In the first moment that they had alone, Jim asked Andy if he would live in the house from then on. He spoke as one asking a favor, for he knew Andy—ever jealous of his dignity as an employee.

"I'm a pretty sick man, Andy," he explained, with an apologetic smile which was not without its pathos; "I'll tell you about that later. It'd be a comfort to the womenfolk to have you handy during the night.

Andy nodded. He saw that days of usefulness extended before him. "Yes, I'll do anything to help," he agreed.

"If anyone should be curious, you can tell 'em you're managing for me, Andy."

An hour later, going out to smoke, Andy found Bert idling in the yard. "You a man of leisure these days, Bert?"

Bert grinned. "The boss told me I could have a half-holiday."

They sat down to yarn on the shady side of the barn. It was not long before Doris discovered them at this occupation, and, bringing an empty box to sit on, joined them. She was not quite at ease, however, for her father was out of her sight. Then slippered footsteps were heard approaching, and Jim came round the corner also carrying a box. There they passed the afternoon—and the traveller spoke his Odyssey.

That evening was the first that Andy had ever spent with Brunton and Doris in the living-room. It was a quiet time. The men read and smoked. They were talked out after the afternoon, and the conversation was spasmodic. Doris had little to say, but every now and then she would look up to see Andy sitting there, and at such times she was hard put it to still the tumultuous flutter of her heart.

People live a great deal of their lives quite within themselves; none would have imagined, to see those three people employing themselves with the quiet occupation of books, that the thoughts of each were running in a swift-flowing and vital stream.

When at last they separated, it was the two young ones who repressed the spontaneity of their "Good-night" to the exchange of a formal politeness. It was Jim Brunton, standing within the shadow of the Great Uncertainty, who permitted his gratification at Andy's return and presence in the home to be quite obvious to all.

In his room, Andy found that his belongings had been overhauled and his soiled washing removed. That he attributed to Mrs. Parkes. The room given to him was that of Wally, Jim Brunton's son who had been killed in Palestine. A gesture from Jim. The bed had been neatly made, with clean covers and pillows. That was Doris—for he had seen her.

He undressed and, snuffing the candle, lay down to sleep. The touch of the fresh linen was like the touch of cool hands. He was weary, but he lay for a few minutes thinking, and recent events passed before his mind in a swift succession of highly-colored pictures. He tried to add up the sum of present circumstances. Jim was dying; Doris was in prospect of becoming a woman of means. That would have to be taken as indicating that she was definitely out of his reach. He could reach only an approximate total. There was no finality in life. The end of one thing was interwoven with the beginning of another. He thought of old Jim—the only man who had given a thought to licking him into shape—whom the swift minutes were now hurrying towards his end.

He was glad he had returned.

THE tragedy of absence is that one cannot return to take up the old life at precisely the place where it was dropped. Life moves along. The circumstances cherished in the traveller's memory while away, have changed. New factors have arisen. The traveller has followed the changing tide. He returns to find that those whom he left behind have been following it too. Some part of that which comforted him in his absence has passed into the Never-again.

Andy had not been at home long before he realised just how sick Jim Brunton really was. Jim was still interested in the affairs of the place, but he was not equal to much effort. He avoided even that of making decisions. Where once Andy had looked to his employer for direction, he now saw that Brunton was leaving the control of things to him. He would suggest that this or the other job should be attended to next, and Jim invariably agreed.

Generally, if work was being done near at hand, he would come out for an hour or so during the morning and the afternoon just to sit around and look on. He liked watching the work go forward, and he seemed to enjoy the disjointed discussions that took place in the intervals of exertion.

"Dad's better in his mind since you came back, Andy," Doris said one day.

Andy knew from her manner that the comment was an expression of gratefulness to him for returning and picking up the burden of affairs—as if she thought it her duty to make acknowledgments. He contrasted the remark with the thoughts that he remembered having before he left Queensland. He was struck with the incongruity of his past mental attitude and the present position. It occurred to him that life, taken as a whole, was made up of incongruities and woeful absurdities. Not the least of the woeful absurdities was the man who took his dignity too seriously. Of this last reflection he made a note for future guidance.

"I'd have come back sooner," he said, "if you had let me know how things were."

The one pleasing feature of Brunton's illness was the friendship that had sprung up between himself and Jim since his return. The difference that had crept into their relationship was subtle and hard to define, but it was there. Previously he had been the trusted employee, but lately Brunton had treated him as a friend on whom he felt sure he could depend. The difference was conveyed by manner rather than by any spoken word. Down in his heart Andy swore that the old man's needs would be served by him to the last. He knew that when Brunton was gone there would be a loneliness in the place which he had occupied in his life.

THE buying of Caldwell's place, the property adjoining Ridgelands, by Brunton, had not been a wise move on his part. He had mortgaged Ridgelands in order to effect the purchase, and had taken title to the other property subject to another mortgage. Since then there had been a fall in stock and wool values. It had not been a great fall, but it was continuing. For some time he had been looking confidently for a recovery in the value of the products which he would have for sale and from the proceeds of which he anticipated meeting the interest charges on his mortgages and the redemption of the principal. That rise did not occur. In addition, the value of country property was falling in conformity with the sales value of the produce. He was worried; what was more, he feared that he might be called from the scene before he was able to cope with the situation.

One day, with a folded newspaper in his hand, he sought Andy out. The latter was crutching a mob of ewes in the yard at the back of the barn.

"Have you been following the markets lately, Andy?" he asked.

"Yes," said Andy. He looked at Brunton a moment after answering. He had been following the markets closely; moreover he had been thinking a good deal about Brunton's position. He had no knowledge of his employer's finances, beyond the latter's statement, at the time of making the purchase of Caldwell's, that he had mortgaged Ridgelands. As there had been nothing in Brunton's manner to indicate any anxiety of mind, he had decided that the mortgage could not be very big and that the boss' position was still strong.

"What do you thing is going to happen?" Brunton asked the question as if he would be glad to hear an unbiased opinion before making any disclosures.

Andy was silent a while before answering. "It's hard to say," he said; and then, as though something which he had been considering had ripened in his mind, "It's the other fellow who buys our wool, and if he can't pay what we want, we will have to take what he can give us." Andy looked at Jim as if his words were botn a reply and a question.

Jim nodded. He concurred. The same thought had been running in his mind.

"I think I've made a 'bloomer,'" he said. "I should not have pulled on Caldwell's place. I knew at the time it was risky, but I thought I could get through." Jim looked reflectively into the distance, as if he were recalling to mind the motives that had actuated him some months ago.

"I came from small beginnings, Andy," he said, "and I thought I could make myself a big-gun squatter before I finished."

Andy nodded. He understood.

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"And I wasn't counting on what I've got now." He indicated his body.

"What's the value of the places over and above the mortgages?"

Once Andy would not have thought of asking a question like that but he could see that Jim wanted to deal in the realities of the situation.

"Very little more than the mortgages—the way prices are. I'll show you the exact figures to-night.

"Andy," Jim indicated the house with a sidelong inclination of his head. "I'm afraid there's trouble ahead for Doris."

Andy knew what Brunton meant. His death was impending—and his affairs were in a mess. He would not have time in which to extricate himself—even if it was still possible.

"You can count on me to stay by Ridgelands, Mr. Brunton, "said Andy after a moment's silence. "I owe you that much."

The two men searched each other's eyes for a moment.

"You mean that, Andy?"

"Of course I mean it!" There was just that touch of harshness in Andy's reply that made it convincing.

"All right. I'll be leaving you with little except a fight on your hands. I'd hoped to do better than that."

Jim shook his head and sighed rather heavily.

He turned to go. I'll go into town this afternoon," he said, "and see if there is any chance of selling Caldwell's. It would strengthen things here a bit if we could get rid of it."

BRUNTON spent a long afternoon at Laffin's Creek. He visited his banker, his stock and station agent, and his lawyer. Also he had a conversation over the long-distance telephone with the firm of wool and station brokers with whom he did business in the city. The welfare of his daughter, and the existence of all that he had given his life to building up, were threatened. He was a sick man, and disaster loomed at a time when he was but badly prepared to grapple with it. But grapple he would. The first and most important thing, if Ridgelands was to be saved, was to get rid of Caldwell's. Buyers were few, and in these days of falling prices they were cautious and canny. But still, it might be done! And to that end he would devote his energies.

Like a past champion of the ring called upon to stage a come-back, Jim girded himself again for battle.

While driving home that afternoon he mentioned to Doris, in a warning manner, that there was at least a temporary lull in the prosperity which they had been enjoying.

"I overreached myself a bit when I bought Caldwell's. I am making an effort to get rid of it. It will simplify things for you—afterwards."

His daughter did not respond with any spoken word. He felt her shoulder pressing a little closer to his. And glancing down at her he saw that her eyes were moist.

She did not like him to speak of—afterwards.

ANDY and Bert were at work one afternoon repairing a fence near the foot of The Crag. Brunton and Doris had driven into town to do some shopping and pick up any mail. They returned about four, and almost as soon as the horses had trotted up the track alongside the house, Bert called Andy's attention to the fact that Mr. Brunton was coming towards them. Andy looked up in some surprise. Ordinarily Brunton would have rested after a trip to town; or even if he had some important message to convey, he would have waited to have a cup of tea. The barn hid the yard from view, but so quickly had Brunton made his appearance that Andy surmised that he had left Doris to unharness. He turned to Bert.

"You'd better hurry down and see if they want anything."

Bert sped away, and Andy turned again to his work, which he was anxious to finish that afternoon. He saw Bert reach Brunton, pause a moment, and then go on towards the house. Brunton continued on his approach up the paddock. He was walking a little more quickly than was usual with him of late; but as he did not signal, Andy decided that his errand was not urgent.

At length his footsteps came within hearing distance. Andy put down the spud-bar that he was using and walked a little way towards him. Jim's hand went to his inside pocket and came away holding a long white envelope.

"This is for you, Andy," he said, as soon as they met. Brunton was just a little excited, and, after handing the envelope to the younger man, he stopped as if he had, in a way, reached an anti-climax. "You read it," he said; "I'll take a little walk."

Wondering, Andy walked back to where he had been working, and after pausing to roll and light a cigarette, sat down to inquire into the contents of the envelope. It was addressed to James Brunton. It had been opened. He drew out and read not once but twice, the communication contained therein. Parts of it he read again, as though to make sure.

First was a letter from that close friend of Jim Brunton's who lived in Sydney—the person whom Doris referred to as Uncle Bob. It was he at whose house she stayed when in town. The letter referred to himself, "the young man Andrews," and he could see that it was the second of two letters which had been written; there was the phrase "I have now some definite news for you!" Andy gathered that both this letter and the previous one were in reply to one that Jim had written a day or two after he, Andy, had left Ridgelands to go to Queensland. "The enclosed report from the private inquiry agency will give you all the known facts," was the concluding phrase, followed only by the customary expression of goodwill and the signature.

The second document was of considerable length, and the burden of it was information which the inquiry agency had collected at the instigation of Jim Brunton concerning Andy's parentage. The woman who had represented herself as Elizabeth Brookes was not his mother. She was no relation of his.

The cigarette between Andy's lips went out as he read. Owing to the lapse of time there had been much difficulty in discovering any circumstances not disclosed in the records of the institution in whose care he had been left. These stated simply that he was the son of Elizabeth Brookes and John Andrews (deceased). He had been left in the care of the orphanage at the age of three months. The records showed that Elizabeth Brookes had visited the orphanage every week for a period of two years. There had been small regular payments towards his maintenance. The visits had suddenly ceased at the end of two years. There was no one at the orphanage who had any personal recollection of Elizabeth Brookes. The address which she had given as her place of residence was no longer in existence. The place had been demolished, and a factory occupied the site.

The man who had been registrar at the orphanage at the time had been traced to Adelaide, in the hope that he would have some recollection of the matter. He remembered Elizabeth Brookes. He described her as a noticeable young woman, pale, dark, and of cultivated speech and reserved bearing. He had no knowledge of her story. His impression was that she was employed at that time as a saleswoman in one of the city stores, but he was not sure. He recalled the regularity of her visits.

THE discrepancy between the ex-registrar's description of Elizabeth Brookes and the woman who had visited Laffin's Creek caused inquiry to be made in order to establish the identity of the latter.

A casual employee of the orphanage had come forward with the information that one evening, several months ago, as he was leaving his work, an elderly woman answering to the description of the woman who, at Laffin's Creek, had represented herself to be Elizabeth Brookes, had stopped him and asked him to ascertain the whereabouts of John Andrews. Thinking this no more than a friendly act, and being unaware that giving information to unidentified persons was against the rules of the institution, he had inspected the records, and on the following evening had given her the information for which she had asked.

This woman had been traced to an address in one of the poorer suburbs of the city. It was learned that her name was Fanny Gibson. She had left her lodging some months previously and had not returned. Her possessions were still at the lodging-house. Inquiry had been directed to a woman named Becker, who had been an intimate associate of Gibson's.

Becker had shown much curiosity concerning the whereabouts of Gibson and, upon being assured that the police were not interested in the matter, said that it was at her suggestion that Gibson had impersonated Elizabeth Brookes.

Becker said that Gibson had told her that Elizabeth Brookes had been a tenant of a lodging-house run by Gibson's mother when Gibson was a young woman. Elizabeth Brookes had come to the lodging-house (which was of a mean description) ill and in poor circumstances. Within a few days a baby had been born. She had told Gibson's mother that the child's father was named John Andrews, and that he was a soldier, then at the South African War.

Upon recovery from confinement she had obtained work in the city, leaving the baby in the care of Mrs. Gibson during the day. The arrangement did not prove satisfactory. Later, she told Mrs. Gibson that John Andrews had been killed. Shortly after this the child had been given into the care of an orphanage. His registered name was that of his father.

During her residence with the Gibsons, Elizabeth Brookes had avoided the other tenants of the house. The Gibsons formed the opinion that she had been accustomed to better surroundings and circumstances. She was "different to the people round about." She had disclosed nothing beyond the facts stated, and shortly after her baby had been given to the orphanage she left the Gibsons' household.

About two years afterwards, a young woman answering her description, and whose clothing carried the mark "E.

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Brookes," had been killed in a tram accident. No one had come forward to identify or claim the body. Gibson told Becker that she had read this in a newspaper.

Becker said that Gibson had shown her a small diary containing a photograph of John Andrews. This had been among some articles which Gibson had stolen from Elizabeth Brookes while the latter was her mother's tenant.

Becker had suggested that Gibson should find out what had become of the infant and, by representing herself to be his mother, attempt some gain. Becker and Gibson had entertained an idea that Andrews, now grown to manhood, might be in good circumstances, and that he might pay Gibson well, "even if it was just to get rid of her." On the understanding that she would share in any benefit accruing, Becker had advanced the money for Gibson's train fare to Laffin's Creek.

Police records confirmed the statement concerning the young woman who had been killed in the tram accident. It was reasonable to suppose that she and Elizabeth Brookes were identical.

All efforts to discover the history of Elizabeth Brookes prior to her becoming a tenant at Gibson's lodging house had failed.

A wry little smile twisted Andy's mouth as he reached the end of the report. He relighted his cigarette and blew a contemplative jet of smoke. Madam Gibson had certainly "put it over him!" But, still, there was comfort in the reflection that she was not what she had represented herself to be. There was a certain irony in the thought that, had she not put in an appearance, the present inquiry, which had resulted in giving him some knowledge of his parents, would not have been provoked.

He turned again to the few words in which the ex-registrar had phrased his recollection of Elizabeth Brookes. He read them again and again, slowly, dwelling on each syllable, testing each word for its exact value. He decided that he liked them. He turned to the statement regarding the weekly visits, and the small weekly payments towards his keep. He had not been abandoned. Neither had she placed him in the orphanage until after the death of the man who was his father. Evidently she had held the latter in esteem.

His eyes went back to the description of the girl who had been his mother, and lingered over it. Out of the words grew an image—and he was content with it. Before leaving for Queensland he had destroyed the book containing the photograph of the young soldier. His recollection of the likeness had blurred. He was not sorry. If wrong had been done, that was the direction in which guilt lay. The girl whose image he had drawn from a descriptive phrase had suffered the consequences of an attention not of her seeking.

Andy replaced the letter and the report in their cover and went thoughtfully back to work, his mind repeating the words of the only living person whom he knew to have actually seen his mother.

Very soon Jim Brunton returned.

"Well, Andy! That's more satisfactory?"

Andy looked at him and nodded.

Jim waited until Andy had finished his job; then, together they went down to the house.

Doris did not speak of the matter, for the reason that she did not know how much she was supposed to know. But Andy, from the shining eyes with which she greeted him, knew that she understood everything—and was glad for him.

He remembered that his father came from Wilcannia. For a while he considered the making of inquiries in that town concerning anyone of the same name as himself. He decided at length that, if he did so, it would be at some indefinite time in the future. For the present, at any rate, he was content.

IT was a secluded spot, wedged between the grounds of houses possessed of deep gardens and tall trees. From its height on the cliffike hill it overlooked a wide expanse of land and sea. A light breeze, tempering the ardor of the sun, came from the flecked blue of the Pacific Ocean, which a turn of the head would have revealed creaming on the sands of a beach two miles away.

The time was early on a Saturday morning in the beginning of November. Among the Port Jackson figs in the gardens of the homes below the hill the jacaranda trees had foamed into azure bloom. The bells of passing trams and the braying of motors hastening cityward.

The morning was one on which to join in the gladness of the earth, and Doris Brunton, leaning on the handrail that edged the high coign whereon she stood, was not insensible to its charm. She was dressed for tennis; a racquet lay at her feet. Nearby, a flight of wooden steps ran down to a path which led to the courts. She could see them—invitingly devoid of players. She had arranged to meet Bill Prentice here at the top of the steps, and was a little early for the appointment. As frequently happens when one is waiting, she had lapsed into a condition of mind divided between contemplation of the visible scene and the consideration of such thoughts as came to her mind.

HALF a year had passed since her father's death—two months after Andy returned from Queensland. The memory of that morning when her knock at his door failed to bring a reply was something that was still with her—the creeping fear that overcame her as she stood with knuckles upraised. Her hands fell to the door handle; then she stopped. She was afraid to enter. Had that which had been expected occurred? The thought was dazing. She turned and went numbly down the passage, and met Andy as he came across the yard to his breakfast.

By the sharp look he gave her she knew that he had read something in her face.

"Father's sleeping late!" she heard herself say.

Andy's divination of her fear was swift and certain.

"Would you like me to call him?" he asked.

She nodded. He went indoors, and she followed. She could remember now how vivid his presence had been as she walked behind him up the passage. In a world that was threatening to dissolve into unguessed terrors she found a strengthening sense of reality in the broad back that moved a few feet before her eyes.

They paused at the door. She heard Andy's brisk knock. "Mr. Brunton!" There was a metallic ring in Andy's voice.

No answer came. With a glance at her, which she had interpreted as a warning to take hold of herself, he turned the handle and went in. They found her father in bed, lying as one at rest. There was no evidence of pain or struggle. Death had come kindly at the last; it seemed that he had lain down to sleep and passed quietly into the sleep that has no awakening.

She remembered standing by Andy for several seconds, fascinated by the unearthly quiet that rested on her father's face. She had a feeling that this complete stillness was something that he was doing—not something which had happened to him.

She had leaned above him, very carefully, as if in fear that he might be disturbed in his austere meditation. But the utter quiet of those loved features told her that they were but an abandoned dwelling; no longer was there a spirit within. He was gone!

When Jim had been laid to rest beside her mother in the little burial ground at Laffin's Creek, she had come to the city. Andy had suggested that she should remain with Mrs. Parkes at Ridgelands, while he got board with a neighbor. But home was an impossible place for her. It was too full of poignant reminders of her grief—the echoes of her father's voice heard by her deceiving ears; the pipe that he had left on the living-room mantel; the shapeless and comfortable old chair—beloved by him through the years—where he had been accustomed to sit and read his paper.

Even the old box by the back door where it had been his habit to black his boots before going to town. She could not live among these things; neither could she bring herself to remove them from sight. Other hands must do that. So, in the end, she sought refuge with the uncle and aunt with whom she had lived during her schooling years in the city.

Andy had remained at Ridgelands. In her father's will he had shared equally with herself. It had been executed less than a week before his death, and it set aside a previous will. With it there had been a letter, which, addressed to herself, her father's lawyer had handed to her. It explained the precarious position in which his finances were. It made clear the fact that Ridgelands was in jeopardy. By hard work and careful management the place might be saved, provided that no further misfortunes were encountered. There was to have been something for Andy in any case, but, as things were, the only fair course was to divide equally what might prove to be but a shadowy heritage. "He has undertaken to struggle for both of you," the letter said, "and if he wins I feel sure you will not begrudge him his portion. If he loses, do not blame him. There is no one in whose hands I would sooner leave the conduct of a battle which my actions have brought about, but which I fear I will not be allowed time and strength to fight."

Far from begrudging him anything, Doris was grateful that circumstances had at least been the instrument of placing Andy and her on an equality. Had they not, she and he would certainly have drifted apart. She would have been the owner of Ridgelands, and he would have been just a young man with a few pounds in the bank and a horse or two to ride. While he was her father's employee, there had been no bar to their friendship, but, with the father gone, a difference would have arisen, and she felt that no means in her power of devising would have been able to annul that difference. As soon as circumstances permitted, Andy would have shaken hands and ridden away, to take up life elsewhere.

No, it was better that things should be as they were. It was better to have little and have it shared. Ridgelands was encumbered to a point where the degree of ownership

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was problematical; but still, they had possession. And it was shared between them.

Doris was not one to nurse her grief, and, as the weeks passed, the sense of loss became dulled. But the protracted period of anticipation preceding her father's death had slowly sapped her strength. A more sudden blow would have been more kindly. She had given and given of herself during those anxious months. She had gone a long way down a very dark road, faithfully accompanying a man who had no other but her to walk with him. The terror of what was to be had threatened at every turn of the road and had, by that very reason, been the more frightening when at last it was actually met with.

Physically worn and mentally shocked, there had been days during the first weeks after she had come to the city when she had had but one wish, that being to go to her room, away from the sight and sound of everyone, and lie quite still on her bed in the semi-darkness behind drawn blinds.

Just to lie there, trying to clear her mind of everything. Often she had buried her face in her pillow, trying to escape the torment of thought.

Debility was the word her doctor used about her. He suggested indulgence in a mild social round among cheerful associates as being of great possible help to the unpleasant tonic which he prescribed. "There is danger of a nervous breakdown," he had said in secret to her uncle and aunt. "She will need care." Of the foolishness which had permitted a young girl to remain for months the person chiefly responsible for the care of a dying man, he offered some forcible opinions.

Doris emerged only gradually from this period of acute depression, and it left its mark on her. She came back to a world that she distrusted. Her first faith in the benevolence of the universal scheme of things had been destroyed. She feared further treachery. For the first time she understood clearly that along the road of life grief and trouble waited for all. Either one adventured forward prepared stoically to endure—or one evaded life. One drank the cup—and paid; or one let the cup pass.

ANDY left no doubt as to his wishes. Every letter from him had some reference to the urgent duties that kept him on the place. "I would like to get down to see you, Doris, but we've got to get the wool off, and Bert and I are doing it with the help of only one shearer, so as to keep the expenses down."

She knew that these statements were indirect apologies for his tardiness as a lover. She guessed, although he had given no hint, that he must be short of money. For being thankful that circumstances kept him at Laffin's Creek, she felt more than a little mean, but consoled herself with the thought that if he knew everything he would be forgiving.

She had letters regularly from Ella Tinsdale. Nice comradely letters, whose tone sought to assure her that the world was still a very fine place.

Generally the letters made some reference to Andy. "I saw your beau in town to-day. He was jogging down Main Street on that chestnut gelding of yours. Playboy, isn't it?—with a couple of dogs trailing behind. Man, horse, and dogs were covered with brown dust, but looked well notwithstanding. As soon as he saw me he smiled that quick smile of his, turned into the footpath, and got off and shook hands. He was extra polite, and I can see that I am quite persona grata with your Andy. He said that he had been up to the railway yards with a couple of truckloads of sheep. He asked if I had heard from you, and what had you to say? I told him all that I thought a young man should know, and inquired what word he had had from you. I didn't get much in exchange. Peter was at home, so I asked him to stay and have lunch with us, but he said that he was in a hurry to get back. He smelt strongly of sheep, and, owing to the dust, his eyes and mouth were his only really distinguishable features; but his hair was well-cropped, as usual, and his face smooth-shaven, and he looked as if he were nice and clean underneath. You're a lucky girl."

It was good to get these friendly letters.

The girl who stood that morning on the heights overlooking the harbor was not the one who had watched Andy ride away to Queensland; nor yet was she the one who had welcomed him home again. She was thinner, her figure had lost its straightness—something about her expressed the inner weakness from which she was struggling to recover.

She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was time Bill Prentice, for whom she was waiting, put in an appearance—and Male and Phil; they were not usually late for tennis.

Unheard by her, Bill had approached.

"Set?" inquired his agreeable voice behind her.

She turned to find him, plump and pleasant, waiting beside her. "Yes," she replied, with a smile.

She did not feel eager for the game, she found its strenuous demands too exhausting, but it was one of the things done by one's friends, and these friends had rallied round her all through her dark days like the good people that they were. Not for worlds would she have it thought that she was making a parade of her troubles.

At this moment two figures appeared at the bottom end of the path leading up from the low road. This was the other pair in the doubles arranged for the morning. Doris picked up her racquet and waved her acknowledgment of the others' greeting. Then, together, she and Prentice went down the steps toward the gate of the court.

There had been changes at Ridgelands. The house was closed, and Mrs. Parkes was gone. Andy had decided that he could not afford the luxury of a housekeeper. He and Bert kept house in the humpy which they had shared in times gone by.

To prevent things in the homestead from going to ruin, he had arranged with the wife of a neighbor to come and pack away all the small articles, bedding, and floor-covering, and also at short intervals to air and clean the rooms. He and Bert might have made use of part of the house; but he had a feeling that, although Brunton was gone, it was still his home. Although he, Andy, was now part owner of the property, he wished to avoid doing anything which in his own eyes might seem like over-eagerness to assume the position vacated by "the boss." He was still a recent memory. Andy thought that it would be time enough to occupy the house if and when he was able to bring Brunton's daughter back as his wife.

Something stirred in Andy whenever he thought of "the boss." Jim had died marching forward. He had been very little concerned at the last about what was happening to himself, but much concerned about what was happening to things given him to care for. Life had treated Jim roughly more than once, and he might easily have turned his face to the wall. But that was not Brunton's way; he had answered unfalteringly destiny's last challenge, his faith in the light that leads men unimpaired.

Andy was satisfied with his position at Ridgelands and did not feel that he was profiting by the misfortunes of the Bruntons. If anything substantial was to be recovered from what Jim had left behind, it would be done only by his putting all he had, and all there was of himself, into the job. Brunton had done the just thing—that was characteristic. He would not have been so satisfied—for he felt that his conclusions were but the total of a sum in cold logic—but he had had a letter from Doris to let him know that she welcomed him into equal participation in whatever there might be. "I know, Andy, that you will do all you can for us both." That was something to warm his heart!

CALDWELL'S place had been got rid of within a few days of Brunton's death, as a result of negotiations entered into by Jim in the last few days of his life. It had been sold at a loss. He and Brunton had had a number of consultations as to what should be done to meet the situation that had arisen. The selling of Caldwell's did not end the difficulties; and now that Jim was gone, and responsibility fell with its full weight on his shoulders, he was glad to have at the back of him the advice that he had given. Brunton had been old and wise in all that appertained to meeting and beating difficulty.

The amount of money which Brunton had borrowed to finance the buying of Caldwell's and for which he had given a mortgage over Ridgelands, frightened Andy whenever he thought of it. Until a good proportion of it was paid back, the danger of losing Ridgelands would remain, and before any of it could be repaid the annual interest bill had to be met.

The latter was going to be the deadweight that he would find heavy to drag. Ways and means were a subject that occasioned Andy many thoughtful hours. He spent a great deal of time at night in doing sums, and the answer to his figuring was that, given fair seasons and a steady market, he could carry on.

More than the fate of Ridgelands was at stake. The most urgent question, as he saw it, and the one which the next few months would decide, was whether he would be in a position to ask Doris to come back to Ridgelands as his wife. It was a strange trick of fate that the happenings which had made marriage with Doris Brunton possible had, by the same token, put a difficulty in the way. Doris was more important to him than Ridgelands, and he could not but feel that the sooner he went in pursuit of her the better for his chances. She might misunderstand this delay of his. She might be the subject of influences unguessed by him. But he was bound by his given word to Jim Brunton to battle for the property, or, to put it in other words, to put up a fight for the material welfare of Brunton's daughter.

How to clear the burden of debt was a matter the contemplation of which caused his face to set in a thoughtful cast. The

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interest bill would have first claim on the earnings of the property. He knew that there was not much hope of reducing the mortgage by any appreciable sum. He and Jim had agreed that the logical plan was to increase the productiveness of the place—to hope for good yields combined with high prices. Once in so often these two good things came together.

That winter, with the help of Bert, he put four hundred acres in wheat. With his own money he bought more horses, a gang plough, cultivator, and seed drill, and put a deposit on a header for the harvest. The idea behind the venture in wheat-growing was to have some insurance against a further drop in the price of wool.

Four hundred acres are not put in crop by a man and a boy lying in bed thinking about it, and seeding time will not wait. They got up at four in the morning, dressing by lamplight, and, while Bert went out in the frosty darkness to bring in the horses from the paddock, Andy filled the feed-trough in readiness for them and then went back and cooked breakfast.

In a little more than an hour the first team was hooked up. He climbed into the seat and picked up the reins, and the horses moved into the collar. The late sun, shining redly through the mist, saw the first furrow turned. All the morning, except for "smoko," when the nosebags were slipped on for fifteen minutes, they plodded steadily round and round the paddock. At midday a fresh team was put in, and Andy kept the traces tight until they were unhooked in the chill twilight, when their nodding heads were beginning to blur to his vision. It was a tired man who trudged wearily home to tucker and a dead doglike sleep. They were red-eyed unshaven days—but he got his crop in!

On a place no bigger than Ridgelands, the taking of four hundred acres out of pasture without reducing stock, especially in the winter, constituted a considerable risk. If spring came late, and he found himself with thin sheep on his hands and the paddocks eaten bare, he would be in bad shape. The buying of feed would not be justified, and he might be under the disheartening necessity of feeding the crop off to the stock. The course of prudence suggested selling a proportion of the sheep commensurate with the acreage put to the plough. The whole tradition of Ridgelands was against overstocking. Andy knew this. He knew also that the old liberal days were over until he could get things on a better footing. He would have to take chances.

One thing worth a good deal to him was that Ridgelands was almost all sweet country, where the feed was good to the last pick. In a pinch he would lay the axe into the apple-box trees along the creek. Jim Brunton would have broken his heart at the thought, and Andy did not like to think of that, but the leaves on the lopped boughs would keep stock on their feet for weeks, if they did not have to travel to water. Last, and most desperate resort of all, he would get Bert to herd some of the stock along the neighboring roadsides. He hated that more than anything. The word would go round like wildfire. "Ridgelands is turning its stock into the 'long paddock.'" It would be understood, by people who did not know the whole circumstances, to indicate that, as soon as Jim Brunton quitted the helm he began to founder. He would avoid using the "long paddock" until the last; but he kept it in mind.

Andy had no money left. Would he have enough when the clip was off and the harvest over, to bring Doris back to Ridgelands? So much for "super," so much for wheat-bags, cartage, railage, commission. So much for wool-packs. So much for interest. The tucker bill to be met. How much for the wool and the wheat? How much left with which to carry on next year?

He hoped that he would finish up with a couple of hundred pounds in hand—and he derived much satisfaction from the thought that it would be his wheat-crop that would pull him through. Even with a couple of hundred—and the next year's difficulties still to be faced—a wife would be a hostage given to fortune. He recognised that. His conclusion was that, if he were to allow it to weigh with him, he would be less than a man.

IT was Sunday afternoon—the half-day of rest. Andy came out of the door of the humpy. He had just finishing shaving and cleaning himself, and was comfortably clad in canvas shoes, dark trousers, and a soft white shirt. He stood for a moment in the yard, looking down to where his wheat crop stood green and tall in the bright hot sunlight. A breeze wandering across the paddock brushed it to a silver-grey. The months were passing. Shearing had finished the previous day. It had been a heavy undertaking with only one man to help—which meant that he. Andy, had been compelled to divide himself between forcing the sheep into the catching-pen, keeping the board free of locks, skirting and rolling the fleeces, and shearing a few sheep himself whenever he got the chance. Bert had done the mustering and taking the shorn sheep back to the paddocks.

Bert had stuck to him and to the job like the good lad he was. Andy had not been able to raise his pay as he would like to have done; he had, instead, given him his horse, saddle, and bridle. It was the horse he had ridden to Queensland and back. He regretted parting with it, but Bert had been loyal and willing, and deserving of a reward.

"Aw, but Andy," Bert said, "you'll want him yourself!"

"There are plenty of horses here for me to ride, Bert."

Bert had talked nothing but horse since then. He had even spent hours at night out in the paddock watching a horse—his horse—eat grass.

Andy crossed the yard and entered the house by the back door. With soft-sounding footsteps he made his way to the living-room, where there was a photograph of Doris. This was not his first visit to it. No one would have found it a hard picture to look at. The thoughtful eyes gave back a level look to the beholder, and the pleasantly firm mouth was ready to smile. The dark wavy hair was modishly bobbed. In addition to a pleasing physical aspect there was spirituality and depth. It represented a face which possessed that quality encountered most frequently in good art and music—of suggesting more than can be made instantly apparent to the senses. Andy thought it the most beautiful thing in the world.

With body and mind temporarily at rest, and before his eyes the image of her who had become the actuating theme of his existence, he felt the prod of impatience, and round him, like steel fingers round his body, the grip of the unrelenting hand of need—the procession of events which would mark the passage of time until the wheat harvest had reached its end. He would then know what money he would have in hand, and would be free for that journey to the city.

Even now, after all that had gone before, Andy was not sure of Doris.

Andy went close to the picture and looked into it as if he might be able to read in the eyes pictured there some satisfying answer to the thoughts that troubled him. It was not one of his self-consciously heroic moments, as he stood there, one hand resting on the mantel, the other thrust into his trouser pocket, his face thoughtful, his mind trying to probe the secret of a woman's silence; but he was never more a man. It was not that she had forgotten—she was not the forgetting sort. Nor was it another man.

He remembered, in the days when they were both much younger, that there had been times when Doris appeared, without reason as far as he could discern, to withdraw a while from the fellowship which was established between them. There had been no unpleasantness—just that he was for a while excluded from an accustomed degree of intimacy. It appeared to be the nature of woman to retire at times into a sort of walled garden, whither no man might follow. Perhaps in this lay the key to the riddle? Perhaps men did this, too? With them, a sort of foray into the wilderness of unqualified masculinity. He wished that she would, in her letters, give him one word that just by inference committed her to him.

ANDY did not leave the living-room at once, but stood looking about him. He had grown familiar enough with it in the time just preceding Brunton's death. It had been part of the home of his employer, and he had taken it largely for granted. He saw it now as his own possible future home, and he also saw it as the empty shell that had once sheltered the happiness and hope of people now gone.

Although the packing of bric-a-brac and the uprolling of floor-coverings gave it the appearance of a picture from which portions had been erased, the essential features remained.

Originally, in common with the rest of the house, the walls had been lined with beaded boards, painted. A note of modernity—doubtless the result of Doris' prolonged visits to the city—had been achieved in this room and the adjoining hall by covering the boards to the height of a man's head with panelling. They were papered with a darkish paper on which little golden Chinese-looking ships sailed forever in the direction of little golden story-book bridges, from the parapets of which a patient little figure in conical hat forever dangled a fishing-line in half a dozen delphinium-blue wavelets. Above the papering ran a narrow shelf, on which were wont to rest various articles of bronze and pottery. It was now bare. The upper walls and ceiling were of the original wood, painted cream.

The room was furnished with a suite upholstered in grey corduroy. There was also one old leather chair—Jim's—squashed with years of accommodating itself to his bulk. Near the centre of the room stood a heavy oblong table of a type which Andy had seen in pictures representing life among monks and friars.

There was a gramophone and a long low bookcase with diamond leadlight doors. He was familiar, through much rummaging, with the contents of the shelves.

A big stone fireplace with a hand-hewn mantel as long and as thick as a railway sleeper occupied a large part of one wall. At the opposite side stood Doris' piano. She used sometimes to sit there and play and sing for an hour during the evening.

A pleasing thing about the room was its

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size. There was space in which to walk. From the ceiling hung two lamps, shaded. It had looked very pretty, Andy thought, when Doris was there and the bowls and vases were kept filled with flowers. It seemed, now, forsaken.

Andy passed into the hall, and, from there, through the rest of the house, receiving fresh assurance that here life had been—and a sense of waiting, as for life to return. The homestead rambled. It had "happened" rather than been planned. There were odd verandahs and lobbies where a solitude-loving soul could laze away an hour without being walked over by other people and yet not lose the saving sense of having companionship within call. The floor was not all on the same level—which was bad; but the feeling of adventure gained by going up a couple of steps compensated for that.

It was up two such steps and along a short passage that Doris' room lay. Andy paused with his hand on the door-knob. Beyond the thin panels lay a veritable terra incognita. He wondered if he were about to be guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion in taking an advantage during the absence of the owner. He thought not, but, having opened the door, he did not venture in. He stood in the opening, his hand still on the handle, his attitude expressing the mind of one who would wish to make it clear to any possible beholder that it was not his attention to commit the sacrilege of entry.

The room conformed to the rest of the dwelling in that there was plenty of space. Casement windows occupied almost the whole of one wall. The floor was bare, and, under the film of dust, polished. In the corner stood two large rugs, rolled up. The walls had been treated similarly to those in the living-room, except that here the papering suggested trellised wistaria.

The furniture was of heavy, old-fashioned dark brown Hunter River cedar, with round wooden handles and brass-lined keyholes. A chest of drawers, a cupboard, a wash-stand, a dressing-table, and a four-poster bed, whose area he whimsically thought, might be expressed in acreage. Its acquisition had been one of Doris' triumphs. He had heard her speak of it at the time. He liked it. Its warm color and its old associations appealed. It dated back to the days of redcoats and sailing-ships and ticket-of-leave men. Its timbers had probably been cut from logs sawn by hand in saw-pits. About the room there clung a fragrance reminiscent of her whose rightful place it was.

Andy closed the door and turned back towards the kitchen. There was an air of sad emptiness everywhere. He seemed to feel about him the presence of daylight ghosts. There was a sense of waiting and of listening. He wondered if the sound of fresh voices would be acceptable. The voices of little people would be best, he thought; and best of all if they should have some connection with those who had gone. It was time Doris came back. She had put her mark here, and here was her place by right and tradition. She should come back and carry on in the home of her people.

IT was late afternoon, and Andy was nearing the end of a whole day's rest. He had not done a thing since getting out of bed. He was lying under a shady little tree that grew on the slope behind the house. He had a weekly paper with which to pass the time, and a water-bag was hung conveniently from the branches above his head. The wheat harvest would begin next day, and its conclusion—and results—would mark for him the turning of the year. The header was ready, and he had hired a man who knew more about that sort of machinery than he himself to drive it for him. Bert was to sew the bags, and Andy, with another man whom he had hired, would do the carting.

He had a first-class crop—one of the best in the district. His horses were fit, and so was he. He felt that, if he had one day of idleness after months of solid plugging, he would be more than ever fit for the last sixteen-hour-a-day spurt that lay in front of him.

Ridgelands had come through the winter in fine shape. Early rain, falling while yet it was too cold to start the grass, had caused a good growth of carrot and crowfoot and other herbage along the flats.

The harvesting of the hay which was grown each year to feed the homestead stock was finished. It was stacked under the skeleton shed behind the yards, brightly yellow and making the air fragrant with its sweet, dry smell.

The paddocks were turning brown, and locusts sprang whirring from the grass in front of each passing hoof. The stock spent the midday hours drowsing in the shade. Along the creeks the dense branches of the apple-box trees were clotted with creamy blossom, and around them the native bees boomed loudly. From mid-morning until late afternoon the horizon shimmered in the heat-haze.

In the little orchard the apricots were ripe, and whenever Andy passed that way, the golden fruit, nestling among the dark leaves, drew his eyes. It made him think of the years when he and Doris had gathered them for preserving. It had been more a happy ceremonial than an economic necessity.

Bert had gone into Laffin's Creek to pick up the mail—and, no doubt, to jog up and down the main street as many times as he could find excuse for so doing. Generally Mrs. Tinsdale brought the mail out to them, but for some reason several days had passed since her last call. Bert had instructions to call at the Tinsdales' and make polite enquiries. It might be that one of them was sick. Mrs. Tinsdale had been very good. Every few days she had come trotting up the track in her sulky. Often she brought with her a round of corned or roasted beef—people on sheep farms get very tired of mutton. Sometimes it would be a cake or a batch of scones. She had taken home a bundle of washed but undarned socks, and had returned them in a condition more comfortable for wearing. Andy had made some return by sending Bert in with a dray-load of firewood, and latterly it had been possible to make gifts of fruit from the orchard.

In the last mail Andy had received a letter from Doris which was the first that had conformed to his idea of what a letter from her to himself should be. He had been greatly pleased. In thinking over what she had written, he called to mind times when people in conversation said something in a way which suggested an utterance that had been contained in them for some time. One gathered that they had been wanting to say it, but had been waiting for something to which it would be apropos—an occasion into which it would neatly fit; but that, failing to find such an occasion, they had just said it because it had to be said. What Doris had written bore the mark of being an utterance of that nature. First came ". . . and you must let me know by what train you will reach the city, Andy, and I will be at the station to meet you." You could take that how you liked. It might be just ordinary politeness. Then came. "I am counting the days until the harvest will be over." That was the sort of thing he had been wanting. Something that a fellow could say over again to himself.

He had looked at the cartoons in his newspaper, and had read the stories and verses. They were clever, and he wondered where the chaps who wrote and drew them got their ideas. He yawned, and turning over on his back stared up through the leaves at the blue sky.

He wondered how the fellows whom he had known were getting on up in Queensland—Burke and Hall, Cooky and Whopper, Splinter and the Hilfords. Andy liked people, and somehow those folks whom he had met in the Maranoa were very real to him. That trip had marked the last of his riding days. Ridgelands claimed him now. He could find out how they were all doing by writing to them. He resolved to do so that night. He would like, for one thing, to know whether Splinter had made a match of it with Rose.

BERT, coming across from the yards, recalled him from his thoughts. "I didn't hear you come back, Bert," he said, as the latter came up to him.

"Walking my horse," explained Bert, with self-conscious carelessness.

Andy nodded solemnly. A good horseman will sweat his horse on the road, but he brings him back to the paddock cool.

"Mrs. Tinsdale sends her compliments. She hopes you are well. She couldn't get out this week on account of going on a visit to her brothers, but she will come next week. She thanks you on behalf of herself and Mr. Tinsdale for your kind inquiries." Bert concluded this speech grinning broadly.

Bert went back towards the humpy, and Andy shuffled through his letters, most of which were business communications offering something for sale. He was not expecting anything that day from Doris. He decided to open first one that was addressed to him in a handwriting which he had not seen before. As he unfolded the pages, his attention was caught by an oath wrongly spelled. He turned quickly to the foot of the last page. It was signed "Jack Henderson." Splinter had got in first!

"Dear Andy,—Well, Andy, I don't suppose you expected to hear from me, but things has been happening around here and I thought you might like to hear from me. How are you getting on? Well Andy, you remember Cooky with his weary mustarsh and his wild colonial boy and you remember that spavin-hocked bandicoot Whopper. Well Andy, what do you think them two coots done? They took tickets in the lottery and they won sixteen hundred quid between them. What do you think of them two coots Andy? I can understand Cooky, but that other bloke gets over me.

"Well Andy I ain't jealous but when I thinks of that cow going round with eight hundred quid in his pockets I thinks it's time I shook myself up a bit. I heard about it from a bloke in a pub. Me and Dan Willis was together at the time and after the bloke told us Dan looks at him for a minute then he gives one of them funny little cackles of his and drinks up his beer. The bloke says that Cooky has bought a pub licence in a little place up north and is going to be king of the bung-hole for the rest of his natural.

"Whopper is going to git married. His girl is a little widow that keeps a fruit and lolly shop near the lands office in town.

"It's a funny thing Andy when a bloke

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gets hold of a wad of money and could begin to have what you might call a good time the first thing he does is to hang his head over some woman's sliprails mooing for her to put him in her paddock. Except a cunning old fencer like Cooky, and if a woman did put him in her paddock I bet she would find him gone again soon.

"Well Andy you'll think I been beating about the bush but what I am writing to you about is I am going to settle down myself. You remember Rose Hilford. Well me and her has fixed it up. I always had a fancy in that direction Andy. Old man Hilford was real pleased when we told him. He ups and shakes hands. Welcome into the family my boy he says. Ma cries a bit and kisses me. I wasn't expecting that Andy and I shies like a young horse but she comes at me again an' gets what she was after.

"I almost forgot to tell you the old man is on the shire council. This settlement is to have a member on the council, so the cockies held a meeting in at the railway and decided to put the old feller up. There was a chap put up from the other end of the settlement but the old feller romps home. The dance that night done it.

"Well Andy I ain't done so bad myself. I got the job of head stockman on Mirramilla. I wasent expecting it on account of being a bit of a noisy cove. But Black says I could have it. But you'll have to modify your language he says and not be familiar with the hands. So here I am Andy with a little house all to myself and a buckboard to drive to town in and the pick of the horses to ride. Some of the blokes didn't like it much at first but I remembers what Black says and I didn't say nothing to them. I just thinks to myself all right you coves I'll make you sweat for that. But it's all right now Andy everything has shook down and there's no arguments or anything. The Hilfords wanted me to settle on the land Andy but you know me. I'm a station hand. The season has been good and all the cockies have been sending lots of cream in to town Andy so everybody is pleased.

"WELL, Andy what about settling down yourself. I suppose you're thinking there's another good man gone west. But you might do worse yourself Andy. A man's got to start being respectable sometime Andy and if he can get a home for himself and some little girl to share it with him he might be worse off.

"Well, Andy, this is a longer letter than I have written for a long time, and I got shooting pains in my shoulder from hanging on to this pen that roots a bit on the upstrokes, so I will knock off. Write and let me know how you're getting on old man. I am sending this letter just to the town where you told me you come from, hoping someone will see you get it.

"Your friend—Jack Henderson."

Delight was written on Andy's face as he finished the letter. He was glad Splinter and Rose had "fixed it up," and he thanked Splinter for the little homily about settling down. He decided that he would buy in Laffin's Creek something that would help to make comfortable and homelike the "little house" of the head stockman on Mirramilla, and that he would send it to him and his bride as a wedding present. It would not break the bank—and Splinter would be pleased all over.

Mrs. Tinsdale was more than a little excited. Andy was leaving for the city. He had stayed with her and Peter overnight, and would be going by the evening train. It was now five o'clock. He was in his room, dressing, and she was in the kitchen preparing an early tea for him and putting up some sandwiches and coffee in a thermos flask.

She knew that he was troubled about going. The countryside was veiled in a thin blue film of smoke, and there was everywhere a faint but unmistakable smell of burning bush. It was the usual thing at this time of the year. During December and January there were sure to be fires in different parts of the State. It was an anxious time for men with paddocks of dry grass. The fires were distant, but the fear of a local outbreak would be present until the fall of autumn rains.

Andy had sent a man whom he trusted out to Ridgelands to stay with Bert. And she, Ella, as the power behind the throne of the sub-inspector of police, had promised herself that a trooper would have frequent cause to patrol in that direction. Peter had undertaken to send Andy a wire if a fire should start anywhere in the vicinity, and she knew that it was Andy's intention in that event to come back at once by road, with a speedster to drive him.

Mrs. Tinsdale had just finished preparing the tea when Andy came from his room. His bag was packed, and he put it, with a folded travelling rug, by the living-room door. At her invitation he sat down. She took in his appearance in one all-comprising glance and decided he would do. The soil had not "got" Andy. In his rough working clothes it was obvious that he had a gentler side, and in the strict conventionality of a tailored suit it was clear that a certain leaning to the picturesque was not lacking.

Mrs. Tinsdale took her seat opposite him. He noticed that the table was set with fresh linen, and that his hostess had plundered her rosebushes for his pleasure. The china he had not seen before. It was of a sort that a lady keeps locked away for use only on occasions. She had been at some pains over her toilet, and was wearing a frock which enhanced her appearance. Such were the acts of a woman who wished to pay a man a sincere compliment. He was appreciative.

"No doubt you're looking forward to your holiday," she said in a make-talk manner.

He made suitable reply, but neither of them was in a conversational mood.

Mrs. Tinsdale busied herself pouring tea. She understood exactly the reason of his mission to the city. He had not discussed it with her, although, yielding to a woman's desire to be cognisant of the details of such an affair, she had put herself in the way of being his confidant. Nothing had been forthcoming, and she respected him for it. She understood that it was not that he was unpleasantly close-mouthed, but that he felt within himself ample strength to meet his fate alone—and alone to stand or fall by fate's decree.

She wished him all success. She thought that sense and nature were on his side. Of one thing she felt almost enviously sure, and that was that if Doris took him, the warm tints of romance would never quite fade from her life.

Andy glanced at his watch. "I'd better be moving," he said.

They rose together and he picked up his gear.

At the front door Ella Tinsdale could not let him go without one word to show that, notwithstanding his reserve, she was with him.

"Bring her back with you," she said, quite sure of being understood.

He looked at her and smiled. His short reply conveyed more than much talk could have done.

"I will if I can," he said.

The girl that was in Ella Tinsdale would have liked to pull his black head down and kiss him. The moment passed. He was walking down the path.

He waved from the gate.

Andy bought his ticket and a newspaper, and took his seat in the waiting train. Almost involuntarily he glanced in the direction in which lay Ridgelands. He had won the first round of that battle—and was on his toes to meet the coming year. He had done all that he could for the time. He turned to his paper, but while his eye followed the type certain words not in any way connected with the news were running through his mind. They were: "I am counting the days, Andy, until the harvest will be over."

The ticket in Andy's pocket bore the legend "Second—Single." The "Second" signified that in these days luxuries must be carefully rationed. The "Single" was a bold intimation to the gods that for the return journey he expected to require two tickets—and, of course, they would be "Firsts!"

ALMOST the first thing that happened to Andy after he arrived in the city was that he was briefly and pointedly interviewed in his room in the home of Doris' aunt, Mrs. Russell, by the lady herself. It was just before the evening meal. All in one short hour he had arrived at Central railway station, been met by Doris, travelled with her out to the Russells, been kindly welcomed into the home and had had a shower to refresh himself after his long train journey.

He was dressing. No triviality this. He knew something of Doris' circle of friends, among whom he would be required to mix for the next two weeks. They had certain sartorial conventions. A sac suit for daytime wear. Grey flannels and a sports coat for lounging of an evening. A blazer and creams for tennis; and a black jacket—with a dinky little two-button vest that exposed all your washing—for formal evening wear.

Before coming to the city he had outfitted himself accordingly. He knew that he would have to make his appearance alongside the smooth sophistication of city fellows. He had no intention of failing to do himself justice.

He had pulled on his grey "bags," laced up his dark brown shoes, and was fitting into his collar a striped silk tie, which he thought would not do any harm to his general appearance, when there was a knock at his door.

He opened it a little way and saw Mrs. Russell.

Before he was aware of it, she had stepped inside, and, closing the door behind her, stood with her back to it, looking up at him. He saw that she had something on her mind. Her bearing indicated that the something was very much on her mind.

Mrs. Russell was a short, buxom woman in her middle fifties, with snow-white hair and a very capable-looking face. She had a habit at times of dramatising her remarks.

"Why didn't Jim have a trained nurse in the house at the time he was ill?" she demanded.

The sudden thrust caught Andy unaware.

"Why," he said, stammering a little, "Mr. Brunton was very sensitive about people knowing——"

"Fiddlesticks!"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5282311

The lady looked up at him with raised eyebrows and an expression that challenged him to dare contradict. He reflected that he had heard much stronger expletives than "Fiddlesticks" used with far less effect. During the pause that ensued he rapidly reviewed the circumstances of Jim's death. He had thought that there had been everything creditable in the manner of his going. But under Mrs. Russell's commanding eye he began to think that the answer possibly was, as she had said—"Fiddlesticks!"

"We went into town to meet Doris when she came down, and if you'd seen what she was like when she got out of the train! Mr. Russell had very nearly to carry her to a taxi!"

This was news to Andy. He could just stand and look, collar and tie dangling from his hand.

He remembered, now that it was called to mind, that there had been times, before Brunton died, when he had noticed that Doris looked strangely white and had unusual tight-looking little lines between her brows. He had not given these signs any great consideration—certainly he had not thought that they portended anything serious. He had imagined them to be evidence of the sort of indisposition for which a lady treats herself with a cup of tea or a brief rest.

Mrs. Russell spoke again:

"We had an anxious time with her. Melancholia! D'you know what that is?"

She ran an ironic eye over his length and breadth.

"I had no idea——" he started to say.

She interrupted him. "I'd just like to meet Jim Brunton, wherever he is. I'd give him a piece of my mind. He wouldn't treat one of his horses as he treated his daughter!"

Andy saw that he was "on the carpet"—he and Brunton; only Brunton was not there to stand his share of it. He thought it would be a good move to bring the discussion to the practical consideration of the present.

"Doris looks all right, now," he said. "She is all right—isn't she?"

"Oh, yes," the other answered. "She's all right now—until the next man half kills her!"

This was a thrust direct at himself, and he now had not even the doubtful companionship of Brunton's ghost. This was all-the-women-in-the-world, as represented by Mrs. Russell, tilting at all-the-men-in-the-world, as represented by his unfortunate self.

"I should have thought that you'd have looked after her." There was reproach in the lady's tone.

She had opened the door in preparation for leaving him. He thought he detected a repressed twinkle in her eye as she looked at him. Before she departed she gave utterance to an exclamation which Eve probably used to Adam when she and her spouse were evicted from the garden. "You men!"

She shook her head at him, and closed the door behind her.

Andy sat down on his bed and meditatively stroked his chin.

There was no doubt as to the twinkle in Mrs. Russell's eye as she sailed down the passage. She had rid herself of an opinion that had been burdening her for months.

Mrs. Russell approved of Andy.

Courtesy demanded that Andy, with Doris, should spend the first evening of his visit in the company of his host and hostess, but on the following morning they felt free. Mrs. Russell made it clear that the house was theirs to go from and come to, as they chose.

"You can have your lunch when you like," she said. "Doris knows where to find the pantry and the kitchen."

They went for a dip to the nearby beach. It was a bright warm morning, and they swung along, side by side, on rubber-shod feet, their towels rolled beneath their arms.

Andy looked around him at the little cottages standing all a-row, each with its bit of vivid lawn and gay garden.

In many places water-sprinklers were throwing off jets of vapor. He wondered whether these cottage dwellers really appreciated the luxury of each having its own private rain-cloud to turn on or off at will. It seemed a far cry to Ridgelands, browning under the summer sun, and to the hot, dry stubble paddock from which he and his men and horses had so recently harvested the wheat.

He and Doris turned a corner, and he smelled the cool salt wind blowing up from the ocean.

"I'm not a towny," he said, "but it is nice to have a change sometimes—to get away from sheep and gum-trees, and walk on a footpath for a while."

"It's nice to have you down here, Andy," Doris answered.

"Your saying that makes all the nicer my being here."

THEY had not a great deal to say as they walked along, perhaps because each was so strongly conscious of the other's presence.

To Andy it seemed strange that a time towards which he had toiled his way so strenuously was really here. He was walking along the street and that dark head which moved beside him just above the level of his shoulder was Doris'.

The girl was wondering of what he was thinking. She felt that there was much that she must explain to him—and that the explaining would be difficult—but her heart was singing his name.

They separated at the pavilion on the beach, he going to the men's dressing-rooms, she to the women's. They agreed to meet by the water.

It did not take Andy long to change, and in a few minutes, clad in his swimming costume, he emerged from the covered way that passes from the pavilion under the car-drive and on to the beach. A belt of dry yellow shingle, a strip of wet golden sand—a long green roller that rose and crumpled along its upper edge and, curling forward and downward, spread itself in a carpet of foam—were the things that met his eye. It was early, and the beach, except for half a dozen perennial bathers, and three seagulls quarrelling along the water's edge, was almost vacant.

About twenty yards away, with her back to him, stood a girl wearing a green bathing-suit and a green cap. It was Andy's first sight of a bathing girl in the flesh; he had seen them only in pictures. Her costume was a study in the art of omission. For the moment he was astonished at the amount of her that was to be seen—of arms, legs, and back, all ivory white.

Raising her arms, she locked her fingers behind her head, dimpling the muscles of her shoulders, and turned a little to look along the beach. Of self-consciousness there was none. She was a piece of Nature—like the wind and the sea and the sun. Andy had been making rapid mental adjustments. He decided that she looked not only interesting but also nice. He supposed Doris would be got up something like that.

The girl in green turned and saw him. She unclasped her fingers and smiled. "Why are you standing there?" she asked.

The girl was Doris.

Andy was a quick liar, at a pinch. "Bit of shell between my toes," he said, and brushed his foot before going forward to join her.

He raced her across the sand and into the water—and heartlessly laughed, when, at a little more than knee depth, she could run no more and disappeared beneath the surface, with a movement that was more of a fall than a dive.

They waded on, and for a quarter of an hour splashed and tumbled in the succession of rollers that swept by them and expired in long white lines of surf along the shore.

He tried his hand at the art of shooting the breakers—mounting the wave just as it commenced its swift rush to the beach, and riding shorewards in a smother of foam.

Then they came out, and Andy chased her along the wet sand.

The daughters of Eve learned long ago that flight is the better part in the tactics of pursuit; but Andy was well content with the position in the race allotted to the sons of Adam—so long as the pursued was a flying figure in a green swimming-suit.

When he was ready he overtook and caught her—as she knew he would. They sat down to recover their breath, and the feeling that Time and Space and All the Worlds were but accessories to the event of their being together cloaked them.

They had been sitting in silence for some minutes when Doris turned to Andy. Her eyes were lit with the light of one who is about to broach a delicate subject and is a little timid of the reply that may be evoked. She who had been sick, was well, and with the return of bodily health there had come back to her health of mind. She no longer feared the chances that life held. Looking back, the slough of despond out of which she had dragged herself seemed unreal—as if those months of nervous dread which she had experienced were some unworthy thing for which she was blameable. Ella Tinsdale had cheated Peter—and she felt that she, however unwillingly, had been cheating Andy.

"Something went wrong with me after I left you at home, Andy—" she began.

"It's all right, Doris," she felt his hand for a moment close over hers. "You're well now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm well now."

He was looking into her eyes. "I should have taken care of you," he said.

For a little while she returned his gaze, and then she looked quickly away.

He was not the niggling sort, she thought, this Andy of hers. With one generous phrase he sought to banish her sense of blame and take it on himself. Her hand crept under his.

She would make it up to him. Her whole being was filled with passionate resolution. He would never look to her in vain. She knew the struggle from which he was now enjoying a brief rest; and when he went back she would go with him—if it really was that he wanted her—and they would meet the hazards of the future together.

If, as she had thought, in joining her life to that of a man, there must be a price to pay, she would, for Andy, pay it gladly.

She was not afraid.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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